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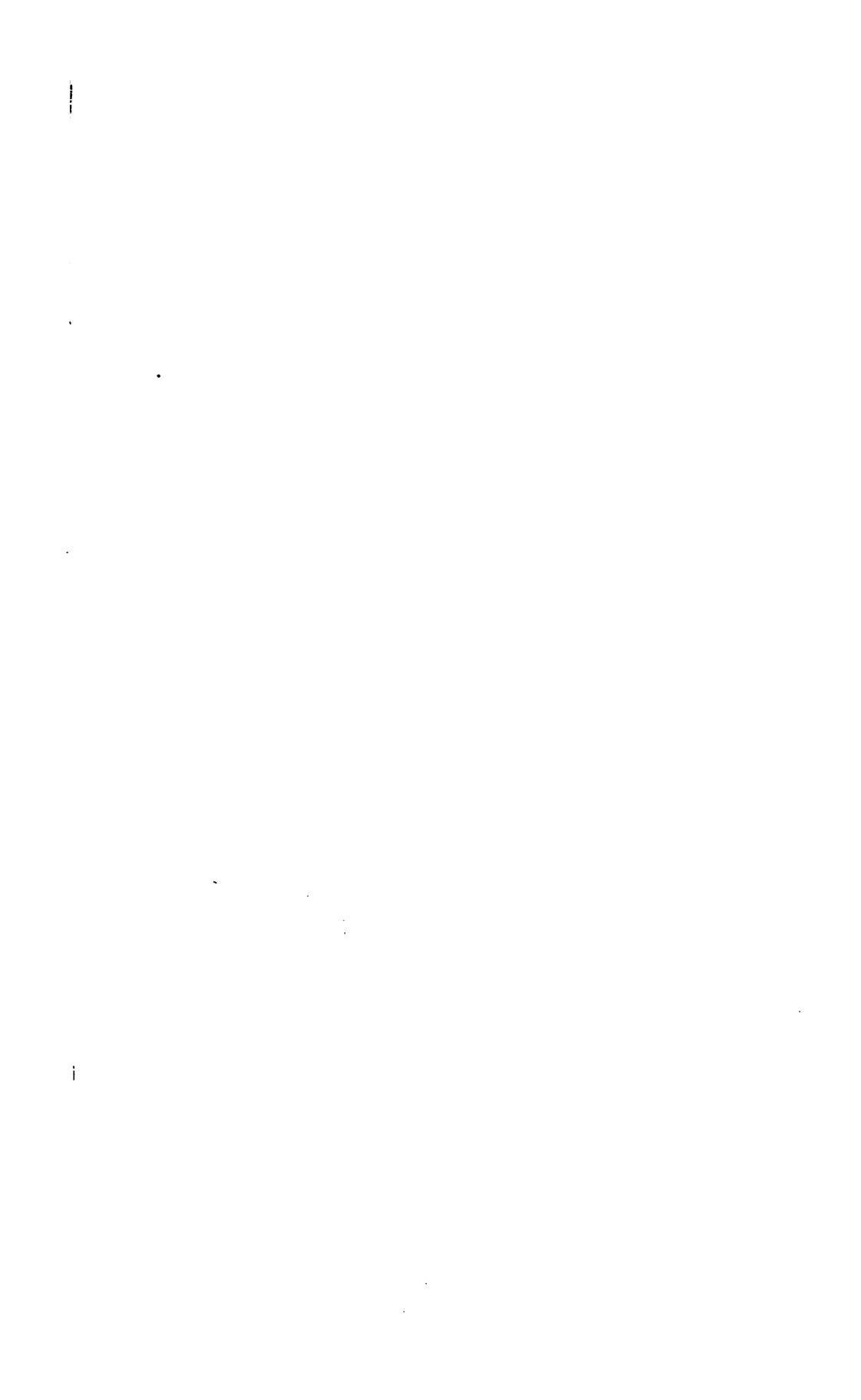
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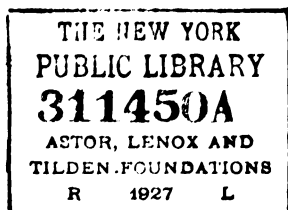
VOL. II.

"A true delineation of the smallest man, and his scenes of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man. All men are, to an unspeakable extent, brothers; each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and human portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures, the welcomest on human walls."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

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PREFACE.

THE Second Volume of the BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE is now complete. That gives the Editor the privilege of addressing his readers in his own person. The opportunity is taken advantage of because it is pleasant to render thanks for past support, and to indulge in well-founded anticipations of future success. It is all the more pleasant to feel that the past has not been altogether unmerited, and that the future shall not be undeserved.

Many are disappointed in the result of their efforts to serve the public. In their chagrin they are apt to say that appreciation does not always wait on merit—that rewards are bestowed by the hand of chance, or secured by accident. The world is sometimes—not often, unjust. For a time it may slight good service, but in the long run it is pretty sure to reward it. As each man finds the place for which he is best fitted, the world allows him the opportunity of doing his life-work. Those who find worthy work, and do it in a true spirit, seldom fail to receive attention and respect.

The conscientious Biographer does good work for the world—work that needs to be done. What is perhaps better, the minds of many are now alive to its importance. The voices which speak of the great dead are listened to. There is a growing desire to know more of men who have made a place in the world's memory. We, who are of humanity, are gratified at seeing our nature in its highest phases and most glorious aspects. We feel as though we were bound to the individual by his greatness. The great, too, have faults as well as the little, and common error helps to substantiate our claim to kinship.

Biography has been called the "Romance of History." It is more

than that. It is its vital truth—its inner life. We gather into one chronicle the records of peoples and ages. We note all the thoughts, mark down all the acts, record the whole progress of the mass. Then we feel that something is wanting. In that crowd there must be some point to rest upon. Among the thousands there is surely some man who does more to mould the age than his fellows. We desire to know him. He can tell us not only what was done, but why it was done. He can show us the springs of the machine of which we see but the outside. Puppets move and talk upon the stage of life, but with him we go behind the scenes and see the wires pulled. The mind of a king is in the hands of a minister. We want to be intimate with the minister rather than the automaton he controls. If the plan of a campaign is drawn by a subaltern, the subaltern is the man for us to know; not the commander who takes all the fame. We yearn to see the secrets of the heart that through other agencies moves the world.

So, we read history, and are not satisfied. It does not tell us all. Beneath its surface there is a deeper, stronger tide flowing—the tide of individual will. The broad stream is made up of many currents.—We wish to trace each to its source. Most great deeds seem to be done by the multitude. Yet we have a consciousness that it is not so. We feel that there is some “foremost man of all his time;” that in him other men centre to a focus, as the rays of light do in a burning-glass. He concentrates the faint hopes of others into a burning desire. He gathers together the confused thoughts of the many, and gives them an articulate expression. He binds up the impulsive tendencies of thousands, till they become strong enough for effort.

Such men are Representative men, and something more. They are not mere mirrors reflecting back the images of the time. They idealize and beautify what they reflect, and give it force. Go down into the depths of their hearts, and there you will see where the gold of the world was purified of its dross. Rise up to their mental heights, and you may understand, though dimly, the eminences from which they looked. From their mental mountain-tops they glanced with keen sight over what was, to the gazers below, confusion. They saw it as it was—the orderly-destined march of humanity.

Such great natures are interwoven in History, but not represented

by it. They are the threads of gold interlaced with the commoner fibres, and sometimes overlaid. They are often hidden—as a crowd of ordinary forms might conceal the beauties of an Apollo. To write their lives is to write more than history—of those who made history. The record, too, affects us in a different manner. It appeals more directly to each of us. With all the force of individuality, which history necessarily wants, it comes home to our hearts. In us that individuality may seem weakness; in them we see it as the essential power. They are not moved by masses, but move them—do not bow to circumstances, but make and control them. That which is *apparently* done by thousands scarcely prompts the one to effort. He says, “They were many, and I am but one! and what can I do?” That utterance self-justifies the apathy of many a soul. But the dead giants and the living heroes did not, and do not, say so. They say, “We, too, stood alone among many, and yet we moved the world.” It has been said, that those who look back on a long line of illustrious ancestors, will strive to be worthy of them. Let us consider ourselves what we are—the heirs of the great dead, and let the thought prompt us, each in his sphere, to add something to the inheritance of good they bequeathed to all posterity.

That is the moral and the use of Biography. We have endeavoured to write it in a true spirit, and we believe that the result will continue to justify our anticipations of success—that the LIVES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS will each year bind us closer to an increasing circle of friends.

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rhymes! how regular the flow of his verse! A musical snuff-box, mathematically adjusted to its work, could not do the business more handsomely, more faultlessly! and yet, strange to say, there is no melody in Pope. His thoughts never sing, but only try to make us believe that they sing. There are so few notes in his gamut, that we are palled, in spite of ourselves, and in spite of all his clever efforts, to tempt us to enjoyment. Elliott used to say that reading Pope always gave him the headache, and no wonder; for who can bear the everlasting reiteration of the same sounds without weariness? I do not mean, however, to be unjust to Pope, who loved artifice so well that he became thoroughly artificial, and never gave his faculties fair play. The "Rape of the Lock" and "Abelard and Heloise," show that he was more than a mechanic, when he dared trust his heart to speak, which was a rare thing with him. His spirit was nearly always in bonds; the slave and not the master of his art. His dry, precise method was a mirror also, not only of his own nature, but of the stiff and corpse-like manners and customs of his time. The very costumes of Queen Anne's reign were Popish; and the gentlefolks cut down all natural exuberances in the trees and hedges of their gardens, to make them fit their own ideas of what nature ought to be, viz., a prim, sedate, cut and dried old maid!

Pope's aim was to build himself a niche in the classics of his country; hence his extreme accuracy of expression, and the care and labour which he bestowed upon this matter. "Finished to the nails," a phrase which, once applied exclusively to the perfect execution of Greek sculpture—applies equally to Pope, in the structure of his verse. Every word was carefully selected, chiselled, smoothed, and finally hammered into the masonry. His grotto, which again was artificial, and concealed as much as possible from the light and the genial influences of heaven—his grotto, I say, where he studied was no Delphos, but a mechanic's workshop. He believed that neatness could compensate for eloquence; art for genius. Not that he was without either the one or the other; but he thought so much of the form of his poetry, that the subject matter lost its

lustre whilst it was taking shape, and radiated but a forced, artificial glitter, which would do well enough for Vauxhall, but not for the Adytum of Apollo, or the eyes and ears of the Muses.

Nevertheless, Pope was a strong man, of a rare intellect and fancy, possessing, likewise, great power of condensation. Masculine good sense runs through all his poems, and he often precipitates, as it were, the wisdom of ages in a couplet. Had he written more prose and less verse, he would have endured longer, and found more admirers in posterity. Smart, witty, epigrammatic, sententious, and learned, he was well qualified to have made a brilliant, and, to some extent, a solid writer. His Letters, first wrongfully published by Curl, and subsequently by himself (1737); his Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis; his Preface to his edition of Shakespere; and his Treatise of the Bathos, aimed at good old Burnet's History of his own Time; show that he might have been a successful prose writer, had he devoted his talents that way. As it was, the influence he exercised over the times in which he lived, and long afterwards, was not salutary—not, at least, in a literary sense. His poetry, as Emerson says of Swedenborg's System of the World, "wants central spontaneity; it is dynamic, not vital; and lacks power to generate life." This is the grand fault of Pope—the fault of his nature. Even the great theme of the "Messiah" could not lift him from his stilts. He stalks for ever on the earth, proudly enough, conscious enough; but the eagle's wings are not given to him. And yet all that he does is admirable in its way, and will never be excelled or equalled. Take, for example, the "Essay on Criticism," or the "Essay on Man." There is nothing in our language to compare with them for faultless expression and sparkling beauty. Dryden—whom Pope professedly studied and followed as his master—does not furnish us with any thing half so artistic. He was naturally careless, sometimes reckless in his utterance; but he had more rough grandeur and power in him than Pope, and we can afford to pardon, on this account, the form of his poetry. Pope never sins against form, but studies it as an art. He is what the Germans call an "objective" writer, and loves

outward effect; but he never loses sight of his argument, or drops the golden chain of good sense. His sound is mostly the expression of his sense, and this is the reason why so many of his lines have become phrases in the common mouth. Nevertheless, he is dynamical, not vital. In his Preface to his "Essay on Man," he says the poem is to be considered as a "general map of man;" and this is the true judgment of it; for it treats of any thing but man proper, and touches but the shell of the problem of man's nature, ignoring all its spirituality and the grandeur of its destiny. To quote again from Emerson, in his Criticism upon Swedenborg: "The universe is [to him] a gigantic crystal, all whose atoms and laminæ lie in uninterrupted order, and with unbroken unity, but cold and still." The publication of this poem, however, won for Pope, not admirers only, but worshippers, and made a new epoch in the poetry of the period. It took its place instantly as a classic production, and soon engendered scores of imitators by its strong individuality and influence. It was easy enough to fall into that style, but to support it by a solid underweight of metal was not so easy. Imitation, indeed, is always bad, and can do nothing. To imitate another's performance, is suicide. Each man should be himself, and ape nobody. Literary hodmen would then be less numerous. These latter persons swarmed in Pope's time, and became what is called *his school*. Dryden, who had far more real genius than Pope, although he frequently put it to vile purposes, to suit the vile court of his day, was neglected, and ceased to rule in the literary world. Pope had put his seal upon the contemporary minds, and was fast growing into a literary institution. He was, as I said, the founder of a school.

And surely the little bilious man was, on the whole, frank and worthy, and, for his age, may be called *great*, for he was the representative mind of his age. And it must not be forgotten that whilst Dryden and Swift represented a great deal of the mud and filth of that age, Pope took higher ground, and sent his arrows of satire, and withering shafts of scorn, straight to the heart of this filth, sparing neither high nor low, and making the very court, that feared not God, fear him and tremble. The *Dunciad* may be

called his protest against the rascals of the rascaldom, within whose rule he so unhappily found himself. There are personalities anew in it, it is true, and pettinesses, and revelations of wounded vanity; and we may thank Pope for much of the obloquy which has been thrown around the name and profession of poetry—*poetry, poverty, and garrets*—these are of his coinage. But it is a just satire, on the whole, and not unworthy of Juvenal. The poet in his grotto had become the scourge of the vices of his time, and found that his lash of fire could rule, where the laws, both of God and man, were powerless. Of course he had many enemies—for think how many knaves he had castigated! But he cared nothing about *them*. And when it was rumoured that some of the more reckless and daring amongst them, smarting under the whip of his scorn, had resolved to take satisfaction upon the poet's person, he hired a brawny Irishman to act as his servitor and protector; and whenever he appeared in public—that is, after the publication of the *Dunciad*—the said Irishman also appeared with him, armed with a cudgel of no mean proportions, and instructed to use it as occasion might justify.

Such was the prominent figure which Pope made in his age, that I could scarcely have said less about him than I have now done, if we are to understand his influence upon literature during a subsequent period of nearly seventy years. His imitators were so numerous, that poetry became an offence and a mockery. The lack of enthusiasm in Pope, and the severe laws which he imposed upon his art—severe, as I said, even to mechanism—served to crush every thing in the shape of high and noble feeling, every generous impulse, every natural utterance, in his followers. Add to this that morality, public virtue, religion, and whatever is holy and venerable in human nature, were blotted clean out of the high places of England, and, as a necessary consequence, had polluted the very heart of the English people, and we shall get at the secret of the decay and death of poetry during the Pope era. From the "glorious restoration," as it is called, of that Stuart, sorrowfully known to us all under the style of Charles II., down to the time of George II., this immorality reigned,

more or less, in England. It was the black, Egyptian night of our history; and we need wonder no more that poetry refused to be uttered under such circumstances. Charles II. did the work of the devil so well; piled up such mountains of vice; scattered such deadly and accursed seed broadcast over the land, that it took seventy years, as we shall see, to root it out.

Nevertheless, the muse did not quite forsake England during that time. Besides Dryden, Pope, and Swift, Young, Gay, and Arbuthnot wrote. But how petty are they all—what Lilliputs! compared with the sublime Milton, and the meditative and spiritual Wordsworth! Between these two suns millions of such could find room, not only without diminishing their light, but really increasing their lustre by the contrast. For none of these men were poets. Given the genius for its utterance, and poetry comes by inspiration; not, however, to the impure man; that is to say, not in its highest form, fashioning itself in holy cathedral architecture, based upon the everlasting granite, pinnacled amid the golden glory that surrounds the throne of God. Lyrics and love songs, amorous tales, sung in melodious numbers, taking the heart captive by their sorceries, you may have; but not poetry appealing to the divine nature of man, ennobling his being, and thrilling him with the consciousness of his immortality. It is true, that during the period I am now speaking of, Young had written his "Night Thoughts," and that passages of startling beauty had escaped with them through the morbid gloom of his mind; but Young was no poet, although he was full of the *mirage* of poetry. He was neither large nor genial enough for a poet; and the general tone of his writings is thoroughly unhealthy. A man, always brooding upon death and immortality—starting vague questions respecting the hereafter condition—riddling Infidels, Deists, Atheists—uncertain about his own salvation—a misanthrope, at least in his writings—miserable—filling all earth and heaven with alternate rejoicings and wailings of despair—to whom life was a broken cistern, and man good for nothing except to be damned, if he did not believe—such a man, I say, could have little claim upon human suffrage or human

sympathy, and had no message to the world. He shines, it is true, but it is in the dark, like stars over a graveyard. No healthy shocks of life—no communications of hope, come from him. He is crushed beneath the weight of his own consciousness; he knows too much, or not enough; the latter, I should say. The inculcation of bravery, self-reliance, and the virtues which make life beautiful and holy, would have been more worthy of a poet, and have served humanity better in the long run. The "Night Thoughts," however, touched a chord in the popular heart, which was just beginning to vibrate with a new life. It appealed, in its forced, and often forcible and even sublime way, to the religious feelings of man—feelings long since dead, and only now becoming re-animate. It was, as I said, morbid enough, and sometimes galvanic; but it was, on the whole, earnest and impassioned, containing passages, also, of real pathos; and hence the hold it took, and the popularity it acquired. Blair's "Grave" is another poem belonging to the same era, and of the same genius as the "Night Thoughts," although it is not pitched in so high a key. It is a strange mixture of health and disease; now vigorous and idiomatic; now straining painfully after effect, as if the writer were conscious of the Spirit's absence, and desired to conceal the fact by an excess of verbiage and colouring. There is a good deal of rant, too, in the poem—very strong and earnest rant, certainly; but rant is not inspiration, and the "Grave" is no poem. It is nevertheless solemn and impressive, and invests familiar things with a religious spirit. The general acceptance of these two poems, the "Night Thoughts" and the "Grave," shows that England was returning to its old vitality.

Gay was healthier than either of these poets, and of a genial sunny nature. He did not rise so high as Young, it is true, but he was more human, dealt more with good moralities, and less with unanswerable questions. Fate and free will, dogmas and things of that breed, were not in his way. Few stars shine in his poetry, and very seldom the name of God. But he was, nevertheless, a servant of God, as all men are who hold by the ten commandments, and that other commandment, which is nearly forgotten

now, and which I call the eleventh commandment, viz., "Love one another." Gay was a satirist, and the most kind of all that tribe. Vice gets no mercy at his hands; and yet he does not brawl over it, nor make faces at it; but he shows it up so that it looks very ugly indeed. And virtue—how beautifully he paints that! how unostentatiously! It is like light from heaven, so softly he touches it; so beautifully, so effectively! One fable of Gay's is worth all the "Night Thoughts." We feel that the one is effort, terrible effort, as of a giant to pull down the stars; and that the other is natural, and springs from the heart. Gay's style flows and runs like a brook. His fables are the many voices of one musical and happy nature. He really sings, and does not prate. Besides the fables, he wrote a great deal of sprightly verse, and many dramatic pieces, the chief of which, and the only one now preserved for stage purposes, is the "Beggar's Opera." But the question, Was he a poet as well as a writer of verse? is another matter. In one sense he certainly was; and so were Pope and Young; but in the high sense he was not. "God's darling! true land-lord, sea-lord, air-lord!"—he was nothing of this; but he was true to his nature, and sang from his heart; and to this extent he was a poet; but the extent which thus limits him settles the question.

In reality, England and Ireland, from Pope to the French Revolution, had produced but two poets,—or, leaving Young and Gay out of the question—say four, that had emancipated themselves from the thralldom of Pope, and were thoroughly English to the backbone. These were Thompson, Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins. "Thompson's Seasons" came upon the world like the sudden freshness of a spring morning after a long and dreary winter. There was no imitativeness in them; nothing that reminded the reader of any one else; they were Thompson's own; his and nature's. Thompson had looked upon nature with his own eyes; had communed with her, loved her; and she had not been unmindful of his devotion. As Wordsworth says: "She never yet betrayed the heart that loved her;" and so, when Thompson's heart was full, he uttered its fulness,—

and behold! there was once more a true poem written,—a poem redolent of the seasons; breathing violets in spring, roses in summer, and reflecting all the phenomena of autumn and winter. The descriptions of scenery, and of nature's operations, and man's doings in each season, are thoroughly characteristic. England had found another true voice, full of melody and the song of birds. The jibbering apes of Pope looked on aghast, as well they might, for apery was doomed; and the reception of the "Seasons" was a good sign of the times;—a sign that a more healthy life was springing up in England. "The Castle of Indolence," also written by Thompson, was another effort in the right direction, and not an effort only, but a real achievement. For chastity and beauty of imagination,—for sweet melodious utterance, it has no equal in our language, except in the marvellous verse of Spenser.

Goldsmith was, likewise, a poet; and his "Traveller," and "Deserted Village," will live as long as the "Vicar of Wakefield." He has not the flow, the richness, or the fancy of Thompson,—but he is an *individual*, and not a popish ape, and that is great praise. Both in his prose and poetical writings he is earnest and natural; he sees and feels nature; and hence his pictures are all true. He does not affect to see and feel, as Pope did; and, as Elliott says, "there is as much difference between the couplets of Pope and Goldsmith as between pins and primroses."

Gray, I would like if I could; but he is a mere builder, although he often cements his masonry with sunbeams. His noted poem, upon which his fame chiefly rests, viz., "The Elegy written in a Country Church Yard," is not to my taste. It is too studied—too laborious—too perfect, in short. It cannot be denied, however, that it is a work of art, and that the verses are welded together with a skilful hand. But it wants inspiration; it is a dead man's anthem; or, to speak more plainly, it is a *made-up* poem.

Collins is very sweet and graceful, often grand and powerful, striking the old harp with the hand of a master. Witness his "Ode to the Passions," wherein all the voices of the soul speak aloud. He is full of tenderness, imagination, and melody. Many of his

poems have a soft, flute-like tone in them, tinged often with melancholy; but still, as I said, free, natural, and ever spiritual in their flow and feeling.

And here, until we come to Cowper and Burns, end the poets, really such, which nearly seventy years had produced. I do not speak of the dramatists—of Wycherley, Congreve, Otway, and others, for, with the exception of Otway, they are of little importance. They were more artists than poets; they knew life and *men*, but not *man*, and never represented the struggle of the passions in their grandest form, nor lay bare the inner workings of the human soul. They were content with the surface of things, and the surface of life; and their plays, although full of wit and humour, and rare invention, are not of the sort destined for immortality. A vicious blood runs through them all; nor with such men as Wycherley, for example,—"the handsome," as Pope calls him—could it have been otherwise. They had a vicious court to please, and the only way to patronage and preferment in those days, was to write vicious things. The Duchess of Cleveland, one of the most beautiful and notorious courtizans of Charles II.'s court, was the sainted patron of Wycherley! Think of that! and you will no longer wonder that vice was the reigning monarch of the literature of that time.

Passing over these writers, therefore, and the namby pamby Della Cruscan school, so mercilessly handled by Gifford, we come at once to Cowper and Burns, who were the heralds of a new era in poetry. At the time of their appearance things had righted themselves a little, and morals and manners were higher than had been seen in England for a long period. It was evident that a reaction had begun, and that not only in England, but in France and Europe, new ideas were spreading, and taking deep root in the minds of the nations. Pure negation, mechanism, and the disbelief which saps the vital functions of moral life, were fast coming to a head—to dissolution—to annihilation. The intellectual atheism of Hobbes, and the sensuous philosophy of Locke in our own country, had called into existence the encyclopædists of France; and these men were eliminating the elements, and blowing the flames which were to

burst forth anon into revolution,—into an anarchy which the world had never yet seen or dreamed of. The dead world was once more alive—had burst its cerements, and awaited for new revelations—new motives for action. The old satisfied man no more;—the old, with its falsehoods, baseness, fripperies. All must become new. Rousseau in France cried aloud with a wild tongue of flame, for a faith and for principles which he could live by, and which the world could live by. He attempted to pronounce both and was almost a prophet: poor fellow! struggling fiercely, earnestly, for light and truth;—pronouncing both, indeed, to a large extent, and failing only to become *The Prophet* of his time through lack of insight. Voltaire, too, was at work: Voltaire the avenger,—the destroyer! Catholic Europe had outlived its revelation: Protestant England lay weltering in the slime of disbelief, a prey to all the monsters which disbelief engenders and matures,—with signs of new life in her, it is true, as I said; but these signs manifested themselves more in individuals, and in the tendency of thoughtful minds, than in the nation. Hence, Voltaire's work was to destroy the old, which bound both England and Europe, that the new might have free play, and large room for development. He did not know what was to become of his work, neither did he care, in any historic sense; he was the blind giant whom God led and overruled. And no man could at that time foresee what would come out of the seething elements,—the dire struggles and warfares which brought the eighteenth century to a close. In the meanwhile Cowper was preaching in verse, and Burns was singing his sweet songs like a wild bird amongst the first blossoms of spring. Modern English literature is immensely indebted to both these bards; to Cowper, perhaps, even more than to Burns. The reactionary elements of which Thompson, Gay, and Collins were indications, took full shape and embodiment in him, and sealed for ever the doom of Pope and his imitators. Here was born at last the herald of a new era; himself a new singer, inspired by heavenly influences, animated by the highest and holiest purposes. He was essentially a religious man, of a keen insight, and an

open, honest, and receptive nature. All his poems are strongly marked by these characteristics, and contain more sterling good sense than can be found in any other modern writer. The good that Cowper did to literature was this chiefly,—that he abjured the old precedents of writing, and wrote from his own spirit. Here was a man who really had something to say and sing to the world,—one who let his thoughts take their own natural shape,—who overstepped the bounds of the established classical rhythm, and established a rhythm of his own, which was more than rhythm, because it was melody,—melody, not of the outer sense, but of the inner, resulting from the inner harmony of the poet. In an age of poetical disbelief, when men prided themselves in the conviction that poetry was dead, this brave Cowper bent the bow of Ulysses, and flooded the world with music. The difference between Cowper and all the writers who had preceded him, from Pope downwards, is very striking. There was a vitality—a real originating power in him, which perhaps none other of the poets alluded to possessed, except in a very limited degree. What Cowper wrote was a part of himself—sprang from himself,—and by virtue of its creativeness and seminal vitality propagated itself in his readers. He was no play writer; never wrote a play; and yet he was essentially dramatic. Whatever he touches breathes henceforth with the breath and fire of life; becomes personal and picturesque. And then how solemn he is in the main! how real is life in him! how earnest! how immensely significant and important! Eternal things,—eternal happiness or misery hang upon it, and are its issues, one way or another. Compare him with most of his predecessors, or with his cotemporary Darwin, who tried to make a poem out of the science of botany, thinking, I suppose, that humanity was used up,—and you feel that he has a living soul in him, which they had not. His was a Hebraic nature, sorrowful enough, very sorrowful; and at times despairing even to the very depths of despair, but on the whole healthy, solemn, and prophetic. Singularly enough, too, Cowper had humour in him, deep undercurrents of humour, which flash in his poems, here and

there, like sunshine on merry rivers. He had a warm and affectionate heart which beat affectionately for all created things. Poor fellow! he was diseased, laboured all his life through with disease that struck at his life, which at times rendered him despondent, nay, even insane! if this had not been the case; if he had possessed a healthy physical frame, what might not have come from him! certainly not his deep, intense wails of anguish—mental anguish—despair, and horrible fever visions of future retribution. Oh no! but he would have been the most hopeful of singers, the most active and vigorous of practical men. For mark! how practical is all that he does! There are no shadow-lands in his writing, neither is there any of the moonshine and mysticism which glimmer in the writings of many poets we might name; everything has a practical bearing upon life and its concerns; grave, lively, severe, humorous, comic;—he hits all these, and might have been, but for his malady, what, alas! he is not.

Burns, on the other hand, was all health; strong in body and mind; strong in all his doings—the sweetest lyric singer of all time. The mantle of inspiration fell upon him, it is said, at the plough; he was bred under the very wings of nature, and nurtured at her bosom. He was the helpmate of Cowper, the one only singer who had the honour to herald the new dawn of modern English poetry. Ann Seaward; and the Della Cruscans, with their imbecilities; Dr. Darwin, with his botanic poetry, and the rabble of songsters, screeching and hooting in those latter days of Pope's era, were now to be heard and known no more. For with Cowper and Burns the morning light of heaven came again upon earth, and the midnight darkness vanished with its ghastly skeletons, its owls, and horrid bats. Burns's power of description,—of dramatic writing indeed; was not less great, but, perhaps, more even than that of Cowper—but how different were its manifestations! Cowper could hardly have written the "Cotter's Saturday Night;" he certainly could not have written "Tam O'Shanter." Burns had more geniality in him than Cowper; had a healthier nature—I think, a much larger nature; for he sympathised with

all the forms of life; and yet the two bards resembled each other in many things. Both were, as I said, dramatic; although not professed dramatists. Both were thoroughly independent, honest, uncompromising! Both had large hearts, large sympathies; both were truly natural. Burns's unhappiness sprang from his virtues - from the excess of his virtues - good fellowship and generosity, for example, which led him into evil courses; for all excesses are evil. Cowper's unhappiness was the result of his diseased constitution.

These two men were the founders of modern poetry, the precursors of a new era, of which Wordsworth is the grand central figure.

Wordsworth's life was eminently beautiful and poetic. It was in strict accordance with his own idea of what a poet's life should be. It was lived in the very presence of nature, and a holy calm rests over it like sunshine upon a sabbath day. We feel that it was true and great; the reflex of a true and great man. Yet it was almost entirely free from those stirring incidents and adventures, which, to ordinary readers, are the main charm of biography. He was no knight-errant, and carefully avoided the extravagances of existence. He could not afford to live at that rate, but husbanded his resources for higher aims and achievements. Indeed, nature had given a bias so decidedly spiritual to his mind, that the bustle and excitement of practical life were not only distasteful but abhorrent to his feelings and inclinations. He felt that he had no faculty for practical affairs; that he lacked the physical strength, edge, and keenness, the moral insensibility which are necessary for the successful conduct of these affairs; and he fell back from them - upon himself; resolved to cultivate the faculties which he had, and obey the dictates of his spirit.

And this resolution, which was not taken up lightly, as a thing to be cast aside at the instigation of moods and contingencies - but earnestly, and with serious and solemn purpose - he faithfully devoted his life to fulfil. And, surely, we have no record of a more valiant and victorious life in literature. He first found the sphere of his work, and then stood firmly upon its granite foundations. He was to be a singer of truth and beauty to the world; and

this conviction woke up all the powers of his nature, and armed him as with a breast-plate of adamant, against his enemies. No man, perhaps, ever had more enemies, and these too were of the most unscrupulous sort. His poetic theory, which was totally opposed to that of the poets who had preceded him, met with no mercy from the critics, but along with the poetry upon which it was founded, was assailed by all the wit and sarcasm they could command. Nor could it well have been otherwise, if we consider the culture and circumstance of the times. The authority of Pope was still held sacred in the courts of literary assize, in spite of the efforts which Cowper and Burns had made to weaken and dethrone it. And here was a man who set that authority at defiance, and announced new canons of poetic art, and of criticism. For the stiffs of Pope he substituted the simple language of nature; for dry and withered sentiment, the pure feeling of the human heart, as he found it in himself and in the peasantry, and in the uncorrupted and spontaneous utterances of childhood. He eschewed all artificial glitter in his verse, and let the heart speak, in its own way. There had been quite enough of Pope and his mechanical numbers; quite enough of "sofa and lap-dog poetry," as Elliott calls it. Wordsworth appealed therefore, to the universal spirit, and strove to sound sweeter strings, and deeper depths; and make poetry once more an organ of the divine, and a melodious anthem of human life, with all its hopes, dreads, and passions. He met with the fate of all innovators; for the critics could not, or would not, understand his meaning and object. They had been used so long to artificers and hodmen, that every touch of nature, every simple tone grated like discords upon their ears, and they would not listen to it. Darwin could get recognition enough, and was regarded as a fine poet, which he certainly was, in the same sense that a tulip or a firework is fine. But Wordsworth, who came fresh from the gardens of the Lord, bearing in his hand the freshest flowers, wet with the morning dew, could find no welcome amongst the critics - nothing but abuse. This, however, did not at all discourage him, but spurred him onward rather to still higher efforts. Nor were there

wanting, out of the critical circles, men who looked with favourable eyes, even upon the earliest effusions of the poet. When, in 1793, he published his "Descriptive Sketches," and "Evening Walk," at Cambridge; they attracted to him many young enthusiastic hearts, who became interested in his success. Wordsworth, when he wrote these poems, was but twenty-one years of age, and there was evidence in them—to those who had eyes—of a great originality and power, and of a still greater capability of performance. In 1794, the "Sketches" fell into the hands of Coleridge, who immediately saw in them the germs—and something more, perhaps—of a new poetry. Alluding to them in the "Biographia," he says:—"There is in them a harshness and acerbity combined with words and images all a-glow, which might recall those products of the vegetable world, whose gorgeous blossoms rise out of thorny rind or shell, within which the rich fruit is elaborating. The language is not only peculiar and strong, but at times knotty and contorted, as by its own impatient strength; while the novelty and struggling crowd of images, acting in conjunction with the difficulties of the style, demand always a greater attention than poetry—at all events than descriptive poetry has a right to claim." It was to those sketches that Wordsworth was subsequently indebted for the friendship of Coleridge; and the reader will perceive, from the above description of them, that they were far from mature productions, and widely different in their style and aim from his later effusions. Wordsworth had not yet broken from the shell of his nature, and pruned his wings for celestial flights. It required time and experience, earnest thought and culture to develop and mature the young soul that was struggling within him; and these conditions he was to fulfil in due time.

Wordsworth was born at Cocker-mouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770. His father, John Wordsworth, was an attorney, and law agent to Sir James Lowther, who was afterwards raised to the peerage, and created Earl Lonsdale. His mother's name was Ann Cookson, only daughter of William Cookson, a mercer of Penrith. Wordsworth's family had lived at

Peniston, in Yorkshire, probably before the time of the Conquest, and his grandfather was the first of his name who came into Westmoreland, where he purchased the small estate of Stockbridge. The poet was the second son of his father, and spent most of his early days at Cocker-mouth. He was subsequently removed to Hawkshead grammar school, and is said by De Quincy to have been not an amiable boy. He was austere and unsocial in his habits, not generous, and, above all, not self-denying. In October, 1787, he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, by his uncle, Richard Wordsworth, and Christopher Crakanthorpe, under whose care his three brothers and his sister were placed, on the death of their father, in 1795. The orphans were at this time nearly, if not entirely, dependent upon their relatives, in consequence of the stubborn refusal of the wilful, if not mad, Sir James Lowther, to settle the claims of their father upon his estate.

Wordsworth's sojourn at Cambridge was a complete contrast to his after life. He dressed gaily, wore silk stockings, and once got drunk, or, as De Quincy calls it, "boozy," in the rooms occupied by John Milton, in honour of John's glorious memory. It was the first and last time that the wine cup ever touched his lips. In 1791 he graduated, and left the University for London. He took a short tour into Wales, and was then urged by his friends to enter holy orders. A curacy was even offered him at Harwich; but he had no love for the clerical functions, and political motives likewise influenced him in rejecting these overtures. The truth is, that Wordsworth, like all the young, enthusiastic, and highly gifted men of that time, was filled with the grand idea of liberty, and the hope of further enfranchisement from old forms of error and superstition, which France had raised upon the theatre of her soil. Accordingly, in 1791, he determined to cross the Channel and winter in Orleans, that he might watch the progress of events. "In the following year, 1792, the sanguinary epoch of the Revolution commenced. Committees of public safety struck terror into the hearts of thousands; the king was thrown into the prison of the Temple; the massacres of September, perpetrated by Danton and his associates, to daunt the

invading army and its adherents, deluged Paris with blood; the Convention was constituted; monarchy was abolished; a rupture ensued between the Gironde and the Montagne; Robespere arose; Deism was dominant; the influence of Brissot and the Girondists was on the decline; and in a short time they were about to fall victims to the power which they themselves had created."

Such is a summary of the events which transpired whilst Wordsworth was in France; and he has left us a record of the hopes and wild exultations with which he hailed the Revolution, when it first loomed above the horizon of the morning, in the "Prelude." But, alas! the counterpart of the picture came as suddenly, not attended by the sweet breathings of a delicious music, but by the roar of mad and fiery throats, and the pageantry of blood and death. The re-action of the atrocities and enormous crimes of the Revolution upon Wordsworth's mind was terrible. He will no more hear of democracy; but when he returns to England, writes, in a letter to the Bishop of Llandaff: "I abhor the very idea of a revolution." He lost, for a time, his generous faith in man, his hope of human liberty, and his old belief in the perfection of human nature. The events of the Revolution, however, brought with them much wisdom to Wordsworth. They turned his thoughts inward, and compelled him to meditate upon man's nature and destiny—upon what it is possible for man to become; whilst they gave breadth, depth, and expansion, to his higher sympathies. From this time his mission as a poet may be dated. He was no longer a mere dreamer, but was deeply impressed with the stern realities—with the wants and necessities—of his time, and resolved to devote himself to the service of humanity.

In the autumn of 1792, Wordsworth left France for London, where he remained, more or less, for upwards of a year; and nothing seemed to fall out for him, in the way of employment, from this time to the year 1795. At last, however, whilst Wordsworth was at his wits' end, cogitating what he was to do to get bread and cheese, it so happened that a young man named Raisley Calvert, whom Wordsworth had previously known, was taken ill

at the "Robin Hood," in Penrith, and, in spite of the kindness and attention of Wordsworth, died there, leaving his property, amounting to £800, to the poet. This bequest was of the last importance to Wordsworth, for it rescued him from poverty and distress, and enabled him to live.

In 1795, Wordsworth, accompanied by his sister, left Cumberland for Racedom Lodge, near Crew Kerne, in Dorsetshire. As already stated, he had the year before published his "Lyrical Ballads;" and now, at Racedom, he wrote his poem, "Guilt and Sorrow," and began his tragedy of "The Borderers," which was completed before the close of the following year.

Coleridge first came to Racedom to see Wordsworth in 1797, and many happy days they subsequently spent together. That they might be nearer to each other, Wordsworth resolved to remove to Alfoxden; and whilst he was there the Pantisocratic scheme was set afoot, about which the world has heard so much, by Coleridge, Southey, Lovell, and Burnet. It ended, however, in the marriage of many of the friends, and therefore in smoke.

From the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" to his death, Wordsworth pursued, without rest or haste, his poetic career. And it is exceedingly interesting to trace in his writings the growth and development of his mind. From the "Descriptive Sketches" to the "Lyrical Ballads," and from these to the "Excursion," there are wide gulfs, and each is marked by distinctive characteristics. The "Ballads" are in many ways remarkable: in the first place because they were the joint production of men who subsequently proved themselves to be two of our greatest poets; and 2ndly, because they brought these men prominently before the public and the critical world. They were likewise of a very high order of merit; and it is not too much to say that such a book of poems as this had not been published since the Augustan era of our literature—Milton's alone excepted—if Milton may not be said himself to have closed that era. Here first appeared the "Ancient Mariner" and the "Nightingale," by Coleridge; "Tintern Abbey," and "Lines left under a Yew Tree Seat," by Wordsworth—four poems, which, of themselves, were sufficient to float half-a-dozen volumes. It

is true that the "Ancient Mariner,"—the "Old Navigator," as Coleridge loved to call it—is what may be styled a *made-up* poem—a wild, unearthly patchwork of the imagination; but it contains, nevertheless, such passages as it would be rare to match outside those seas. It is full, too, of all kinds of music—sweet, wild, natural, and supernatural—now grand, like the rolling bass of some mighty organ; and now ærial, celestial; catching up the reader into a strange heaven, and filling him with an unspeakable ecstasy. Wonderful power is likewise manifested in the structure of the tale; and one is amazed how so slender an incident, as that upon which the tale is founded, could be worked out so successfully, and with such deep and thrilling interest. "The Nightingale," however, is quite a different poem, and is redolent of nature. "Tintern Abbey," and "Lines left under a Yew Tree Seat," are in Wordsworth's best style, and have never been surpassed by him, in the fullest maturity of his genius.

The idea of the "Ballads" originated in the following circumstances: In July, 1797, Wordsworth and his sister went to live at Alfoxden, that they might enjoy a closer and more intimate communion with Coleridge, who was then residing at Stowey, and in November of the same year, the three friends commenced a pedestrian tour to Linton, and the Valley of Stones. The whole party, however, were so poor that they could ill afford the expense of the journey; and the two poets resolved to write a poem for the "New Monthly Magazine," for which they hoped to get £5, and thus balance the outlay which they required for the tour. The course of the friends lay along the Quantock Hills, towards Watchet; and here it was that Coleridge planned his "Old Navigator," the base of it being, as he said, a dream of "Cruikshanks." Wordsworth and Coleridge were to have written this poem conjointly, but the great dissimilarity of their manner soon compelled them to abandon this idea, and Coleridge was left to complete the work by himself. Wordsworth suggested, however, as some crime was to be committed by the mariner, which was to bring upon him a spectral persecution in his wanderings, as the consequences of that crime, that he should

be represented as having killed an albatross, on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions should follow him, and avenge the crime. The navigation of the ship by the dead men was also a suggestion of Wordsworth's. As Coleridge proceeded with his work, it was very soon found that it would be too long for the magazine; and they began to think of issuing it as a volume, along with other poems by both bards. These poems were to be founded "on supernatural subjects, taken from common life, but to be looked at as much as might be through an imaginative medium." Wordsworth's share in the poetical contributions to this volume, besides those already mentioned, were, amongst others, "The Idiot Boy;" "Her Eyes are Wild;" "We are Seven;" and "The Thorn." "Peter Bell" was likewise written about this time, although not included in the Ballads. Cottle of Bristol had the honour of publishing these Ballads, and Wordsworth received thirty guineas as his share in the venture. Strange to say, however, that, although only five hundred copies of them were printed, Cottle had subsequently to dispose of the greater part of them to a London bookseller at a loss, in consequence of the terrific mud-showers of abuse which the critics bestowed upon them. Afterwards, when Cottle disposed of his various copyrights to the Longmans of London, these publishers returned that of the Ballads as valueless, and Cottle made a present of it to its author.

In the meanwhile, Wordsworth and his sister, accompanied by Coleridge, with the proceeds of their poetry in their pockets, went to Germany, and landed at Hamburg. Here they were introduced to Klopstock the poet, after which, Coleridge, with a view to make himself acquainted with the German language and literature, went to Ratzeburg, where he boarded in the pastor's house. He remained here about four months, and then left for Solten-gen, where he studied about five months. Wordsworth spent the greater part of his time, whilst in Germany, at Goslar, at the foot of the Hartz Forest. Among the poems written at this time were, "Strange Fits of Passion have I known;" "Three Years she grew in Sun and Shower;" "Lines to a Sexton;" "Lucy Gray;" "Lines

written in Germany." Speaking of this last poem, Wordsworth says: "A bitter winter it was when these verses were composed, by the side of my sister, in our lodgings at a draper's house, in the romantic, imperial town of Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. In this town the German Emperors of the Franconian line were accustomed to keep their court; and it retains vestiges of ancient splendour. So severe was the cold of this winter, that when we passed out of the parlour warmed by the stove, our cheeks were struck by the air as if by cold iron. I slept in a room over the passage, which was not ceiled. The people of the house used to say rather unfeelingly, that they expected I should be frozen to death some night; but with the protection of a pelisse, lined with fur, and a dog-skin bonnet, such as was worn by the peasants, I walked daily on the ramparts, in a sort of public ground or garden, in which was a pond. Here I had no companion but a kingfisher, a beautiful creature, that used to glance by me. I consequently became much attached to it." During these walks, he composed the "Poet's Epitaph;" "Ruth;" "The Address to the Scholars of a Village School;" "The Two April Mornings;" "The Fountain;" "A Conversation;" "Matthew," &c., &c.

On the 10th of February, 1799, Wordsworth and his sister left Goslar, and returned towards England. The poet was now nearly thirty years of age, and he resolved to build up some stately architecture of verse, which man would not willingly let die. Accordingly, he commenced "The Prelude," within the very hum of the city. Six out of the fourteen books of which it is composed, were written before 1805.

Perhaps "The Prelude" is the most interesting of all Wordsworth's writings. To me it is intensely so, as a revelation of the progress and development of the most extraordinary mind of this century. It was the first attempt, I believe, ever made to write an autobiography in verse. The difficulties of the undertaking, however, great as they were, vanished before the magical power and skill of the poet, and the result was a fine poem,—a real anthem of a beautiful and holy life. In a greater or less degree, it is

a reflex also of the universal experience of man—certainly that of all earnest and thoughtful men. The pictures which he gives us of his boyish days, and the feelings which belonged to them, are such as we can most of us indorse as our own. To him they are a deep delight, and he dwells upon them as if he would live them all over again, and live nothing but them. He looks back, indeed, upon the home and scenes of his childhood as upon some enchanted region. He has no withering recollections of poverty and distress; all is sunshine and happiness. The sweet, melodious, and romantic "Derwent" is the syren of these dreams, and sings with wondrous music in his verse. All his memories are associated with the fine scenery of his birthplace, are fused into it, and become at last the real foundation of his poetic life. He speaks of his school days at Hawkshead, near the lake of Esthwaite, with all the enthusiasm of his nature; not, however, because the little Latin and mathematics which he learned there were so tasteful to his mind, but because his leisure hours and holidays were rendered sweeter by the restraints of the school, and gave a greater zest to his field sports, and the secular books which he loved. He mentions his amusements, such as bird's nesting in the warm moist mornings of spring,—springing woodcocks in the brown and mellow days of autumn,—bathing in the Derwent, that "tempting playmate of his, into which, when five years old, he would plunge again and again," making one long bathing of a summer's day,—rowing, on sunny half-holidays, with his boisterous schoolmates, on the great "plain of Windermere,"—or skating by day and night upon the frozen bosom of Esthwaite. His beloved books, too, at this time find a record in his verse. They are—Fielding, that mighty creator, so full of the "*play impulse*," like an old god, who makes worlds, and amuses himself with the story of their various fortunes; Cervantes, who laughed Christendom out of its chivalry, because chivalry was dead as an institution, and had become laughable; Le Sage, with his Shaksperian knowledge of life, and his inimitable artistic power; and Swift with his sharp wit, learning, and satire, glittering amid continents of mud.

"Gulliver's Travels," and "The Tale of a Tub," were the things which stuck to him fastest, however, of all the works of these writers.

In the meanwhile, the poet was awakening within him, and the poetic pabulum was becoming every day more and more necessary to his existence. His fine receptive spirit stored up all the forms and influences of nature,—revivified them, and reproduced them by its power. The strong individuality which marks his poetry manifested itself, although in another form, even at this early period; for he loved solitude better than his playmates, although he loved them too, and speaks of them with affection; but the dells, mountains, and lakes were his most beloved companions. Often would he lie down upon the grass or the heather, and wait for the gentle voices which had so frequently whispered the secrets of nature in his ears, and by their inspiration had enabled him to catch a glimpse of the Divine glory behind the veil of things; or, looking upwards into the blue, unfathomable depths of heaven, he has asked questions which those depths could not answer, and has thus tasted of the sorrow which makes life holy. His own mind had begun to react upon nature, and to make her more beautiful or terrible, according to his mood. He began to feel the *auxiliary light* which comes from the soul, and diffuses its glory over all things, making the common noble, and investing the grandest forms of the material world with the still grander attributes of imagination. He hints at the process of all this; at the "plastic power," and the creative power—the outer and inner modus of his culture.

"An auxiliary light

Came from my mind, which, on the setting
sun,
Bestowed new splendour; the melodious
birds,
The fluttering breezes, fountains that run
on,
Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obeyed
A like dominion; and the midnight storm
Brew darker in the presence of my eye."

And in a similar manner he describes his growth from childhood to manhood. His Cambridge days, his tours in France, and his many wanderings are all burnt into "The Prelude," which is indeed the history of his mind, and

how he felt and acted upon the external world. I have no room to say more about this poem, nor to make quotations from it; but no one can know Wordsworth unless he has read it.

During his school days, Wordsworth had been tasked by his master to write verses, and these put it into his head to write others on his own account, from the impulse of his own mind. Accordingly, he produced a long poem, running upon his adventures, and the scenery of the country in which he was brought up. No portion of this poem has been preserved except the introduction to it, which stands at the beginning of his collected poems. But it was the *archetype* of the "*Prelude*," which Wordsworth commenced, as we have seen, when he left Goslar in 1799.

In the spring of the same year the poet and his sister returned to England; and in a letter to Cottle, written immediately after their arrival, we find them in the county of Durham, just on the borders of Yorkshire, thankful, after sufficient experience of Germany, for the dear face of old England, once more.

And now Wordsworth resolves to have a settled abode—a local habitation as well as a name. Accordingly, on St. Thomas's day, in this memorable year, 1799, he hired a cottage at Grasmere, and went to live there with his beloved sister. "The cottage," says Dr. Wordsworth, in his "Memoirs" of the poet, "which still retains the form it wore then, stands on the right hand, by the side of what was then the coach road, from Ambleside to Keswick, as it enters Grasmere, or, as that part of the village is called, 'Town End.' The front of it faces the lake; behind is a small plot of orchard and garden ground, in which there is a spring and rocks; the enclosure shelves upward towards the woody sides of the mountain above it. Many of his poems, as the reader will remember, are associated with this fair spot:—

"This spot of orchard ground is ours,
My trees they are, my sister's flowers."

And surely Wordsworth was worthy of his sweet cottage, and sweeter and dearer sister; and his glorious lake, with its "one green island"—his mountains, and wood, and dales, his church, and the cottages, "clustered like stars"

around it; for he had the great heart and large brain which nature makes the condition for all those who would share her communion. And then his tastes were so simple, natural, and unaffected; he lived so close to nature, and knew so many of her secrets, and loved her too, with the passion of a first and only love. Yes, surely he was worthy of all he enjoyed.

During the three years which elapsed between the poet's entering upon the cottage at Grasmere and his marriage, he was very industriously, and even laboriously employed in cultivating his art; for he resolved that poetry should be the business, and not the pastime of his life. He continued the "Prelude," and had already thrown off a sufficient number of smaller poems to make a new volume. These he offered to the Longmans, who published them in 1800, reprinting the first series of "Lyrical Ballads," along with them, and presenting them to the public in two volumes. Wordsworth received £200 for two editions of this work; and amongst the new pieces were "Lucy Gray," "Nutting," "The Brothers," "Poor Susan," "The Waterfall," and the "Eg-lantine." Other poems of deep interest succeeded these new lyrics; and I will name "The Leech Gatherer," and the "Ode to Immortality," because these poems, have always been great favourites with me, and are, I think, amongst the finest he ever wrote. His exposition of the feelings which suggested, and of the point of view from which he wrote, these poems, is, to my mind, very interesting; and all who are acquainted with the "Ode" especially, will thank me for the following extracts from this exposition:—"To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself; but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind, upon which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. But it was not so much from sources of animal vivacity that my difficulties came, as from a source of the indomitableness of the spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that whatever might become of others, I should be translated

in something of the same way to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having externally existence; and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in my own immaterial nature. Many times, when going to school, have I grasped at a wall or a tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines, 'Obstinate Questionings,' &c. To that dream-like vividness of splendour, which invests objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against such a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favour. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations, and among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an ingredient in the Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements, when I was impelled to write this poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose, the best use of it I could as a poet."

Now in this note, and in the "Ode" which it illustrates, will be found the key to all Wordsworth's philosophy, and to the secret of his mind as a poet. The mystic spiritualism which imbues all his writings, is the great distinguishing feature which marks and separates

him from merely didactic and descriptive poets; and were this element wanting in him, we should have a fine reporter of nature's doings—a fine painter of objective effects—but no creator—no idealist; and therefore, properly speaking, no poet, in the high signification of that term. Luckily, however, for Wordsworth and the world, he possessed the spiritual faculty, and kept it always active; so that his eye, even in the presence of the meanest objects, was open to the ideal things of which these objects were the symbols. The infinite was ever present to his mind, and he saw all objects through the medium of that light and relationship. But the great band of critics outside the fine region in which Wordsworth dwelt, could not, of course, understand this "Ode," or the general aim of Wordsworth's poetry, and therefore they denounced it as incomprehensible, mystic, and absurd. In alluding to this deprecation of his poems, he very sorrowfully says, somewhere in his letters or notes, that "it is a fact, that nineteen out of every twenty persons are unable to appreciate poetry," and we are bound to confess that this hard judgment is true. Even the better sort of reviews, in which we should have expected, at least, a recognition of the glorious and noble aims of the poet, stood out dead against him; and Jeffrey's "*This will never do*," in speaking of the "Excursion," shows how blindly bigoted and intolerant were such critics in those days.

Wordsworth's residence at Grasmere was, as I said, very productive and beautiful. His sister—who had devoted her life to him—always accompanied his steps, and by her keen appreciation of nature, frequently furnished him with materials for his poems, many of which are a musical transformation of her descriptions of scenery and persons, and the feelings with which she beheld them. "The Beggars," and the "Daffodils," are examples of this sort; and any one acquainted with the latter poem will immediately recognize the elements of it in the following extract from Miss Wordsworth's diary:—"When we were in the woods before Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. As we went along, there were more, and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there was a long belt

of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them; some rested their heads on these stones, as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glowing."

The quiet of this Grasmere life was occasionally relieved by excursions in the neighbourhood; and we find the poet and his sister making another tour together to France, in July 1802. On their return, Wordsworth was married at Brompton church, to Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, his own cousin. This event took place Oct. 4, 1802. Every one will remember the beautiful lines which the poet has addressed to her, commencing—

"She was a phantom of delight,

When first she gleamed upon my sight."
And it is pleasant to add that the illusion of this first love never died out of his heart. De Quincy tells us that Mrs. Wordsworth was not beautiful; that there was a certain obliquity in her eyes; and that her intellect was not of an active order. But all this was more than compensated for, "by sweetness all but angelic, simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect, and purity of heart, speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements." She was tall, her figure was good—except that, for my taste, it was rather too slender—and so it always continued. In complexion she was fair. Her eyes—

"Like stars of twilight fair;

Like twilight, too, her dark brown hair;

But all things else about her drawn

From May time, and the cheerful dawn."

And whilst I am speaking of Mrs. Wordsworth, I may as well present portraits of all the members of the little household at Grasmere. Miss Wordsworth's "face was of Egyptian brown. Rarely in a woman of English birth had a more determined gipsy tan been seen. Her eyes were not soft, as Mrs. Wordsworth's, nor were they fierce or bold, but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion. Her manner was warm, and ever ardent. Her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep, and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her. Even her very utterance and enunciation often, or rather generally, suffered in point of clearness and steadiness, from the agitation of her

excessive organic sensibility, and perhaps from some morbid irritability of the nerves. At times the self-contracting and self-baffling of her feelings, caused her even to stammer. She stooped in walking. She did not cultivate the graces which preside over the person and its carriage. But, on the other hand, she was a person of very remarkable endowments intellectually. Her knowledge of literature was irregular, and not systematically built up; but what she knew, and had really mastered, lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervent heart." Both ladies, at the time when De Quincy drew these portraits, were twenty-eight years old. And now for Wordsworth's portrait.

"Wordsworth was upon the whole not a well made man. His legs were positively condemned by all female connoisseurs in legs; not that they were bad in any way that could force itself upon your notice—there was no absolute deformity about them; and undoubtedly they had been serviceable legs beyond the average standard of human requisition; for with these identical legs Wordsworth must have travelled a distance of 175,000 to 180,000 English miles; but useful as they have proved themselves, the Wordsworthian legs were not ornamental. But the worst part of Wordsworth's person was his bust; there was a narrowness and a stoop about the shoulders which became striking, and had an effect of meanness when brought into close juxtaposition with a figure of a more statuesque order. And yet Wordsworth was of a good height; just five feet ten, and not a slender man; on the contrary, by the side of Southey his limbs looked thick, almost in a disproportionate degree. I have heard from the country people that 'he walked like a cade'—a cade being an insect which advances by an oblique motion." De Quincy says further on, that by slow degrees he would gradually edge off his companion from the middle to the side of the high road, if he did not take great care, and dispute every inch of the ground. His face is described as the noblest for intellectual effect that could be imagined. Haydon has painted it as belonging to one of Christ's disciples, in his great picture, *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem*. It was of the long order, often claimed as oval; and if not

absolutely the indigenous face of the lake district, at any rate a variety of that face, a modification of the original type. The head was well filled out. The forehead was not remarkably lofty, but it was, perhaps, remarkable for its breadth, and expansive development. Neither were the eyes large; on the contrary, they were rather small, but that did not interfere with their effect, which, at times, was fine, and suitable to his intellectual character. The mouth, and the region of the mouth, the whole circumference of the mouth, was about the strongest feature in Wordsworth's face. There was nothing especially to be noticed in the mere outline of the lips, but the swell and protrusion of the parts above and around the mouth were noticeable. And then De Quincy tells us why. He had read that Milton's surviving daughter, when she saw the crayon drawing representing the likeness of her father, in Richardson the painter's thick octavo volume, of Milton, burst out in a rapture of passionate admiration, exclaiming, "This is my father! this is my dear father!" And when De Quincy had procured this book, he saw in this likeness of Milton a perfect portrait of Wordsworth.

Such then are sketches of the poet and his household at the time of his marriage, and a happy household it was. The poet, however, could not live without wandering from his home once or twice a year at least. Accordingly, we find him about twelve months after his marriage—that is August 14th, 1803—making a tour into Scotland, with his sister and Coleridge, taking Carlisle on the way; subsequently visiting the grave of Burns, Glengyle, &c. He returned by way of Edinburgh, visiting Melrose Abbey and Sir Walter Scott. When they arrived home on the 25th of September, they found "Mary, (the poet's wife) in perfect health, Joanna Hutchinson with her, and little John asleep in the clothes' basket by the fire."

It was about this time that the second Lord Lonsdale paid the debt which his predecessor owed to Wordsworth's father, amounting to £1,800, as the share of each member of the family. De Quincy says that a regular succession of similar, but superior, godsend fell upon Wordsworth to enable him to sustain his expenditure

duly, as it grew with the growing claims upon his purse. A good old uncle died and left him several thousands; and further on, about 1814, the Stamp Distributorship for the county of Westmoreland grew vacant, and was given to the poet, yielding him £500 a year; and still further on in time the same post for the county of Cumberland fell in, and Wordsworth was appointed to this also, making the two situations worth about a thousand a year to him. Wordsworth resigned these offices in 1842, and they were bestowed upon his son, whilst the poet was put down upon the civil list for £300 a year, and finally made Poet Laureate.

In 1803, Sir George Beaumont, the painter, out of pure sympathy with the poet, and before he had seen or written to him, purchased a beautiful little estate at Appledram near Keswick, and presented it to him, in order that he (Wordsworth) and Coleridge, who was then residing at Greta Hall, might have the pleasure of a nearer and more permanent intercourse. Wordsworth, however, refused to accept this magnificent gift, but he and Sir George became the most attached friends ever after.

It was on the 5th of February, 1804, that Wordsworth's second brother, John, was lost in the Abergavenny, East Indiaman. He was a man of fine taste, and was an occasional visitor at the poet's home at Grasmere. All Wordsworth's family were deeply affected by this great loss, and the poet's lyre sounded his praises in three poems. The first is entitled: "Elegiac Stanzas," suggested by a picture of Peel Castle in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont. The second is to a "Daisy," which suggests his brother's love of quiet and peaceful things, and closes with the tragedy of his death, and the discovery and final burial of the body in the country churchyard at Wythe, a village near Weymouth.

"And thou, sweet flower, shalt sleep and wake upon his senseless grave"

he concludes, returning thus finely to the simple flower which suggested the melancholy train of thought that runs through the poetry. The third of these sad lyrical verses refers to the scene where the poet bade his brother farewell, on the mountains from Grasmere to Patterdale.

About a month after his brother's death, Wordsworth concluded his "Prelude," upon which he had been employed for upwards of six years. In a letter to Sir George Beaumont, dated 25th of December, 1804, he unfolds his own plan of the poem. It was to consist, first of all, of a poem to be called the "Recluse," wherein the poet was to express in verse, his own feelings concerning Man, Nature, and Society; and secondly, a poem on his *Earlier life, or the growth of his own mind*. This latter poem was the "Prelude," two thousand verses of which he says, in the same letter, he had written during the last ten weeks. The "Prelude" therefore, which was not published until after the poet's death, was first written; and the "Recluse" subsequently. Only a part of this poem, however, viz., "The Excursion," except of course the "Prelude," is published; the "Recluse" proper being still in manuscript.

Besides these larger works, Wordsworth wrote many minor poems; and amongst them "The Waggoner," dedicated to Charles Lamb, but not published until 1819. In 1807, Wordsworth issued two new volumes of poetry, in 12mo., which contained some of his best pieces, but which, like all his poems, did not gain immediate popularity. Coleridge, however, cheered him on by his letters; and on his return to England, in the summer of 1806, Wordsworth read "The Prelude" to him in the gardens of Coleorton, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, where the poet was then residing at the habitation of Sir George Beaumont; and the high commendations which Coleridge poured upon this poem animated Wordsworth to increased exertion and perseverance. During his residence at this beautiful house, he composed the noble "*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*," the finest thing of the kind in our language. The poet's letters to Sir George Beaumont, and an occasional one to Sir Walter Scott (who, in 1805, had climbed Helvellyn with him), are amongst the most interesting transcripts we have of his mind at this period. It was in the beginning of the winter of 1807, that De Quincy paid his first visit to Wordsworth; and I find great fault with Dr. Wordsworth that he makes no allusion to De Quincy throughout his

Memoirs of the poet. This is the more unpardonable, inasmuch as De Quincy is a man of the highest intellect and scholarship, possessing the widest acquaintance with general literature of any man who has lived in this generation. Unpardonable, likewise, because De Quincy was a devout lover and a chivalrous defender of Wordsworth, when it was not fashionable to speak well of him. Neither can I ever forgive the poet himself, for his cold neglect of the great Opium-Eater. Professor Wilson shares the same fate as De Quincy in the Memoirs, and is not once alluded to, although both these men were on the most intimate terms with Wordsworth for a long period. De Quincy has written a graphic account of his first visit to the poet, in company with Mrs. Coleridge, Hartley being then nine years old, in Tait's Magazine, entitled "Lake Reminiscences." And to this account the reader is now referred, as it is too long to quote here.

Southey was then living at Greta Hall, and Mrs. Coleridge was on her way there, when the above-named visit took place. It had been previously arranged that Coleridge and his family should reside with Southey, and during the week that De Quincy spent in the neighbourhood at this time, he went to see the household at Greta, and has given a beautiful picture of Southey, and his habits. De Quincy returned to Grasmere in 1808, and found that Wordsworth had removed to Allan Bank. He immediately hired, therefore, and took possession of the late cottage of the poet. The reason for Wordsworth's removal was the increasing number of his family. Here is a list of his children:—

John, born 18th June, 1803.

Dorothy, called and generally known as Dora, born 16th August, 1804.

Thomas, born 16th June, 1806.

Catharine, born 6th September, 1808.

William, born 12th May, 1810.

Thomas and Catharine died in childhood; John and William are still living; and Dora, "My own Dora," as the poet loved to call her, after a wedded life, more or less happy (she married Edward Quillinan, Esq.) died in 1847, just three years before her venerable father.

Wordsworth was singularly fortunate in his family. There were no

jars nor discords in the sacred to of his home; but beauty, love, and the virtues and the graces dwelt him, and ministered to his happy and repose. He loved his child with an intense affection, and Dora, his best beloved, exercised influence over him, more beautifully harmonising, perhaps, even than which his sister exercised in his life, and still continued to exert because it was deeper, and a deeper into the very being of the child. This child threw a sacred halo on his soul, and inspired one of the best of his lyrics. He addressed only a month after her birth; and in the autumn of the same year was him writing the lines, "The Kitten the Falling Leaves," suggested by delight at the pretty frolics of a child on the wall playing with the leaves in autumn. "The Longest Day," addressed to her; and later on, when the possibility of blindness came like a gloomy shadow to darken his thoughtful moments, he anticipated time when his own Dora shall guide his lonely steps. But in all the poetry which she is alluded to, that called "Triad" is the best. There is a sweet painting in this poem which is true to the spirit of the beautiful girl; the spirit which stirs her thoughts and makes all her movements a pulsive comminglement of music and poetry. A more airy, celestial could not be imagined than hers seems to float in the atmosphere.

When Wordsworth was living at Allan Bank, and during the time Coleridge sojourned with him, prose works appeared by these poets, which are memorable to scholars. The former wrote his famous "Essay on the Convention of Cinque Ports," and the latter dictated (for he did not write it) his still more famous work, entitled, "The Friend." Wordsworth and Professor Wilson contributed several papers to this serial. In 1800 Wordsworth wrote an introductory and edited the text of a folio volume entitled, "Select Views in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire," by the Rev. Jos. Wilkinson, which afterwards printed in his volume "Sonnets on the River Duddon," still later as a separate publication.

In 1811, the poet left Allan Bank and took up his temporary residence

at the parsonage, Grasmere; but his children, Catharine and Thomas, dying in 1812, threw such a gloom over the neighbourhood, that he resolved to quit it altogether. Accordingly, he removed to Rydal Mount in 1813, where he resided until his death, in 1850. It was in 1814 that the great poem was published, upon which Wordsworth's fame is built, viz., "The Excursion." We have no room here to give any analysis of this poem, and must be content therefore with the simple announcement of its publication. "The White Doe of Rylstone," written under the lee of a row of corn-stacks in a field near Stocton-on-Tees, in 1807, was published in 1815. The next group of poems, and two of them certainly amongst the grandest triumphs of poetic art, were composed respectively as follows: "Laodamia," in 1814; "Dion," in 1816; and the "Ode to Lycoris," in 1817. "Peter Bell" appeared in 1819, although composed, as we have already said, twenty years before. Five hundred copies were exhausted in one month. "The Waggoner," and "Sonnets on the River Duddon," appeared during the same year. In 1822, Wordsworth published a volume of sonnets and other poems, entitled, "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent." In 1828, accompanied by his daughter Dora, he made an excursion to see Coleridge, through Belgium and up the Rhine. It was at this time that the "Incident at Bruges" was written. In 1829, the poet made a tour in Ireland with J. Marshall, Esq., M.P., of Leeds. It supplied him, however, with very few materials for poetry, although the lines in the poem on the "Power of Sound," one of the finest poems which Wordsworth has written, commencing—

"Thou, too, be heard, lone Eagle!" were suggested near the "Giants' Causeway," where he saw a pair of eagles wheel over his head, and then dart off, as "if to hide themselves in a blaze of sky made by the setting sun."

It was about this time also that the sweet poem, entitled "The Triad," was written, in which the daughters of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge are bound together in the most musical and flowing forms, as the three graces. The gorgeous magnificence of Miss Southey; the wild, bird-like nature of Dora; the mystic, spiritual, meditative

beauty of Miss Coleridge;—here was material enough for the highest art—and something finer than the most vivid sculpture was the result, as the poem proves. A great number of minor poems succeeded the "Triad," down to the year 1831, when the poet wrote his "Elegiac Musings," on the death of Sir George Beaumont, who died February 7th, 1827. In the same year were composed "The Armenian Lady," "The Egyptian Maid," and the "Russian Fugitive"—poems in which all the beauties of language are pressed, along with the simplicity which marks the old English ballads.

In 1835 Wordsworth published his "Yarrow re-visited, and other Poems;" and in 1842 appeared his "Poems, chiefly of early and late years." In 1839 he received the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, which was conferred on him in the Sheldonian Theatre, amidst shouts of rejoicing such as had never before been heard in the city, except upon the occasion of an unexpected visit of the Duke of Wellington. In 1838 Wordsworth prepared a new edition of his poems, to be published by Moxon, and continued to live at Rydal in his quiet and musical manner, writing poems, taking rambles, and conducting his correspondence until 1843, when he was appointed Poet Laureate of England, Southey having died on the 21st of March of that year, and the appointment having been offered to Wordsworth on the 31st of the same month.

From the time of Wordsworth's appointment as Laureate—which it ought to be said he at first refused, and only accepted with the understanding that it should be an honorary office—he wrote very little poetry. His work indeed, was done; his mission accomplished; and his old days were spent in rambling over the hills, and in the quiet enjoyment of his family, friends, fame, and fortune. Honours of a high order were subsequently heaped upon him. He was put into nomination for the office of Lord Rector of the University of Oxford, and gained a majority of twenty one votes, in opposition to the premier, Lord John Russell. He lost the election however, through the single vote of the sub-rector (according to the forms of that election) voting for his superior.

Wordsworth's younger son William

was married 20th January, 1847, and sweet Dora died on the 9th of July, 1847, and was buried in Grasmere church-yard. Wordsworth was now in his 80th year, and the death of this dear child was his death-blow; for, three years afterwards, he was called away. This happened on the 23rd of April, 1850, on the birth-day and death-day of Shakspeare! He was buried on the 27th, in Grasmere church-yard.

Such was the life and death of Wordsworth; a poet of the highest order of mind and genius, whose writings form a new era in literature. Surely he lived a beautiful and poetic life, and was, on the whole, such a man as we shall not for long years see again. His works are his best eulogium—save his life.

JACQUARD.

MARIE JOSEPH JACQUARD was born at Lyons, on the 7th of July, 1752. His father was a journeyman weaver of figured goods, and his mother was a reader of designs in the same manufactory. The duties of a reader of designs consist in directing another operative what threads to put in motion to produce the proper pattern. Biographers further inform us that the grandfather of Jacquard, on his father's side, was an agricultural labourer. He saw, with deep regret, that his son abandoned the plough for the loom, and predicted to him that poverty would be the result—a just chastisement, he observed, for those ungrateful children who refuse the sweat of their brow to their mother earth, in return for that bread which she produces for their support. But, allured by the bait of higher wages than those of which he was in the receipt from a neighbouring farmer, the father of Jacquard resisted all persuasion and determined to take his seat at the loom. At this period the silk manufacture of Lyons was rapidly growing in importance, and, like a vampire, sucking the generous blood of the rural populations. The number of hands engaged in agricultural pursuits on the fertile banks of the Rhone sensibly diminished, and the old vine-dressers, of whom these hills were the wealth and the pride, bemoaned to see the most hardy of their children drop off one by one to squat

down on the stool of the draw-boy, and after a few years to die of consumption. Those who did not die, after some years of toil perhaps succeeded in becoming the owners of a loom; but even then the most ordinary lot of such was to see the fruits of their humble savings dwindle away in their enterprise, and after again becoming journeymen weavers, to die in an hospital. When Joseph Jacquard was born, his father was at the height of his fortunes in his career as a workman. He had just established himself on his own account, and the priest who baptized the infant, at the same time blessed the loom, according to the custom of those days. We know not whence Joseph Jacquard was not destined from his infancy to follow the calling of his father. Perhaps the latter had a quicker foresight than others of the probable decrease of his little fortune, and therefore wished to bring up his son to some occupation in which there was less risk and competition; or, it may have been, on the contrary, that entertaining the hope of future prosperity, he had more ambitious views, and meant to educate the child for a sphere superior to that in which he himself had lived contentedly. Whatever the cause may have been, little Joseph Jacquard was sent to school to learn to read, at an age when other children in the same condition of life were entering, at the expense of their health, on the painful apprenticeship of the loom.

At that period, schoolmasters knew and taught but one thing—reading. Joseph Jacquard, in a very short time knew everything that his old teacher could impart to him. It was then that his father, seeing him so learned, decided on giving him the choice of a business. The boy, on being consulted, chose that of a bookbinder. In the house in which his master resided, lived an old clerk, who, after working the whole day at his ledger, came sometimes in the evening, out of pure friendship, to make up the accounts of the bookbinder. He it was who gave the youthful apprentice the first insight into the rudiments of mathematics. Joseph Jacquard was then between twelve and thirteen years, when his turn for mechanics revealed itself by a host of ingenious inventions which perfectly astounded the old

clerk. One evening, when Jacquard had finished his lesson, and whilst chatting with the old man, he had completed a coach made of cards, his teacher thought he would examine the young fellow with a view of sounding him, and endeavouring to discover the bent of his real genius.

"Joseph," said he, "do you not think that some other business would suit you better than that of a bookseller?"

"I believe you," answered Joseph, with the air of one who longed for something.

"Well, now, what would you like to be, if you had your choice?"

Joseph scratched his head a little while, and concluded by answering that he did not know.

"It is time you should, though, my boy," rejoined the old man; "apprenticeships are long in every business, and your father is not rich."

"There is the misfortune," replied the boy; "if my father were rich I could have all sorts of tools, anvils, a forge, and workmen, and by dint of hammering and forming the iron, I surely should invent something at last that no one else has thought of. But I have no tools!"

"What! have you already had the idea of inventing something?" asked the old clerk.

"Indeed have I," replied Jacquard. "Why, the other day, on going to the cutler, over the way, I saw, in the course of an hour, the blade of a knife pass through three hands; one workman sharpened the edges, another polished the blade, and a third bored the handle. Then I thought of a machine which should accomplish all that in five minutes. There, now, if I had my choice, I would be a cutler."

The night was far advanced when the father of Jacquard, beginning to feel uneasy at the prolonged absence of his son, knocked at the door of the old bookbinder to inquire after him. He found the boy busy explaining his machine to his instructor, who was listening to him, gaping with admiration. On seeing the father enter, the old clerk put his forefinger on his lips in token of silence, and with the other hand pointed to Joseph, who continued his demonstration, without perceiving that the door had been opened, or that his father stood behind him ready severely to reprehend him. His father,

however, very soon participated in the amazement of the old bookkeeper; and when Joseph had finished speaking, he listened still, enchanted at a facility of speech, the like of which he had never heard in so young a boy. The old man had not much difficulty in convincing the father that young Jacquard's fortune would be made on the day he could carry out his invention. Accordingly, the next day Jacquard was apprenticed to a cutler; but this cutler was a rough, uneducated fellow, without an idea beyond the beaten track of his business, and who laughed both at the invention and the inventor. Jacquard, soon wearied of the railleries of which he was the butt, obtained his father's consent to be placed with a type founder. Here he soon gave proofs of his inventive genius, and would probably have devoted all his faculties to the improvement of this branch of industry, had not the death of his parents caused them to take a new direction. After having been entirely ruined, his father had succeeded in establishing himself anew, and left his son and heir, together with a small sum, the fruits of his savings, two looms, completely fitted up. Joseph Jacquard deemed it a point of honour to follow up the business of his father; and, quite proud to find himself, at only nineteen years of age, at the head of a small workshop, he took it into his head to make his fortune at one stroke—by improving his looms. He had not as yet then conceived those vast modifications and improvements which have resulted in that admirable machine now applied to every description of weaving; all his ambition was limited to render more easy the play of the treadles, by means of which the shuttle-thrower moves the warp-yarns and determines their position. Unfortunately, just as he was about to put the finishing stroke to his work, his finances failed him. Jacquard was the most improvident of men, a failing common to minds absorbed in one great object. He never dreamt, before commencing his work, of calculating how long his father's savings would be likely to last; and when he found his resources exhausted, he believed seriously that he had been robbed. He complained to everybody upon the subject; and in order to convince him that he had not been the victim of dis-

honesty, the notary who had held the money in trust placed before him the statement of his expenditure. Jacquard sold his loom to pay his debts, and it required a remedy not less violent than love to make him forget the tyranny of capital. He married, in spite of his ruin, the daughter of an armourer named Boichon. In addition to affording the consolations of a strong mutual attachment, this marriage raised in him the hopes of re-establishing himself. He had, in fact, been promised a dowry with his wife, but Jacquard was doomed to drain to the very dregs the cup of affliction; the dowry was not forthcoming, added to which disappointment he had to support the worst of treatments from his father-in-law. Happily for him the sweet disposition and devotedness of his wife rendered his humble abode a happy retreat, sheltered from all cares without. It often happened that there was no bread in the house; then the housewife would secretly sell a golden cross or some other ornament, the gift of her affianced; and Jacquard never knew anything of these pious profanations. He hardly knew that he was in poverty, so skilfully did his young wife hide from him the real state of things; this she did because she had full reliance on Jacquard's ultimate success, whose hopes she shared. She knew that the cares of household affairs sufficed to cast down and drive this dreamer to despair, and she employed all her woman's art to spare him the least trouble in this respect. It made her sad, it is true, to see him sit for whole days musing over a piece of iron, but never did her lips utter a complaint. As to poor Jacquard, absorbed by his reflections, he suffered himself to be fed like a child, and never dreamt of asking to what resources he was indebted for his supper.

At length, one sad evening, there was no supper for poor Jacquard. His weekly wages had gone to satisfy an impatient creditor, and the jewel casket was empty. Nothing remained to sell but the house, and it was sold. Jacquard's wife had just given birth to a son; she obtained from the purchaser permission to remain a few weeks until she had somewhat recovered her strength. During this time Jacquard resolved to rouse himself from his dreams, and sought to obtain employ-

ment as a foreman. But he pulsed on all sides, for he was regarded as an idle fellow, and himself reduced to the necessity of seeking work with a lime-burner. Bresse, whilst his poor wife remained at Lyons, gained a scanty livelihood for herself and her children by making straw bonnets. Jacquard then five and twenty; and for a period up to that of the siege of Lyons we have no account of his life, seems to have passed in obscurity amidst the sternest trials of poverty.

It is not until 1792 that we find sight of him again, fighting in the most ranks of the Lyons Volunteers against the army under the command of Dubois Crancé. The heroism of the Lyonnese is well known. Sincerely devoted as they were to the revolution, it was not against the republic that they had taken up arms, but against the Commune, the vicious domination of which, the city of Paris, crushed beneath the terror, had made them detest. During the entire of the siege, Jacquard, in his capacity of a non-commissioned officer, fought at the outposts, and his youthful son by his side. At the city of Lyons was taken; and its smouldering walls appeared a savage decree, drawn up by the Committee of Public Safety, and passed by the Convention, ordering the destruction of the city.

"All the inhabitants of Lyons be disarmed;" thus ran the decree. "arms shall be granted only to those who shall be found not to have taken part in the revolt against the defence of the country."

Art. 3. (In red letters) "The city of Lyons shall be destroyed."

Art. 4. "All that shall be spared shall be the houses of the poor, the manufactories, the artists' studios, the hospitals, the public monuments, the buildings for public instruction."

Art. 5. "This city shall no longer be called Lyons, but shall bear the name of *Commune Affranchie*."

Art. 6. "Over the ruins of Lyons there shall be raised a monument with this inscription: 'Lyons waged war against liberty; Lyons is no more!'"

This decree, at once atrocious and ridiculous, began to be put into execution. Companies were regularly organized for the demolition of the

the pickaxe was completing the commenced by the bombshell.

the same time that this terrible e of year II. of the reign of terror ed that Lyons should be struck rom the cities of France, it also lished a commission of five repre- tives of the people, appointed by onvention on the presentation of ommittee of Public Safety, who to order all those who had taken ms against the besieging army to orthwith seized and judged by al law. These warrants of arrest k, without distinction, every grade iety. Jacquard, hidden in a cock- was daily expecting to be disco-, when his son, who had managed ocure two passes, brought him one a uniform of the republican vo- ers. The following morning they set out for the army of the Rhine, e ranks of the battalion of Rhône Loire. Jacquard bravely fulfilled uties of a soldier. Having rapidly ned the grade of a serjeant, he dis- ished himself in a battle given at ntrance of the village of Hague- at the head of a company of regu-

He was entered, in the order of ay, under his assumed name, and oted to a superior grade. The ability is, that he would have cond to follow the profession of arms, ot his only son, shortly after this, shot by his side. Broken-hearted grief, he could no longer endure ight of the field of battle, and ted, to return to Lyons, in spite of perils which threatened there to enter him. When he arrived there, as still ignorant of the fate of his

Chance threw her in his way. discovered her in a garret, still zed in her old occupation—that of et-making. Being obliged to re- concealed, Jacquard shared with ife her daily toil, as long as the rs of the republican inquisition d. During this compulsory retire-, he had conceived the idea of al machines, one of which was to sede the draw-boys. Deprived, ver, as he was, of the funds neces- for constructing a model, he was ed, until the year 1800, to content elf with nursing the idea in the aer poets cherish their reveries; r in other respects more happy, or, ould rather say, somewhat less rable than formerly, because the

silk manufacturers, whom the reign of terror had driven to take refuge in Switzerland, Germany, and Hol- land, began to return in crowds to Lyons, and that the number of good workmen was exceedingly limited. The greater part of those who had followed their masters to foreign countries had remained there, a great number had joined the army, and many again had retired to their native villages, in despair of ever seeing the factories re-opened.

Jacquard, having obtained employ- ment under an intelligent manufac- turer, one day casually mentioned to him the views which he entertained relative to improvements which might be introduced in looms for figured goods, and, notwithstanding his ha- bitual diffidence, he could not help lamenting that the penury in which he lived constituted an invincible obstacle to the carrying out of his ideas. Happily, he was understood by his master, who immediately placed at his disposal a sum of money suffi- cient to maintain him in comfort for a year, during which he was to devote all his time to the execution of his machine.

This was about the middle of the year 1800. Jacquard did not require so long an interval as a year for the completion of his loom; three months sufficed; and when the Exposition of National Industry opened, in the year 1801, he exhibited it there, and had the honour of obtaining a bronze medal, "for," to quote the report of the jury, "a machine for superseding the employment of a workman in the manufacture of figured goods."

In conformity with the advice of his master, Jacquard hastened to take out a patent for ten years, not that he considered that he had completed his disco- veries, for he had already commenced constructing another loom, which should take up less space than those then in use. In taking his precautions against piracy, he neither obeyed the dictates of vanity nor self-interest; he was principally actuated by a desire to prevent a premature application of his inven- tion, lest its general adoption by manu- facturers, for the most part but little inclined often to disarrange their ma- chinery, might subsequently be an obstacle to the introduction of further improvements, of which then he had as yet only a perspective glimpse.

Since the siege of Lyons, Jacquard had remained a stranger to, and almost an unconcerned spectator of, political events. Shut up, day and night in his workshop, he lived in the most complete ignorance of what was passing without, and when the counter-revolution was complete, all he knew was, that the revolutionary commission was no longer in power at Lyons, and that, therefore, he might without danger show himself in the city, and call himself by his real name. In 1802, he learned with astonishment that a special assembly, called a *Consulta*, was about to be held at Lyons, for electing the President of the Cisalpine republic. "I hope this president will not turn out to be another Robespierre, and that this *Consulta* will not re-establish the revolutionary tribunal," exclaimed Jacquard, when this news was told him.

He hastened in great perturbation to consult his master, who with some difficulty set his mind at ease upon the matter; and, once re-assured, he troubled himself no more about the *Consulta*.

A few weeks after this false alarm, as Jacquard was breathing a little fresh air at the window of his garret, he perceived entering the Rue de la Pecherie, in which he lived, a troop of soldiers, followed by a crowd. At the head of the soldiers walked several persons in plain clothes, surrounding a person whose brilliant costume might betoken a public functionary.

Jacquard, who was meditating upon some mechanical combination, contented himself with casting a vacant glance at the cortège, and returned to his tools. Suddenly the clash of fifty musket-stocks upon the pavement made his hammer fall from his hands. Too often, during the fatal days of the reign of terror, had he heard the same ominous sound re-echoing throughout his neighbourhood; and at that period its significance was never doubtful, being ever the precursor of the arrest of some unfortunate suspected individual, who was to be brought before a military tribunal, and thence to execution. Jacquard peeped out of the window; he saw the soldiers drawn up before the door, a crowd filling the street, and a thousand fingers pointing to his garret. A horrible thought flashed across his brain: he was suspected, and it was himself they had come to arrest; perhaps on account of the honour conferred

upon him by his medal; and doubtless on the information of some insidious person.

Numerous footsteps were heard mounting the stairs; there is no longer any doubt; it must be as he thought. More dead than alive, trembling from head to foot, Jacquard opened the door to the minister Carnot.

It was, in fact, Carnot himself, who, having seen Jacquard's loom, came in person to express to him his satisfaction.

Jacquard, disconcerted at such an honour, and still under the impression of the fear which he had experienced, could not find a word in reply to the congratulations of the minister; and the latter, who took pleasure in producing an effect, departed, delighted with the emotion which his visit had caused to the poor man.

There is an immeasurable difference between the first model exhibited by Jacquard at the Exposition of 1801 and the admirable loom which now bears his name. The end which he had proposed to himself, from the very outset of his endeavours, was to substitute mechanical action for that of a numerous class of workmen, condemned, by the very nature of their employ, to a premature grave.

It was not until the year 1802—if we are not mistaken—that Jacquard came to Paris. The circumstances which brought him thither were as follows:—

The Society of Arts, both of London and Paris, had offered a prize for the invention of a machine for manufacturing fishing and boarding nets for ships. Jacquard heard of this, and one Sunday, whilst walking, according to his custom, in the fields, he invented the machine for that purpose.

"Do you know," he said, the following day to his master, "that I have found out the way to make a machine for making nets without the aid of the shuttle, which would only cost about a hundred crowns?"

This manufacturer, who had become the friend of the workman, begged of him to explain to him the process, the simplicity of which was such that Jacquard spoke of it as a thing that every body must necessarily understand.

"Well, Jacquard," said his master, "you must compete, and obtain the prize."

"Not I," replied Jacquard, "it is not worth while ; I have something far better than that in my head, and I do not wish to lose my time about such trifles."

But the manufacturer insisted. He again defrayed the cost incurred in the making of this second machine, and in three weeks Jacquard had completed it.

One day, an express arrived to summon Jacquard before the Prefect. Ever uneasy at having anything to do with men in authority, he nevertheless obeyed the summons. He arrived at the Prefecture, and was ushered into the presence of the official.

"So that's you, Jacquard, is it?" commenced that functionary. "You have obtained a medal at the Exposition of National Industry, and it appears you have acquired a taste for triumphs. I am told that you have just invented a machine for making fishing nets without the use of the shuttle. It is my duty to make known to the government any useful inventions and processes which may interest French industry ; you shall draw up a report yourself, and you shall forward it to me without delay, for transmission."

"But, Sir," replied Jacquard, "how is it possible for me, who have never in my life written a page, except in my account book, to write a report? If you desire to know the nature of my invention, I should prefer explaining it to you, and you can draw up the report yourself, should you deem one necessary."

"Well, let it be so," rejoined the Prefect, and he called a secretary to take notes.

Jacquard commenced his demonstration. When he had finished,

"Do you understand this?" said the Prefect to the secretary.

"A little, Sir," replied the latter.

"Say, not at all, Sir. Acknowledge it. Well, nor I neither. Jacquard, you may take your own time, and you shall not lose by it, but you must absolutely write the report yourself. Write, instead of speaking, man ; it is easy enough."

"You are pleased to say it is easy, Sir. As for me, I declare I cannot describe it to myself, much less make a description of it in writing. I see but one way to make you understand it, and that is to send for the machine to speak for itself—two men can easily carry it, and it will not take up more

room than your desk. Then you will easily understand it—indeed a child may comprehend it."

"That is an excellent idea, Jacquard," said the Prefect ; and he sent for the machine. An hour after this, the machine was working in the presence of the Prefect. Jacquard took it to pieces, methodically put it together again, and afforded the Prefect the satisfaction of weaving a few rows of meshes in the twinkling of an eye.

The prefect was amazed and delighted ; he had at length understood the mechanism, and he addressed a report to the Emperor, for the remarkable clearness of which he was complimented.

Jacquard was in hopes that his relations with the government were now at an end. Persuaded though he was of the final extinction of revolutionary tribunals, he was annoyed to think that the authorities of the day should have penetrated the veil of his obscurity. He deplored the honour, in his eyes a fatal one, of having attracted the notice of the head of the state.

"But," his protector would sometimes remark to him, "is it not, on the contrary, a piece of rare good fortune to you that the government have noticed your inventions? Have you the means of bringing them out yourself? You know I am not rich enough to guarantee their success ; and when a government, when France itself, takes them up and becomes your patron in my stead, instead of complaining, you ought to make a pilgrimage to Touvrières to pray for the preservation of the life of the Emperor."

"All that is very well," replied Jacquard, "but when an invention is good for anything it makes its own way, and does not want the patronage of the government. If ever I do make a pilgrimage to Touvrières, it will be to pray that I may again sink into that obscurity from which I wish I had never emerged. I have already made myself enemies from having gained a medal at the Exposition ; I have no desire to add political enemies to these. Can any one say what will happen to-morrow? Had you experienced the shocks of the last political storm that I have, you could better appreciate the value of that seclusion in which I am determined with all my power to wrap myself."

Jacquard might endeavour to wrap himself in seclusion as much as he pleased; he was not forgotten. A fortnight after this interview with the prefect he received a second visit, which disturbed him as much if not more than the first. One morning while he was preparing his humble breakfast, an agent of the secret police entered his door, who informed him that he had orders to convey him to Paris that very same day. The warrant of which the officer was the bearer alleged no reason, and Jacquard now really gave himself up for lost. Summoned to prepare for immediate departure, he had not so much as a moment allowed him even to bid farewell to his neighbours. That evening he was on his road to Paris, whither he arrived after two days' journey, always accompanied by the mysterious agent. He was at first taken to the minister of police, where he passed the night, and was conducted by that functionary the next morning to the Tuilleries. The gentleman-usher having announced the minister, the Emperor ordered him to be introduced, and with him entered Jacquard. From the time of his departure from Lyons the poor fellow could not obtain a word of the officer who had charge of him as to the motive of this mysterious arrest. The minister, while treating him with great consideration, did not throw any more light upon the subject.

"Is your name Jacquard?" asked the Emperor, fixing upon him that eagle-like glance, of which he loved to try the effect.

"Yes, sir," answered Jacquard.

"Well! Do you know me?"

"I really do not exactly call to mind—I am not aware that"—

"I am the Emperor; sit down."

At this unexpected revelation, poor Jacquard was perfectly stupefied.

"Come, come, my friend, sit down," repeated the Emperor, accompanying the words with a benevolent smile. The glance had produced its effect; he now assumed a good-natured manner, to suit himself to the occasion.

Jacquard sank, rather than sat, in an arm-chair placed behind him, while the minister remained standing.

The Emperor and the artisan commenced a long conversation, in which the future master of Europe showed that condescending familiarity and that

unostentatious simplicity, to which he had always recourse when he addressed one of the people. He liked to have the opportunity, and he attached as much importance to this policy as to the craft of diplomacy.

Jacquard soon found himself as much at his ease as if he had been conversing with a fellow workman. He explained himself clearly, often interrupted by the Emperor, with whom he discussed and reasoned, not even fearing to shake his head with a smile, when in his impatience to guess at things, the former would hazard some of those blunders which often flashed from his brain amidst his bold and brilliant flights of imagination.

The interview lasted two hours; there was but slight mention made of the machine for making nets. Jacquard dwelt especially upon improvements which he proposed carrying out in the looms for weaving figured goods. When he had nothing more to say, the Emperor shook him by the hand, and on taking leave said, "Jacquard, your ideas are excellent; we must endeavour to give practical effect to them; you will remain in Paris to study machinery. I have given orders for a lodging to be placed at your disposal at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*. You will receive a suitable allowance during your stay there; you will have the use of its workshops, and you will be in communication with men of eminence in their respective departments, who will teach you what you do not know; but do not forget that all that they can impart to you is far below what your own genius would effect. You have a grand object in view; keep it steadily before you, and do not allow yourself to be turned aside from it in spite of yourself. This should be your rule of conduct. I am now going to tell you why you were brought hither like a state-prisoner. You must not be angry with me on that account. I did not know you, Jacquard, I only knew that you had invented a machine, for which England had offered a prize. I have since come to the conclusion that this machine will not lead to any very great results. Nevertheless, I do not choose that the genius of our French workmen should invent anything that may be of the least advantage to England. France maintains them; they therefore in return owe

everything to her. You were of my opinion on this subject, and were not desirous of competing for the prize: of this, I repeat, I was not aware. I might have contented myself with sending you this warning, but I thought I saw in your discovery the stamp of a great mind, and I therefore wished to see you. I find I was not deceived. You may render great services to France; devote your existence to her: and now, good bye, Jacquard, we know each other now; I shall not forget you."

Once installed in the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, Jacquard set vigorously to work, resolved to exert to his utmost all the powers of his intellect for the realization of the principal object he had in view, that of substituting mechanical action for that of the workmen condemned by the nature of their employ to suffering and degradation. Amongst the machines deposited in the *Conservatoire*, Jacquard found one, the invention of Vaucanson, which put him on the track of the principal modification which he introduced in his already improved loom. It consisted of a pierced cylinder, which, according to the holes it presented, regulated the movement of certain needles, thus causing the threads of the warp to deviate in such a manner, as to produce a given design, which, however, could only be a very simple one. The sight of this machine, imperfect as it was, and hitherto regarded as an object of pure curiosity, enlightened the genius of Jacquard in a vivid manner. He shut himself up for an entire month, during which he gave himself up to reflection, and at the expiration of which the invention burst forth ready to spread its benefits upon mankind. To the cylinder of Vaucanson, Jacquard added an endless piece of pasteboard pierced with an infinity of holes, through which the threads of the warp presented themselves to the weaver: this process rendered the drawboy no longer necessary. To this invention, which was only an improvement upon his loom noticed at the Exposition of 1801, he added another piece of mechanism, indicating to the weaver the colour of the shuttle which he ought to throw, and which consequently superseded the reader of designs.

When Jacquard had completed his

loom, the first use he made of it was to weave several yards of a rich stuff, which he sent to the Empress Josephine. It is said that Napoleon went in person to the *Conservatoire* to express to Jacquard his extreme satisfaction. However this may be, certain it is that he testified his approbation by ordering a number of looms to be constructed by the most skilful mechanists after the model finished by Jacquard, which he afterwards presented to the inventor.

There was now nothing further to detain Jacquard in Paris; he had accomplished his task; he was accordingly allowed to return to Lyons, where his machine was speedily adopted by numerous manufacturers. Here a terrible trial awaited him. During his absence, many workshops had reopened, and many workmen had returned from their villages. On the first appearance of the new loom, there had been a tumultuous meeting on the Place des Terreaux. A number of women formerly employed at the looms, and whose labour was now superseded, having been dismissed, had complained bitterly at this gathering, and predicted the same lot to their companions. The general outcry was to go and destroy the looms, and the intervention of an armed force was necessary to prevent the execution of the decree of the populace. In the meanwhile the number of the victims of Jacquard—for so the people called these workmen whom the admirable invention of their benefactor deprived of employment—increased daily. It was found necessary to station every evening on the Place des Terreaux several detachments of infantry to watch the gatherings in which the name of Jacquard circulated, mingled with imprecations. He was denounced as the enemy of the people, as the man who was reducing families to ruin and starvation. He was accused by some of receiving money from the emigrants; and they demanded that he should be judged after the manner of the revolutionary period; the *carma-gnole* was danced around an effigy, grossly caricaturing the object of general resentment, and the prefect from his windows saw it hanged to a lamp-post serving as a gallows. Matters were assuming so serious an aspect, that the council of *prud'hommes** met

* A mixed council of master-tradesmen

to take into consideration the best means to be adopted. They endeavoured to allay the excitement of the workmen by causing numerous placards to be posted in the principal thoroughfares, in which they attempted to show that the present painful crisis, which was attributed to the invention of Jacquard, could not be of long duration, since by simplifying the means of production, the new loom must of necessity eventually increase labour. They further tried to rouse in the minds of the operatives the feelings of patriotism, which, with some degree of tact, are so easily conjured up, and they represented to them that the loom of Jacquard was destined to afford to French industry the means of extending its products, and thus to augment the national wealth. In short, they argued, that in proportion as Lyons would lose the monopoly of plain fabrics from the competition of foreign manufactures, it would be a considerable gainer by the greater development of the manufacture of figured goods.

All the arguments were very good and very true, and would have done admirably for a treatise on the subject, but the placards were too long to be read, and produced no effect whatsoever,—the *prud'hommes*, who, for the most part, were workmen themselves, or who had risen to be manufacturers, soon became confounded with Jacquard in the maledictions of the people, and they had the weakness to order one of the looms found in the house of its inventor to be publicly broken to pieces on the Place des Terneaux. Its remnants were sold by auction by a public officer, “the iron for old iron,” as Jacquard at eighty years of age, still deeply moved at the bare recollection of the circumstance, expressed himself before the chamber of commerce, “the iron for old iron, the wood for fire wood.” The excited feelings of the workmen were scarcely calmed, even by this unworthy satisfaction given to their grievances. More than one manufacturer saw them do in their establishments what they had already done in public, and there were three more riots which nearly cost Jacquard his life.

and workmen for the decision of disputes between persons of both these denominations.

In the last of these he was violently dragged from his house along the quay of the Rhône by an infuriated mob, who were determined to throw him into that river. It is not known by what fortunate accident he owed his escape from his impending fate. Nevertheless, first, as the *prud'hommes* had predicted, the production steadily increased, thanks to the Jacquard loom; and so far from work being wanting, fresh hands were constantly called into requisition, from the surrounding country. Not long after, the same people, who had dragged Jacquard along the quay of the Rhône, were desirous of bearing him in triumph on the occasion of his birth-day being celebrated by his fellow workmen.

The results of the invention of Jacquard's loom, in so far as they concerned French commerce, were not slow in developing themselves. M. Léon Faucher, in an able work published in 1833, gives some remarkable statistics in illustration of this, which our space precludes us from giving. Suffice it to say that, according to the latest returns there are now 60,000 persons engaged in Lyons in the manufacture of figured goods.

Jacquard had to struggle for a long time against ignorance and routine. And however painful it may be to French self-love, it cannot be denied, that the Lyonnese manufacturers did not exclusively adopt his looms, until forced by the competition of England, which commenced to wage war against them with a weapon they had so long neglected. At the present day, the loom of the Lyonnese workman is adopted in all kinds of weaving.

In connection with the name of Jacquard, there are others which his biographer should not omit to mention. The manufacturers, Déporielly and Schirmer, and the mechanist Breton, are deserving of this honour, owing to the devotedness manifested by them throughout the struggle of ignorance and routine, against genius and progress, a lamentable struggle, in which Jacquard must inevitably have succumbed, but for the admirable perseverance and courage with which Providence, in its beneficence, endows the men whom it destines for high achievements.

Those manufacturers, who were the first to decide upon the adoption of

Jacquard's loom, speedily became opulent. "They have become rich," said Jacquard, "whilst I am only in the possession of very moderate means. I do not complain, however; if I have been useful to my fellow men, I am content."

There are few examples on record of a disinterestedness equal to that of Jacquard's. A patent assured his fortune, but it was almost necessary to force him to take it out, and even then he would not proceed against those who infringed upon it.

Agents from England came to make him brilliant offers, to entice him to London. He rejected them with anger and disdain; and, probably for the first time in his life, he was in a passion, and replied to those who had hoped to bribe him, by threatening to denounce them to the Imperial Police.

Finally, when the municipal council of Lyons proposed to him to devote all his time and labours to the service of the city, and to let it enjoy the advantages of all the improvements which his preceding inventions might be susceptible of in future, he did not hesitate to take this engagement in consideration of a moderate pension, the amount of which he himself fixed. These simple facts are more eloquent than volumes of panegyric.

At the age of sixty, Jacquard, justly proud of the immense development which, thanks to his invention, the manufacture of Lyons had received, retired to Oullins, the native town of his father, there to end his useful existence in peace.

It was there that he received, in 1820, the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which probably would never have been conferred upon him, but for the persevering efforts made, unknown to him, by the most eminent manufacturers of Lyons.

What more remains to be added? How did the last days of the great man, whose life we have been attempting to sketch, glide away? It may be that the small town of Oullins possesses a library, in which there probably might be found some private biography written by a neighbour. As for the Lyonnese, they forgot Jacquard so soon as he had doffed his workman's apron not again to resume it. In 1834, one of their Journals informed them that he was dead. A few men enriched by

his labour were seen to accompany his remains to their last resting place, in the cemetery of Oullins, where he was laid by the side of Thomas, the Academician; and two years later a subscription was opened to raise a statue to perpetuate his memory.

The work of M. Foytier is as good as his instructions would admit of. Obligated to cast in bronze, an old man dressed in a frock coat, a waistcoat and trousers, he has imparted to the expression of the head sufficient poetry to make one overlook those hideous accoutrements, which are unfortunately giving up too many of our great men to the ridicule of future ages.

PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF PRE-RAPHAELITES.

VASARI states in his "History of Painting," that the Arts were utterly extinct in Italy at the birth of Giovanni Cimabue; Lanzi, a writer more to be relied upon, mentions several painters of anterior date—as Andrea Pisano, Balducci, and others. It is very certain however, that the Greek workers in mosaic, who were established in Rome in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, formed the school most prevalent up to the time of Cimabue, and that the followers of their ungraceful design and mechanical execution were by far more numerous than those who aspired after higher and better things. In due time came the dawning of the day; the star of the morning, brightening, and ever brightening, to the perfect advent of the noon;—to the full and clear development of the beautiful, or rather to such unfoldings thereof, as God, who in himself is the infinite good, perfection, and beauty, permits to flash in divine scintillations through the noble works of genius.

It was a glad day in Florence when Charles of Anjou, (then on his regal progress to Naples) was accompanied by the people in holiday guise, to Cimabue's studio, there to behold for the first time the since famous Madonna and Infant Christ, which the artist had hitherto refused to have unveiled to the public view. The painting was uncovered. Very fair was the smile of the gentle Mary, and regal light and divinest love shone in the eyes of the Redeemer child, while beauty and grace

crowned the attendant seraphs. And so in all its celestial purity and sunny loveliness—bright as inspired by dreams of heaven—the picture flashed upon the gathered crowds who bent low with the tribute of unconscious “Aves.”

“A king stood bare before its sovran grace;
A reverent people shouted to behold,
The picture, not the King.”

And that quarter of the “modern Athens” which witnessed this demonstration of enthusiasm was thenceforth called by the name it still retains, of the “Borgo Allegro.”

“A noble picture! worthy of the shout,
Wherewith along the streets the people bore
Its cherub faces, which the sun threw out,
Until they stooped and entered the church
door!”

For when completed, the painting was conveyed in festal procession to its destination in the church of Santa Maria Novella, amid an excited multitude, with music and with gladness.

“Credette Cimabue nella pintura
Tener lo campo! ed ora ha Giotto il grido
Si che la fama di colui oscura.”

Giotto was the real resuscitator of Art in Italy. He was the first to lay for ever aside the Byzantine models, to introduce expression and sentiment, and thus to emancipate Art from the trammels of false conventionalities, and to assert its true dignity as the worthy exponent of a great and a glorious nature. Giotto, in fine, was the first of the Italian painters who dared to be thoroughly original. Every one knows the story of the shepherd boy, who, while keeping his flocks in the open fields by the mountain side, amused himself by sketching from the life on a piece of rude slate, with a pointed stone for a pencil; and how it happened that Cimabue came by, and with one glance at the boy's performance, he recognized the genius of a brother, and bore him far away from his native woods and fields to teach him all that relates to the theory and practice of painting.

The modern Græcists were remarkable for their utterly expressionless heads, and groups disposed after one prescribed order, from which no deviation was ever attempted. Giotto arranged his figures with grace and freedom, and invested their countenances with varied character and spirit, so that the “persons in grief look

melancholy, and those who are joyous look gay”—wonderful in those days of wretched uniformity, when the exhibition of passion or sentiment in a picture was a thing almost unheard of. This artist was the friend of the immortal Dante, and the “Paradiso” has furnished subjects for some of his decorations of the church of St. Francis of Assisi. How is it, by the by, that a regular and worthy series of designs has never yet been executed in illustration of the “Divina Commedia”? Single subjects are plentiful enough, but why not a complete consecutive series? Here is a wide and magnificent field for the exercise of the most varied and transcendent powers. For, as far as our own limited artistic insight is able to penetrate, we believe no poet has ever furnished more noble subjects for the pencil of a great artist than Dante Alighieri. His visions are all so distinct and palpable, that we think none can read his grand poem, and especially the “Inferno,” without having a very clear and vivid conception of its awful scenery and of the woe-worn shades, who wander in hopeless despair, amid its deep and “starless gloom.” The opening canto would form a capital subject. The apparition of Virgil to Dante in that mysterious “selva oscura,” beneath the mountain shadow; and the story of Francesca di Rimini, might supply two striking tableaux. And studies of the beautiful are scattered plentifully throughout the “Paradiso,” albeit less boldly defined than those of terror in the earlier portion of the poem.

Mais revenons à nos peintres. The same tale is related of Giotto as of Apelles. That on one occasion he asserted his artistic excellence by tracing a perfect circle with one stroke of his pencil. According to Boccaccio, “He had a genius of that power that there was nothing which nature (who is the mother of all things) could bring forth but he would so wondrously imitate it, that it seemed not only similar, but the same; thus deluding the visual sense of men, so that they deemed that which was only pictured before them did in reality exist.” It is this ability of life-like delineation, by no means uncommon now, nor difficult of attainment, which generally attracts most of wonder and admiration in the vulgar. A higher degree of culture is requisite before they can recognize and appre-

he soul of painting, its intellect, its deeper and diviner sense. What is the noble art of painting to be valued? Not, we think, mere fac-simile of nature, though as far as it goes, is well; but it superlatively more worth as a mode of expression, even as in the case of music,—another kind of soul-gate, through which to interpret, to make visible, some phases of the universal and infinite poetry of nature and life.

His career throughout is one leading to contemplate. He not only stands high among the most illustrious of Florence as an artist and a man, but he is described, moreover, by his contemporaries as an amiable and a right merry companion. In regard to his personal character, he is possessed of immense energy, a tireless industry; otherwise, indeed, he would never have been able to produce such complete changes in the whole system of art, and thus to usher in a never memorable epoch in the history of painting. He searched after truth with manly independence; not caring it without examination, as a mere honoured legacy from his predecessors. No sympathy had he with the prescribed model consecrated by the age of ages, considered as such. He instantly discarded it as a falsity and a sin, whenever he discovered that it was in non-accordance with the dictates of the spirit of the true and the beautiful. This, indeed, is the reason in which all great revolutions have been effected. Not by standing still, and waiting for the "good coming," but by courage, and by energy; not by listless dreaming, but by earnest thought and vigorous action; and lastly, and by strength.

He shall not linger over the scholars' motto, so numerous that they filled the sky. We will only mention Taddeo Gaddi, perhaps the greatest, and the antique Orcagna, and Spinello, who painted a picture of Satan so dreadfully ugly, that it haunted his mind; and his excited imagination drew up a vision of the arch-fiend, wondering why the artist had represented him under such a form of horror. Shall we speak further of the Santo, or Pisan Cemetery, which he decorated with the genius of nearly all the masters of the time. We must, how-

ever, passingly allude to the bronze gates of San Giovanni. It may be objected, that such notice belongs properly to a review of sculpture; still, as these gates had so powerful an influence on every department of art, and were so fruitful as studies for subsequent painters, a reference to them here is not out of place.

Fair Florence was at the acmé of her grandeur in 1401, when it was proposed to erect another gate to the Baptistery of San Giovanni, to correspond with the one previously executed from Giotto's designs by Andrea Pisano. The government, therefore, issued a proclamation inviting all Italy to the competition. Seven artists were elected as competitors. At the end of a year each was to send in a design in bronze, from which of course the best would be then selected. All the competing artists worked during this time in the greatest secrecy, except one. While the others allowed no visitors to enter their *ateliers* under any consideration, that of Lorenzo Ghiberti was open to all. This artist was a young man of twenty-three, a Florentine, who had already secured some distinction in design and the practical part of sculpture. On the exhibition of the seven pieces at the end of the year, three were at once adjudged superior to the rest. These were the works of Donatello, Brunelleschi, and Ghiberti. Regarding these there was a division in the public opinion. The point was decided by Brunelleschi and Donatello, who, with noble generosity, withdrew from the competition, declaring that to Lorenzo Ghiberti belonged the merit of having excelled them all.

In two and twenty years the gate was completed. It represented a series of subjects, in illustration of the New Testament, in twenty compartments; and on other eight pannels full-length figures of the Evangelists and Doctors of the Church: the whole surrounded by a richly elaborate border. When this magnificent work was finished, another and central gate was confided to the genius of Ghiberti. Speaking of these gates, in the warmth of his enthusiasm, Michael Angelo proclaimed them "right worthy to become the gates of paradise." Lorenzo tells us that he undertook this commission,—*"con grandissima diligenza e grand-*

issimo amore." If these words he unfolds to us the grand secret of his triumph. The primary elements of success in all great achievements consist of ardent enthusiasm, stern application, deep devotion, and an infinite love. Firstly, enthusiasm, the vivid dream, and the earnest faith, inspiring application, which is sustained and strengthened by love, the conservator. What is it but this "grandissimo amore," which has given us the fairest dreams of beauty, and the noblest poet-songs? It is this, too, which has preserved the lamp of genius burning bright amid scorn and discouragement, through sorrow and through suffering, in darkness and in chains. It is this influence which makes men immortal; which gives them power; the mighty spell of a deep affection, and a strong believing trust, without which a true and enduring effect has never yet been produced by genius. It is this which shines through the world-renowned creations of Angelo and of Raffaele; through the dramas of Shakspeare and the songs of Burns; gleaming fitfully amid the awful visions of Dante, and sparkling in the glad lays of the wandering troubadours.

The most distinguished artist, through whose productions the influence of Ghiberti's genius may be traced, was unquestionably Masaccio di San Giovanni. Little is known respecting his life, and the dates of his birth and death are subjects of dispute. His works, few in number, but extraordinary in merit, formed worthy studies for the noblest artists of after times.

About this period flourished the painter monks, who carried *religious* art to perhaps the highest degree of refinement it has ever attained. These were the idealists, who sought not merely the loveliest harmonies of form and colouring, but whose far nobler ambition consisted in the impersonation in their works of all that purity and holiness, and seraphic love, which filled their saintly dreams. We will refer to two only. Il Beato Angelico da Fiesole was accustomed to preface each effort of his pencil with solemn prayer and fasting; and so, glowing with deep faith and truest inspiration, he painted, not for fame or honour among men, but alone for the glory of religion, pictures in which the figures of saints, and angels, and madonnas,

have seldom been equalled and never surpassed. Redolent less of earth than of heaven, they exhibit in a striking degree the sublimest and most lovely expression of the triumph, and the rest, the ecstatic joy, and the eternal repose of the paradise of God. Mr. Ruskin, in that noble, earnest book of his, "Modern Painters," speaks enthusiastically of the "angel choirs of Angelico, with the flames on their white foreheads waving brighter as they move, and the sparkles streaming from their purple wings like the glitter of many suns upon a sounding sea, listening in the pauses of alternate song, for the prolonging of the trumpet blast, and the answering of psaltery and cymbal throughout the endless deep, and from all the star-shores of heaven." Il Frate Bartolomeo was the attached friend of Savonarola, and an inmate of the same convent. The fervent eloquence and intense religious spirit of this high-souled enthusiast produced a deep and lasting effect on the mind of Bartolomeo. Elevation of thought, nobleness of expression, and a pure, holy feeling, are stamped upon his works. It is said he narrowly escaped sharing the tragical fate of his friend, after whose death he was so overwhelmed with grief and fear, that he lived in the sternest seclusion without touching a pencil during four years. His artistic genius was once more excited by a visit from the youthful Raffaele, and the friendship thus commenced between the two painters lasted until death. These were of those, and there were many others, simple, earnest-minded men, who, in the gloom and the silence of the cloister, worked daily amid vigils, and prayers, and fasting, not for human praises, but for divine smiles; not for earthly honours, but for celestial benedictions; not for a wreath among men, but for a crown in the midst of the angels of God. And still while here they reached the blessing; and toiling ever on in faith and in love, they found that art, even as all high things nobly pursued, is its "own exceeding great reward;" and now, having received the victor's palm, earth's immortalities lie at their feet.

Contemporary with Bartolomeo lived Perugino and Francia. Perugino was the master of Raffaele, and Francia, although more than thirty years older,

the intimate friend of that transient genius. These artists were the last of the earlier school of painting in Italy. Art was then dwelling upon the "golden age,"—the age of Da Vinci, of Raffaele, and of Michel Angelo, which, if not equal to the first in simplicity and gentleness of religious expression, was yet far exceeding in breadth and universality—majesty and power.

The perfection of art would seem to consist in uniting the simple beauty, tenderness, the devotional feeling, the heavenward aims of the earlier school, with the increased knowledge, deeper insight, the force and variety and the loftier design of the great masters. It is not, however, by going to that the truth is to be found, like the lost treasure. Perfection is ever before us, not behind. Growth is constant and progressive, and the looker on will assuredly be confounded; for the voice within speaks not of the distance of the dim, far distant past, as of the end, but as an example; and the voice of guidance points onwards from the darkness of primitive ages to the dawned east, and the flashing light of the gates of the morning.

COTTON MATHER.

Under this stone lies Richard Mather, who had a son greater than his father, and a grandson greater than either."

It was the lineage and relative position of the worthy divine who formed the subject of this portrait, such was the Levitical succession of a remarkable family which bore a distinguished part in the early history of New England. Richard Mather was a Nonconformist divine, who became an exile for the sake of truth and freedom, and emigrated to America in 1634. He was not remarkable for intellect, but possessed a weight of character and knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs, which gave him great influence in his day. The name of Increase Mather, the third son of Richard, is, on the epitaph declares, more distinguished than that of his father. He was one of the pastors of Boston, and at one time President of Harvard College.

He was a man of great energy and practical good sense, with an intellect clear and strong, but not ad-

venturous, and a heart that was equal to all duties and dangers. Formed under the teaching of one who became an exile for the sake of conscience, he had all the devotion of the "prophets of old," with a leaning toward severity and gloom. As a preacher, he was fervent and methodical: and such was his conviction of the "degeneracy of the times," (alas!) that all his sermons were filled with plaintive lamentations for the decline of religion! He speaks of drunkenness, tavern haunting, sabbath breaking, and neglect of public and domestic worship, together with all kindred transgressions, as having then become common in New England.

The good sense for which Increase Mather was renowned and trusted, was the very quality in which his son was notoriously deficient, and the latter, consequently, though eclipsing his father's fame as a scholar, never acquired his father's influence in public affairs. There was a reason for this, also, in the altered circumstances of the times. In the days of persecution sacred and civil interests become one; the pastor is both priest and prophet, prince and patriarch, of his flock. His business is to defend rather than lead them; to set them an example of fortitude, patience, and inflexible adherence to all authority which would attempt to enslave their souls. But in peaceful times the two interests stand more apart, and political power naturally passes from the clergy into other hands. Such is the rationale of a change, which Cotton Mather, in his own case, regarded as one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence with which good men are sometimes afflicted in a backsliding age.

He was born in Boston in the year 1662. His mother was a daughter of the celebrated John Cotton, "whose praise was in all the churches;" and to show respect to his memory, Increase Mather gave the name of Cotton to his son. The account of his education and early life, given by his biographers, is but meagre. This, however, is no great loss; for, although it be true that "the child is father to the man," the incidents commonly set down to fill this page of a great man's history are more apt to show how much the author was pressed for materials, than what the subject of his memoir was, or was likely to be. Both at school

and at college, he made remarkable progress in his studies. He was, also, early habituated to religious formalities. We are told, that almost as soon as he began to speak he began to pray. When a youth, as his son assures us, he was "brought by some miscarriages into inquiry into his spiritual estate." When he was fifteen he was much affected by reading Hall's "Treatise on Meditation," which advises the reader to proceed methodically in the performance of this duty. Methodically enough did Cotton Mather carry this out. He first proceeded *doctrinally*, with answering a question, explaining a scripture, and considering the causes, effects, adjuncts, opposites, and resemblances of the subject of his reflections. In the second place, he proceeded *practically*, first with an examination of himself, next an expostulation with himself, and lastly, a resolution in the strength of grace offered in the new covenant. His biographer calls this a happy way of preaching with and to himself. Very logical and original, at any rate!

At the age of fourteen he began that system of fasting for which he was famous through life. In his day, even, most men had become sceptical as to the obligation and benefit of abstaining from food; but he was ambitious rather to resemble a Rabbi mentioned in the Talmud, whose face was black by reason of his fastings. His son, in his funeral sermon, remarks, that the fasts observed by his father, amounted to about 450. "He thought himself starved unless he fasted once a month; he often kept weekly fasts, sometimes two in the week. Once, in the latter part of his life, he resolved to abstain from food for three days together, and "to spend the time in knocking at the door of heaven." The character of the first day was confession and contrition. The character of the second day was resignation to the will of God, in which he "found astonishing entertainment." The character of the third day was request. It is not surprising, that these observances, so early begun, and so steadily pursued, should have had an effect on his character, and even on his mental constitution, inclining him to grasp at everything which seemed like an emanation from the invisible world.

At the age of sixteen, he made the Christian profession, and began, on a

more systematic plan, "to do good." Some of his plans were peculiar to himself. Among other things we are told that he thought it his duty "to devote to Melchizedec" a tenth part of all that he had. It is not easy to tell precisely what was the nature of this appropriation; but it illustrates character, and that is sufficient for the present purpose. There were other instances in which he had some remarkable proofs of the truth of the maxim, that virtue is its own reward. He calls them "the retaliating dispensations of Heaven towards him." "I can tell (he says) that the Lord has most notably, in many instances, retaliated my dutifulness to my father. As now :—I was the owner of a watch, which I was fond of for the variety of motions in it. I saw my father took a fancy to it, and I made a present of it unto him, with some thoughts that, as it was but a piece of due gratitude unto such a parent, so I should not go without a recompense. Quickly after this there came to me a gentlewoman, from whom I had no reason to expect so much as a visit. But, in her visit, she, to my surprise, prayed me to accept, as a present from her, a watch, which was indeed preferable to that with which I had parted. I resolved hereupon to stir up dutifulness to parents, in myself and others, more than ever." At another time he bought a Spanish Indian slave, and afterwards bestowed him upon his father; some years after, a knight, whom he had lain under obligations, bestowed a Spanish Indian slave upon him. *Quid pro quo.*

For seven years after leaving College he was occupied in tuition, chiefly in preparing students for College; but Cotton Mather, the heir of two such ecclesiastical names, must, of course, be destined for the ministry. There was a difficulty, however, in his way, not easily overcome; viz., an impediment in his speech, with which he was troubled from his early years. His son says, that the evil was made more tolerable by the circumstance that Moses, Paul, Virgil, and Boyle were stammerers before him. However this may have been, he did wisely to follow the advice of "that good old school-master, Mr. Corlet," who advised him to accustom himself to a "dilated deliberation" in public speaking; for, as in singing, no one stammers, so, by

prolonging his pronunciation, he might get a habit of speaking without hesitation." This advice was followed, and with perfect success.

He had been, owing to this defect, turning his attention to medicine, but when he was thus taught to surmount it, he abandoned it altogether for theology; but, on "account of the calling he had relinquished, he did, in his first sermon, consider our Saviour as the glorious physician of souls." He was still but a youth. "Nachmanides (says Samuel Mather) was styled Rabbi at eighteen years of age," and Cotton Mather was entitled to it at the same age, for he was no older when he first began to preach. In August, 1680, he first preached for his grandfather in Dorchester, the sabbath after for his father in Boston. He received a call to become his father's colleague, but this he declined for some time, from the same feeling which makes a modest maiden backward in replying to her suitor. We are told that, whenever he read the text, "They watch for your souls as those who must give an account," the words caused an earthquake within him. "At last, having, after fasting and prayer, made up his mind, he was ordained in 1684, receiving from the apostolic Eliot the fellowship of the churches." Some portion of the scruples, which prevented his acceding to the wishes of the society before, rested upon the subject of ordination, which were removed after an examination of the fathers of the first three centuries! In the account he gives of his "exercises" on his ordination fast day, he continues to award himself a considerable portion of praise. He states with great honesty the reasons he had for self-applause, but he says that "proud thoughts fly-blow'd his best performances." In order to take down his self-exalting spirit, he taxes his invention for hard names to apply to himself by way of humiliation. He says that he is "viler than a beast," "unsavoury salt, fit for nothing but the dunghill." He thus reminds himself of his own "grandeur," as he calls them, in the same tone that the rich man uses when he professes himself to be poor, a profession which he will thank no one for believing.

His rules of preaching serve to show the man and his turn of mind.

When he was at a loss for a text, "he would make a prayer to the Holy Spirit of Christ, as well to find a text for him as to handle it." He studied variety in his topics and illustrations, quoting scripture in every part, and endeavouring "to fill his hour well." In regard to manner he was careful not to be too fast nor too loud, writing in short sentences, so that every hearer could easily grasp his meaning. He always made use of notes in preaching, wherein he differed from his father, who, with all his various and laborious duties, imposed on himself the labour of writing his sermons, and committing them to memory. He visited his hearers twice in the week,—not in a social way, but in the old style of making it a sort of family confessional. "He could seldom despatch more than four or five families in an afternoon." He looked on this work as one of his most difficult labours. His son tells us, that "his love to his church was very flaming." He certainly spared neither labour nor expense in promoting the spiritual good of his people. What salary was allowed him by his congregation does not appear. His father suffered much from poverty at times; but the son seems to have had a more "goodly heritage." He sometimes gave away more than a thousand religious books in a year, besides other charities.

The disposition to derive improvement from all circumstances, for himself and others, attended him through life. When the common business of the household was going on, he was led into spiritual meditations. If they happened to be brewing, he would say, "Lord, let us find in a glorious Christ a provision for our thirsty souls;" when baking, "Lord, let a glorious Christ be the bread of life unto us." This small change he kept ready for constant circulation. It was the same in all his personal actions. When he knocked at a door, he repeated, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." When he mended his fire, it was with a prayer that his love and zeal might be kindled into a flame. When he put out his candle, it was with a prayer to the Father of lights that his light might not go out in darkness. He bore upon his mind a great number of prayers to be used when necessary. As a specimen, his ejaculations at table

may be given. Looking on the gentlewoman that carved, he said to himself, "Lord, carve a rich portion of thy grace and comforts to that person." Looking on a gentlewoman stricken in years, "Lord, adorn that person with the virtues which thou prescribest for aged women." On a gentlewoman very beautiful, "Lord, give that person an humble mind." So when he walked the streets, he implored secret blessings upon those who passed by him. At the sight of a *tall* man he said, "Lord, give that man *high* attainments in Christianity." For a *lame* man, "Lord, help that man to walk *upright*." For a *negro*, "Lord, *wash* that poor soul." For a *little* man, "Lord, bestow *great* blessings on that man." For a man going by without *observing* him, "Lord, I pray thee, help that man to take a *due notice of Christ*."

He must have had a large organ of association!

In his twenty-fourth year, Cotton Mather thought it advisable to take a wife; not being moved thereto by any particular liking for any particular person, but moved by more general and becoming considerations touching his usefulness, &c. &c. "He first looked up to Heaven for direction, and then asked counsel of his friends." Having thus begun where most men end, he looked about for a suitable person. This is recorded of the person who was selected to be the object of his passionate attachment, that "she was a comely, ingenious woman, and an agreeable consort." This lady was the mother of nine children; and after her death, he married a second time.

The troubles in which New England was involved with the mother country began the year after Cotton Mather's ordination. Sir Edmund Andros, the new governor (1686), was disposed to be arbitrary; but he found the people and their pastors less submissive than he expected. When Charles II., in 1683, demanded an unconditional surrender of the charter of Massachusetts, Increase Mather, at the request of the authorities, appeared in a meeting of citizens, and exhorted them to resist the demand by all the means in his power; not to rush into ruin with their eyes open, but to resolve, that if they must be undone, it should be by the tyranny of others, and not their own folly. Cotton Mather was equally

patriotic on this and subsequent occasions, when the state was threatened with an oppressive government.

It is in connexion with the famous Salem trials for witchcraft that he is most generally and least favourably known. But prominent as his name appears in all this affair, from its beginning to its close, it is not easy to understand the precise extent of his responsibility. He fully believed in this kind of supernatural agency, as was common in that day. The wise and foolish stood on the same ground. Though many were sceptical as to particular cases of that agency, there was none who seemed wholly to deny its existence. In 1685, the year in which he was ordained, he published a work called "Memorable Providences relating to Witchcraft." This was several years before the Salem tragedy; and he remarks that this work of his was used as authority on that occasion, at the same time greatly commending the wisdom of the magistrates for submitting themselves to the counsel of learned writers. Cases of witchcraft at distant intervals had occurred in parts of the country. It was not long before he enjoyed the rare felicity of having a case directly under his eye. In 1688, the family of John Goodwin in Boston, was afflicted with preternatural visitations. The eldest daughter, about thirteen years of age, had a quarrel with an Irishwoman, and shortly after, the girl and her sisters were tormented by strange affections of the body, which were pronounced *diabolical* by the superstitious physicians consulted. The ministers of Boston held a day of fasting and prayer; and the magistrates committed the person on whom suspicion rested to prison. From her conduct in some things the court appointed several physicians "to examine her very strictly whether she was no way crazed in her intellects;" and being found of *sane* mind and guilty of witchcraft, she was sentenced to die. Cotton Mather was now in his element. He paid many visits to this poor old lunatic after her condemnation, and received vast entertainment from her communications. After her execution, the children referred to seemed none the better for it. On the least reproof of their parents "they would roar excessively." "I usually took abundance of time to

dress or undress them, through the strange postures into which they would be twisted on purpose to hinder it." "If they were bidden to do a needless thing, such as to rub a clean table, they were able to do it unmolested; but if to do a useful thing, as to rub a dirty table, they would presently, with many torments, be made incapable." Such a choice opportunity as this family afforded for inquiry into the physiology of witchcraft, was by no means to be lost. In order to inspect the specimen more at leisure, he had the eldest daughter brought to his own house: he wished "to confute the Seducism of that debauched age;" and the girl took care that the materials should not be wanting. One gleam of suspicion seemed to shoot over his mind on one occasion; for he says, "I, considering there might be a snare in it, put a stop to this fanciful business." Her carriage, complaisant at first, "was afterwards with a sauciness which I was not used to be treated withal." She would knock at his study door, telling him that some one below would be glad to see him. When he had taken the trouble to go down, and scolded her for the falsehood, she would say, "Mrs. Mather is always glad to see you." "She would call out to him with numberless impertinences." Having determined to give a public account of her case, in a sermon to his congregation, she was troubled at it, thinking it not unlikely that sharper eyes might be turned upon her. She made many attempts to prevent it, by threatening him with the vengeance of the spirits, till he was almost out of patience, and exorcised them in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.* All this, besides illustrating his character and the heartiness with which he entered into the snare, shows that he was himself completely deluded. No man, with any artful design, would have exhibited himself in so grotesque a light. Let it be remembered, too, that the above particulars were reprinted in London, with a preface by Richard Baxter, in which he says, "This great instance

comes with such convincing evidence, that he must be a very obdurate Sadducee that will not believe it." It is not difficult to conceive what the fascination of such narratives must have been, coming from the pen of a learned divine who had devoted particular attention to the subject. No doubt the "Wonders of the Invisible World" was popular with old and young, in every part of the country. He made no secret of his persuasion, that such an excitement might be made an engine for restoring the fallen authority of religion, and, as a preliminary, replacing that power in the hands of the clergy, which they lost when the circumstances of the country and the feelings of the people were altered.

In 1692, the seed which he had sown began to bear fruit in the Salem trials. Some young conspirators in that town "were in all things afflicted as bad as John Goodwin's children at Boston." A day of fasting and prayer was appointed. The girls accused an old Indian woman as the person who bewitched them. Cotton Mather made himself very prominent in the proceedings; and as soon as the fury of the storm was over, he becomes historian of the trials. He takes a contemptuous notice of the doubts which had begun to prevail upon the subject, but gives no intimation to his readers that the whole country was filled with horror and shame. Some points, he thinks, are clearly established by the trials. First, that there is a great conspiracy among the powers of darkness to root out the Christian religion from New England. It is also proved that the devil, "exhibiting himself ordinarily as a *small black man*, has decoyed a number of base creatures, and enlisted them in his service, by entering their names in a book." Speaking of the provoking manner in which the witches elude observation, he says, "Our witches do seem to have got the knack; and this is one of the things which make me think that witchcraft will not be fully understood till the day when there shall not be one witch in the world." Rather a shrewd prognostication! In his *Magnalia* he seems to relent, remarking that "there had been a going too far in that affair." He infers this from the number of the accused: "it was not to be conceived that in so small a compass of land, so

* "Nov. 29, 1692. While I was preaching at a private fast (kept for a possessed young woman), on Mark ix 28, 29, the devil in the damsel flew upon me, and tore the leaf, as it is now torn, over against the text."—*Cotton Mather's MSS.*

many should so abominably leap into the devil's lap all at once." Nineteen were executed; many of them of blameless lives, not one at the last moment confessing himself guilty. Somewhat late in the day he thought there had been some mistake, and says that he had heard of the like mistake in other places. Had the governor been a man of stronger mind, much of this fanaticism (at least of its results) might have been prevented. When William Penn officiated as judge in his new colony, two women, accused of witchcraft, were presented by the grand jury. Without treating the charge with contempt, which the public mind would not have borne, he charged the jury to bring them in *guilty of being suspected of witchcraft*, which was not a crime that exposed them to the penalty of the law! Therein was wisdom.

Nor was wise counsel wanting in the Salem case. There were some rational men who understood the whole matter, and opposed themselves to the prevalent fanaticism. A merchant named Robert Calef deserves to be mentioned with honour in this respect. The plain common sense with which he exposed the proceedings was exceedingly provoking to those who had involved their reputation in the success of the delusion; and the general outcry of wrath with which his statements were received showed the fear on the part of his adversaries, that truth would be found on his side, and error and shame on theirs. Cotton Mather, in replying to Calef (whose name he always wrote Calf), begins with a lamentation that he should be called on to answer a vile book, written by one who pretends to be a merchant, when he is nothing more than a weaver. Calef's remark about the "remarkable providences" is, "that there is a certain weaver that won't believe therein." On a subsequent case, he says to Cotton Mather, "On the whole, I suppose you expect I should believe it; and if so, the only advantage gained is, that that which has been so long controverted between Protestants and Papists, whether miracles are ceased, will hereby seem to be decided for the latter." His firmness in this case prevented a repetition of the Salem business. Influence was against him; but truth and reason were so mani-

festly on his side, that, with small pretensions to learning, he overcame the divines in argument, and dispersed the remnant of delusion.

We now return to his interior history. In his Diary (23rd February, 1696) is an entry illustrative of the remarkable providences of which he took notice: "Vexed with an extraordinary heart-burn. There was *this* among the sufferings and complaints of my Lord Jesus Christ. *My heart was like was melted in the midst of my bowels.* Hereupon, I begged of the Lord, that for the sake of the heart-burn undergone by my Saviour, I might be delivered from the other and lesser heart-burn wherewith I was now incommoded. *Immediately* it was darted into my mind, that I had Sir Philip Paris's plaster in my house, which was good for inflammations; and laying the plaster on, I was *cured* of my malady." In 1702 he began the practice of keeping *vigils*, that is, of spending whole nights in prayer. "Resolved that I would make some essay toward a vigil, I dismissed my dear consort into her repose, and, in the dead of the night, I retired into my study, and there, casting myself prostrate on my study floor before the Lord, I was rewarded with communications from heaven that cannot be uttered. If these be vigils, I must, so far as the sixth commandment will allow, have some more of them." In 1701 he writes: "This day I received letters from London. My church history is a bulky thing of about 250 sheets. The impression will cost about £600. The booksellers of London are cold about it. But behold what my friend Mr. Bromfield writes me from London. 'There is one Mr. Robert Hackshaw, a very serious and godly man, who is willing to print it at his own charges. When he proposed it to me, I said, Sir, God has answered Mr. Mather's prayer's.' This was the *Magnalia*, which some have regarded as the most interesting work which America has produced; but this is ridiculous praise: the utmost that can be said of it is, that it is curious and entertaining."

How far he sometimes carried his peculiar enthusiasm appears from a memorandum, dated 1702. He says, that when sitting in his study, he perceived a strange impression on his mind, that God was willing to converse

with him after a very familiar manner, if he would look and wait in a proper posture. It was actually said to him, "Go into your great chamber, and I will speak with you."

In 1702 he lost his wife. "The black day arrives! I had never seen so black a day in all the time of my pilgrimage. The desire of my eyes is this day to be taken from me." Shortly after her death, as he was reflecting upon the follies into which widowers are sometimes led, he prayed earnestly that God would sooner kill him than suffer him to do discredit to religion. A few minutes after, he was taken very ill. "I suspected that the Lord was going to take me at my word." Having recovered, he adds: "I perceived it was nothing but vapours." He was now beset with "a very astonishing trial." There was a young lady, whom he describes as so remarkably accomplished, that no one in America exceeded her; abounding in wit and sense, with a comely aspect, and most winning conversation, who, after writing to him once or twice, paid him a visit, and gave him to understand that she had long felt a deep interest in his ministry, and that, since his present condition had given her more liberty to think of him, "she had become charmed with my person to such a degree, that she could not but break in upon me with her most importunate requests that I would make her mine," alleging that she desired it for her religious improvement. He told her in reply, of his austere manner of life, and the frequent fasts and vigils, which his wife was expected to share. The heroic lady told him that of all things this was what she most desired! "Then," he says, "I was in a great strait how to treat so polite a gentlewoman, thus applying herself unto me. I plainly told her, I feared whether her proposal would not meet with unsurmountable objections from those who had an interest in disposing of me. In the meantime, if I could not make her my own, I should be glad to be any way instrumental in making her the Lord's." This matter appears for some time to have oppressed his very soul. "My sore distresses and temptations I this day carried before the Lord. Nature itself causes in me a mighty tenderness towards a person so amiable. Breeding requires me to treat her with

honour and respect, and very much of deference; but religion, above all, obliges me, instead of a rash rejecting of her conversation, to contrive rather how I may imitate the goodness of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the dealing with such as are upon a conversion to Him." Clearly a strong conflict between the man and the minister! To his relations having begun to treat him as if it were all settled (with some reason), he says: "That young gentlewoman, of so fine accomplishments, that there is none in this land comparable to her, who has, with such repeated importunity, pressed my respects unto her, that I have had much ado to keep clear of great inconveniences, hath, by the disadvantages of the company which commonly resorted to her father's house, got but a bad name among the generality of people. There appears no possibility of her speedy recovery from it, be her carriage never so virtuous. By an unhappy coincidence of some circumstances, there is a noise—and a mighty noise it is—made about the town, that I am engaged in a courtship to that young gentlewoman; and, though *I am so very prudent*, and have aimed so much at a conformity with our Lord Jesus Christ, yet it is not easy prudently to confute the rumour." Upon this he gathered all his energies for a decisive blow. "The design of Satan to entangle me in a match that might have proved ruinous to my family or my ministry, is defended by my resolution totally to reject the addresses of the young gentlewoman. I struck the knife into the heart of my sacrifice, by a letter unto her mother." He got out of the scrape with less scath than he deserved. The young lady is as heroic under defeat as when pressing her suit; and we rather regret that she did not succeed. "God appears strangely for me in this point also, by disposing the young gentlewoman, with her mother, to furnish me with their assertions, that I have never done any unworthy thing. Yea, they have proceeded so far beyond all bounds in my vindication, as to say, that they verily look on Mr. M——r to be as great a saint as any upon earth. Nevertheless, the devil owes me a spite, and he inspires his people in this town to whisper impertinent stories." His friends found a wife for him very soon after this. "It was Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard;

she had been a widow four years when Dr. Mather married her, which was August 18, 1703. He rejoiced in her, as having found great spoil."

By this time he had been doctorated by the University of Glasgow. It is said that some of his friends advised him to wear his signet ring, as a token and assertion of his being a doctor of divinity—not out of vanity, but out of obedience to the *fifth* commandment. Having scripture for it, therefore, "the doctor would wear this ring; and made this action, so seemingly inconsiderable, a great engine of religion." To see the point of this, the unlearned reader may require to be informed that a University is a *mother*—(*alma mater*). He was also appointed a Fellow of the Royal Society, which, says the Diary, "is a marvellous favour of Heaven to me—a most surprising favour."

In 1713, he was again left a widower, and was called upon to endure much domestic affliction in his family, both by bereavements and misconduct. There is not much recorded of his own closing years. He died on the 13th of February, 1728, in his 65th year. He was followed to the grave by an immense procession, including all the high officers of the province. It was the general sentiment that a great man had fallen. His reputation has declined since his death. In his own age he was looked on as a wonder—not so much on account of his talent and industry, as for his extensive attainments—which made him the subject of universal envy and applause. His character had its bright as well as its shady side.

In the first place he was very *open*. There is hardly a character in history that had so little concealment. Men saw and heard the worst of him. With a trifle more tact, he would have saved himself much ridicule and a multitude of enemies. He was a man of extraordinary *industry*. He worked as hard as any man that ever lived. He used every minute with wonderful method and energy. Coupled with this was his constant endeavour *to do good*. It seems to have been his ruling aim from childhood to do all the good in his power. In boyhood, while pursuing his studies at home, he spent a considerable part of every day in instructing, not only his brothers and sisters, but the domestics also. This habit

followed him through life. One of his best books—a book of which Benjamin Franklin said that he attributed to it all his usefulness and eminence—the "*Essays to do Good*," evidently grew out of his own life! No man can read the book without benefit, without being stirred to increased diligence, and supplied with hints that will be of constant service to him in his self-discipline. He seems to have looked forward with a prophetic anticipation to an age of intense activity, whose description, as he gives it in his peculiar style, answers very aptly to the present: "a vast variety of new ways to do good will be hit upon; paths which no fowl (of the best flight at noble designs) has yet known, and which the vulture's most piercing eye hath not seen, and where lions of the strongest resolution have not passed."

There is hardly a branch of philanthropic enterprise into which his interest and exertions did not spread. Nor did he wait for others to take the lead, or show him objects of charity but with quick sympathy saw what was wrong, with prompt ingenuity devised a remedy, and with characteristic zeal at once carried his scheme into action. Most of the reformatory and benevolent movements which have signalized the last quarter of a century were anticipated by him. He was a strenuous advocate of *temperance*, by example as well as precept. He wrote and published much on the subject, with learning and ability, and not without effect. He was deeply interested in behalf of *seamen*. He was also an earnest advocate of the *rights of women*; and to raise the standard of female character and education, was one of his favourite objects. His treatment of the *slaves* then held in New England, and his devotion to the temporal and religious improvement of the African race, are among the brightest points of his character. He established a school for their instruction, and bore the whole expense of it himself. The slave-system was then in its infancy, and was, no doubt, regarded as a scriptural institution. In his Diary (1706) he speaks of having received "a singular blessing." Some gentleman of his society, having heard accidentally that he was much in want of a good servant, had the generosity to purchase for him "a very likely

at an expense of forty or fifty
3. He describes him as a negro
mising aspect and temper, and
at such a present was "*a mighty
f Heaven upon his family.*" He
im the name of *Onesimus*.

noble stand he took for the
uction of *inoculation* for the
pox, against the universal pre-
of the people, and even of the
7, does him infinite credit. The
gainst him for this was so fierce
e was in danger of his life. Every
le threat was made to intimidate
and a hand-grenade was actually
n, in the night, into the chamber
he usually slept, but, fortunately,
at any fatal result. Association
ristian Missions to the heathen
nother of his favourite objects;
h he says with much point, that,
ie church is purified at home,
will be no gathering of the
us into it; and that, many persons,
in missionary operations, "will
re intent upon propagating their
ittle forms, fancies, and interests,
the more weighty matters of the
" He proposes also *Bible Societies*
ie circulation of the scriptures
ther good books, and for their
ation into the various languages
world. He made himself master
ench and Spanish, that he might
treatises in those languages;
in his forty-fifth year, actually
tered the Iroquois Indian dialect,
rich he actually published works
ie instruction of the natives. He
be said to have suggested *Mes-
sages' Institutions*, for he proposed the
tion of similar associations, viz.,
Men's Libraries. He proposed also
Men's Christian Associations, for
l and religious improvement. In
ion, mention ought to be made of
ttempts to organize a *Peace So-
;* an Association for *Building
shes in Destitute Places*; another,
Relief of poor Ministers; *Charity
ls, Tract and Book Societies*; him-
showing the example by giving
books in immense numbers. This
eration of the various philan-
ic plans which not only excited
nterest, but actually originated in
wn active and fruitful mind, shows
far he anticipated the very forms
dern benevolence, and gives abun-
dence of his own sympathetic
generous disposition.

Nor did his benevolence lose in in-
tensity what it thus gained in extent.
No individual case of poverty or suffer-
ing within his reach escaped his notice,
or failed of receiving personal care.
One day in every week time was set
apart for the consideration of the
question: "*What special subjects of af-
fliction and objects of compassion may I
take under my particular care? and
what shall I do for them?*" A catalogue
was prepared of all the poor in his
flock, or in the town, together with all
the miserable, the victims of vice, and
those who were out of employment. This
"*List of the Miserables*," as he called
it, was generally kept about him, and
by being occasionally referred to in his
visits, afforded him opportunities to
introduce any particular case to the
attention and sympathy of his parish-
ioners.

To some he is repulsive from his
singularity. But why so? some men
are singular by nature. Some are so
from a disproportionate development
in a particular direction, owing to a
strong original bias, or some accidental
pressure early and long applied. Every
person *appears* eccentric to us whom
we do not understand. Cotton Mather
had a strong *individuality*; and that he
was not like his neighbours, and not
always like himself, is really to us one
of the most interesting features which
his life presents. It is impossible to
deny that he was a *vain* man. But
vanity, in Cotton Mather, was all but
a virtue! It seemed to become him.
It was natural to him, and he never
sought to conceal it. Both by his con-
stitution, and the circumstances of his
training, he was marked out as the
victim of vanity. Descended from a
double line of the most distinguished
clergymen of New England, and in-
heriting the names of both, a strong
hope was cherished by parents and
friends that he might prove himself
worthy of his pedigree. It was evident
that he *was* an extraordinary child.
He was treated as such from his cradle.
He was made to understand it. His
mother expressed it in her looks, his
father in his prayers, and both in their
counsels and encouragements. He was
taught to feel how much depended
upon him, and how much was expected
of him. Eminent and learned he must
be; for learning was the glory of his
fathers; and scholarship with his mo-

ther and grandmother had been coupled with Christian excellence, in their intercession for their son. The boy caught the desired inspiration. He had a rich nature, more than ordinary genius, and remarkable energy. At school he was treated as a prodigy; and he was a prodigy, for he entered it with the ambition of a man, stimulating a more than boyish intellect. By his twelfth year, his teachers had carried him through the most difficult Greek and Latin authors, and presented him for admission to college, already more learned in the classics than most who had taken their degrees. Entering college, the president likened him to the young Telemachus; and the president, under whom he graduated, as if not to be outdone by his predecessor, thus eulogized him:—"Mather is named Cotton Mather. What a name! My hearers, I mistake; I ought to have said, what names! I shall not speak of his father, for I dare not praise him to his face. But should he resemble his venerable grandfathers, John Cotton and Richard Mather, in piety, learning, splendour of intellect, solidity of judgment, prudence, and wisdom he will indeed bear the palm. And I have confidence that in this young man, Cotton and Mather will be united and flourish again." Excited by such imprudent training, his ambition was to be the holiest man, the most learned man, and the most active man of his age; and believing himself to have attained this pre-eminence, he unavoidably gave occasion to people to consider him vain. He had another fault akin to this—he was irritable. His temperament was nervous; his feelings were quick and restless; and he expressed himself strongly in controversy. He says himself, with some humour, "I have, first and last, had such a number of pamphlets thrown at me, that, if I had been vulnerable, I might appear stuck as full of darts as the man in the signs of the almanac." *Bigotry and intolerance* he could scarcely be expected to have lacked in such an age; and yet he seems to have been at least as far advanced in liberality as the most advanced of orthodox men at the present day. Something like an "Evangelical Alliance" seems to be foreshadowed in the following counsel: "Let the table of the Lord have no rails about it, that shall hinder a godly

Independent, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Anti-pædobaptist, or Lutheran from sitting down together there. Corinthian brass would not be so bright a composition as the people of God in such a coalition, feasting together on his holy mountain. There are concurring with you hundreds of thousands of generous minds, in which this feeling now lies shut up as an *aurum fulminans*; but it will break forth more and more as the day approaches, and as men improve in *manly religion*, in explosions that will carry all before it; and the mean, little, narrow souls that know no religion but that of a party and of their secular interests, will become deserted objects, for the pity or disdain of those who have taken the way that is above them." His own treatment of the Quakers was not in accordance with this spirit; but their doctrines he utterly abominated, and he made a broader distinction between legal and verbal persecution than would now be admitted.

The former he was opposed to; the latter he indulged in very freely. Witchcraft, however, did not come within the circle of toleration. He would tolerate men, but not the devil! It was enough that the scripture said: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

His review, however, of his own life and labours in 1724, when he was sixty-two years of age, was not indicative of very favourable results. He entitles the record, "Dark Dispensations." He gives fourteen instances to show how his attempts to do good in the world had been requited: apparently without the remotest suspicion that he was himself to blame. In the first place, he had tried to do good among sailors, but "there is not a man in the world so reviled, so slandered, so cursed among sailors." He had tried to do good to the negroes; and yet he says, many, on purpose to affront him, affix his name, Cotton Mather, to the young negroes, so that if any mischief is done by them, the credit of it comes upon him! No man had been so interested in female elevation, "yet where is the man whom the female sex have spit more of their venom at!" He has laboured to be a blessing to all connected with him, yet there was not a man on earth who had been tormented with "such monstrous relatives," with the exception of Job, who

said, "I am a brother to dragons." He has laboured unceasingly to vindicate the honour of the Scotch; yet no Englishman was ever so much reviled and libelled by Scotchmen as he. He has laboured to do good to the country, yet there is no man in any part of it, who is so loaded with disrespect and calumny. He had interested himself in behalf of the government, yet nothing could exceed the discountenance which he has always received from it. He has done much to adorn and serve the College (Harvard), yet, if he were the greatest blemish ever came upon it, or the greatest blockhead that ever came out of it, its managers could not treat him with more contempt than they do (they refused him the Presidency, which he had always looked forward to as a family inheritance. His father had been president). He has never gone into company for nearly fifty years, without direct contrivance to say something which should make those who heard it either wiser or better; nevertheless his company is as little sought for as any minister in all his acquaintance. In good offices he has been zealous, seeking opportunities when he found them not, even offering pecuniary rewards to those who would inform him where his services could be applied; yet he cannot see a man living, for whom others are so unwilling to do good offices as for him. He has served the cause of religion and literature by writing more than 300 books; yet he has had more books written against him than any man that he knows in all the world. For years, not a day has passed without public services being rendered in some shape or other; yet, "every body points at me and speaks of me, as by far the most afflicted minister in all New England." Fear Cotton Mather! Clearly, in addition to being the holiest and most learned man, it was his ambition to be the most afflicted man in existence. Enough. *Nunc in pace requiescit.*

SAMUEL DREW.*

"Not grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

A LARGE proportion of those whose

* This very interesting sketch of Samuel Drew is extracted from Sartain's American Magazine.—Ed.

names are "a light and landmark on the cliffs of fame," have reached their positions of eminence and usefulness from the lowest conditions of indigence, and amidst constant depressions of spirit from the ceaseless cravings of want. In the pressure of external trials, and the drudgery of toilsome occupations, the inner man has been separated from grosser employments, and consecrated to the purposes and pursuits of knowledge. The desire to know—the eldest born of wisdom—awakened their energies, braced their spirits, held weariness in check, and grew rich on the spare moments of time economically preserved and industriously employed. It was not genius,—blazing, but transient as a comet, taking one truth, or a class of truths, by intuition, and expiring in the splendour of its conceptions; but the determination to know, to "intermeddle with all wisdom," to grow rich by the patient and steady accumulation of thought, that made them avaricious of time, and prodigal of health and strength and rest. Industry performed the office of stoker to the intellectual fires burning within them, and fidelity to the one absorbing object of desire gave light in the gloom of discouragement, a miser's joy to every step of their ascent, and a graceful dignity to the conscious honours of their triumph in reaching and recording their names in the Temple of Knowledge.

It is no less profitable than gratifying to trace the progressive development of the mind; especially when, unaided by fortune or education, but guided by its own aspirations, and the energy of its own determinations, it works its way to posts of honour and positions of influence in the intellectual and moral world. The republic of letters is free for all. The knowledge of the alphabet entitles all to the rights of citizenship. Freedom to roam through the whole unbounded continent of learning is secured by these twenty-six letters. Their possessor is already initiated into the secrets of wisdom, and has the passwords to its profoundest mysteries. The mind is its own world. It may be a desert dismal with ignorance and vice, or a garden rich and beautiful with the fruits of knowledge and virtue. In an age and country like ours, voluntary

ignorance is a crime of fearful magnitude. Contented ignorance is a sin against self and society. Knowledge is power. It is, also, a treasure more priceless than gold. But, like gold, it is found in grains, seldom in lumps, and is obtained by digging. When one sees a man possessed of "much gold," he is not altogether sure that a large proportion of it is not alloyed with the dust of fraud and dishonest gains. The jewel that sparkles on the coronet of wealth, may have been placed there by oppression and violence. But, learning stands free of all suspicion. Its possession is a stamp of honesty, and a passport to reputation and usefulness. Wisdom is the principal thing: "Therefore, get wisdom; and with all thy gettings, get understanding." Exalt her; and she shall promote thee. In her hands are riches, and honour, and life. But if she be despised, thou shalt be lightly esteemed. Knowing our letters, the literature and "languages of the babbling earth" are all within the reach of desire, industry, and application. With these, the key of the Temple of Knowledge is in our hands. Shall we open its doors, and survey its magnificent and gorgeous palaces? At least, let us trace the progressive career of one who, at manhood, was ignorant and vicious, but, animated by a *desire to know*, patiently and resolutely worked his way up the hill, and sat down to enjoy an ennobling and virtuous repose on "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar." We portray the fortunes of an humble shoemaker, whose perseverance in self-improvement was crowned with a success that has placed him in the front rank of the profoundly eminent men of the first quarter of the present century.

Samuel Drew was born in the parish of St. Austell, Cornwall, England, on the third of March, 1765. His parents were extremely poor. His father's occupation fluctuated between tillage and "streaming for tin." When not turning up the soil of the farm, he was examining the deposits of mountain streams, and selecting, by the process of washing and pulverizing, such parts as were valuable for the ore they contained. Diligence and care, even in this toilsome occupation, yielded him such success that, in the course of a few years, he was able to take a better

residence, and engage in the business of a common carrier for a brewery in his neighbourhood. At this he found employment for some time; and, with the prospect of a permanent engagement, with steady accumulations, might have anticipated ultimate competency. But industry and integrity are not always a guarantee of success; nor a protection against the frauds or dishonest carelessness of others. The brewer was a lover of pleasure more than of business; and wasted in prodigal living more than was yielded by the gains of trade. Bankruptcy soon followed, and several pounds due to the poor carrier went down into the gulf with his employer; and, what was worse, left him without fodder for his horses, or food for his children,—bereft at once of employment and means of subsistence. He had to strike out a new mode of "making both ends meet."

Poor as were the parents, they were pious, and were not only sensible of the importance of education to their children, but solicitous to impart it, to the limited extent their circumstances would allow. For awhile the two sons were sent daily to a school, in which the charge for reading was only a *penny a week*. But Samuel seemed careless of this opportunity of learning to read. Books were disagreeable things. He had a talent for doing nothing; and he gratified it by playing truant. He loved the smiling fields and the lonely woods, with their murmuring rivulets and singing birds; and he carried his heart *there* to find "sermons in trees, and books in brooks." Whatever his disregard or book-learning, he was shrewd enough in other things, and his shrewdness had a bent of mischief, that was generally more successful in getting him into scrapes than in getting him out of them. But it sometimes left him "unwhipt of justice." His wild pranks were a grief and annoyance to his excellent parents; and compelled them to practise the spirit rather than the letter of the proverb, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child." On one occasion, having incurred his father's displeasure, he was threatened with the rod; and he knew it was not merely "a promise made to the ear." But he believed it would be "better kept in the breach than in the observance." Such sentences were generally

carried into effect at night, when the culprit was unbreeched and in bed. Apprehensive that the visit to keep him from spoiling would not be overlooked, nor the rod spared when it was paid, he prevailed on his elder brother to exchange places with him in the bed for the night. It proved another case of the substitution of the innocent for the guilty; and poor Jabez smarted under the lash, as unconscious of the fault that incurred the punishment, as of the trick by which it had been transferred to his own shoulders. On another occasion, for some offence, his father gave him a note to carry to his schoolmaster. Suspecting it to contain an order for a flogging, payable at sight, and unwilling to be a party in the transaction, the billet never reached its destination. He subsequently confessed that, to escape the rod, he spoiled the note.

A trait of character that gave direction to his life, and success to his plans, was developed at an early period of his youth:—it was resolute energy of will, sustained by a quality of *sticking* to what he attempted. Perseverance, even against his books, and in truancy from school, became a habit,—a bad application, it must be confessed, of a very important quality of the mental constitution. An illustration of this disposition while very young, has been preserved among the records of his early life. Reared among the tin mines of Cornwall, and familiar with their operations, he became ambitious of embracing the profession, very soon after he was breeched, and he resolved on sinking a shaft for himself. Accordingly, he organized a company, of which he was captain; and with a pickaxe, a rope, and a board for a bucket, he commenced his work. They had been engaged at the shaft for some time, and had gone some distance below the surface, when his mining operations were brought to a sudden halt. He was at the bottom, digging away with a right good will, one day, when some one threw a handful of earth upon him. This was a great offence to his dignity, as the presiding genius of the undertaking; and, in a dictatorial way, he commanded the offender to desist. A larger handful that came clattering down upon him was the only response to his order. Greatly incensed, and vowing to give

the offender a sound drubbing, he ordered them to draw him up, when, to his utter mortification, he found himself face to face with his father, who had just discovered the mining ambition of the youngsters, and, regarding it more as a trap for his cow than a mine of wealth, peremptorily ordered the captain to put the dirt back in its place.

It was not long, however, before he was mining in good earnest. Tin ore is commonly lodged in masses of stone. These are gathered and pulverized in the stamping mill, from whence the material is carried by a small stream of water into shallow pits prepared for its reception, where the gravity of the metal causes it to sink, while the sandy particles pass off with the stream. These pits are called *buddles*. Children are employed to stir up these deposits, and keep them in agitation until the process of separation is complete. These children are called *buddle-boys*. At eight years of age Samuel Drew became a buddle-boy, his father receiving three half-pence a day for his service. Like his father at the brewery, his first earnings were lost by the insolvency of his employer. But a new master came and advanced their wages to two-pence. This increase had a powerful effect in augmenting the self-importance of the boys. It came near ruining one of Samuel's companions. The little fellow, having lost his parents, had been taken by an aunt and kindly cared for as her own. But, like too many others, his virtues were not proof against the temptations of sudden fortune. He was so elevated by this addition to his income, that he went home and gave his aunt notice that as soon as his wages became due, he should seek new lodgings and board himself! Its effect on young Drew was to make him aspire to the rack—not of torture—but of a higher step in the refining process. But, although he remained two years in the pit, he was never promoted beyond the rank of buddle-boy.

Young as he was, with such dispositions, and associated with vicious children, he could not fail to be influenced by their conversation and example. He was rapidly descending into vicious habits. To augment his danger and accelerate his ruin, the

only being on earth who understood his disposition, and knew how to restrain it from ill, and guide it "in the good and right way," had been removed from her place in the family. His mother had gone down to the grave, and there was now scarcely a heart to love him, or a hand stretched out to sustain and encourage him. She had early discovered that the levity of his feelings unfitted him to receive instruction through the ordinary channels. He was therefore taken under her own charge. She taught him to read and write, at least all he learned of either during his youth. But his moral nature was the field she cultivated with most avidity. The good seed of religious truth was deposited in his heart; and it never lost its vitality. In later years the harvest of that sowing was abundant and glorious.

"Real glory

Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;

And without that the conqueror is naught
But the first slave."

The death of his mother introduced a new phase in the life of Samuel Drew. In the second year of his loneliness his father married a widow, who for some time had presided over his domestic affairs as housekeeper. She was a worthy woman; but the transition to the mother's place was not at all agreeable to the children. A regular warfare of petty annoyances, in which Samuel took the lead, was commenced; and reached their consummation in his expatriation from his father's house. The offence that precipitated this event was certainly as provoking in its character as it was deliberate in purpose and graceless in execution. Soon after her marriage, on an occasion when some of her female acquaintances were visiting her, he provided himself with a syringe and a vessel of water, bored a hole through the partition, and while they were at tea, discharged a volume of water upon them. This insult to her dignity and her hospitality was a little more than her human nature could bear; and the husband and father was compelled to transfer the culprit where he would either cease his annoyances, or else find new victims for his experiments.

At the age of ten years he was apprenticed to a shoemaker at St.

Blazey, about three miles from St. Austell. It was not long after this change in his affairs before his father removed to a greater distance, and left him to cultivate his vicious propensities unrestrained by the presence and influence of family and friends. His new home was situated in a beautiful valley, adjoining the mansion and grounds of one of England's wealthy families. But he was too young and ignorant to enjoy the picturesque in nature; and too constantly occupied with the drudgery of his daily toils to be sensible of anything beyond the pressure of discomfort and want. He was regarded rather as a convenience to subserve the wishes of others, than as a member of the family. His master, to the trade of shoemaker added that of farmer; and when there was no work in the shop, there was always plenty of it in the field. Alternating between these two employments, the apprentice was not slow in discovering that he stood a fine chance of being either a very indifferent shoemaker, or a very poor farmer. Besides this, his personal discomforts were numerous. To the comforts and conveniences of life he was an entire stranger; and, passing his days in rags and wretchedness, he became almost as reckless of life as he was careless of his own character, and of the rights of others. One of his chief troubles was with his mistress. She was disposed to add to his other offices in the family that of servant. He knew remonstrance would avail nothing, and he had recourse to the shrewdness and mischief that exiled him from home. She insisted that he should bring water for the family; but somehow or other the pitcher always met with an accident in his hands, and he had always a plausible reason for it. But it happened so often, that a standing order was issued to release him from bringing water, except when he evinced a perfect willingness to do it. But his tastes sought a wider field than the shop and farm of his master. He became a leader of the vicious boys of the parish; and sometimes a follower of more depraved and wicked men. From robbing birds' nests he proceeded to speculations upon the gardens and orchards of the neighbourhood; and ultimately, while yet a boy, to assist in smuggling. Under these circumstances, with no abatement of the

bad treatment he always received in his master's house, he absconded, in his seventeenth year, with the intention of entering a man-of-war. He was led to this selection of his future, by occurrences that, as little as he thought of it in its conception and frustration, had no small share in determining his subsequent career and his ultimate eminence.

During his apprenticeship, a few numbers of the "Weekly Entertainer" were brought into his master's family. It contained many tales and anecdotes, which he read with great avidity. He was especially interested in the narratives of adventures connected with the American war. Paul Jones, the Serapis, and the Bon Homme Richard excited his mind with a profound attraction. They mingled with his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night. He longed to be in a pirate-ship, a thought natural to his perverted tastes and vicious habits. There was also in the house an odd volume of the history of England during the Commonwealth. These were read again and again, until, having nothing else to read, they palled on his taste, and he turned aside to low and corrupting pleasures. It is true there was a Bible in the house, but the command to read it on the Sabbath, apart from a natural distaste for such reading, was an effectual bar to obedience. With books, his life might have taken an earlier turn to rectitude. But he had them not; and in the absence of means to gratify the disposition to read, he almost lost the ability. Still his reading gave direction to thought, and supplied the material. It was under the influence of thoughts thus born in his mind, that he abridged his apprenticeship by flight, and steered his course to Plymouth. When he set out on this adventure, he had but sixteen-pence-halfpenny, and went by his home to increase his store. His father was absent, and his mother, at a loss what to do, declined, but persuaded him to stay all night, hoping his father might get home, and detain him, or transfer the matter of supplying his wants from herself. The next morning, to the dismay of his family, he was gone. But the "providence that shapes the ends" of life, hindered the consummation of his plans, checked his downward course, and turned his feet to the paths of virtue, usefulness, and honour. His first

night from home was spent in a hay-field. The next morning, a ferry and his breakfast took twopence of his stock of cash, and filled him with dismay at its probable early consumption. Passing through Liskeare, with a view of replenishing his purse, he sought employment at his trade, but to provide the necessary implements nearly exhausted his means. He was soon reduced to an extremity of hunger truly pitiable. His fellow workmen, seeing he did not quit his work for dinner as they were accustomed to do, made some inquiry as to where he dined, when one of them facetiously replied, "At the sign of the Mouth, to be sure." He endured the jibe, but to appease the urgent cravings of hunger, drew his apron-strings, and compressed his stomach into a smaller circle, and stitched away with the best heart he could summon to his aid. The next day, his employer, discovering he was a runaway apprentice, dismissed him from the shop, advising him to return to his master. Ere he left the door, his elder brother came in pursuit of him. His father, having accidentally heard where he was, sent for him. The message came at the time of need. He only consented to return, on condition that he was not to be sent back to St. Blazey. His indentures were subsequently cancelled.

Mr. Drew ever after considered this as the turning-point of his destiny. In later periods of life, when fame, fortune, and family were his, he was accustomed to refer to these circumstances as occasions when his future destiny trembled on the beam, and a hair might have turned it down with a force that would have depressed and ruined him for ever.

For some months after leaving Liskeare, he remained with his father. He then went to the neighbourhood of Plymouth, where for two years, or more, he pursued his trade with increasing profit to himself, but with very little improvement to his moral character. During this period, he came very near losing his life in a smuggling adventure. But it is said, on the authority of one familiar with him at the time, there was a surprising mental development, especially in his readiness at repartee, and his powers of reasoning; so striking, indeed, that few were bold enough to provoke the one, or

engage the other. It made him prominent amongst his craftsmen, and gave great importance to his opinions. It was not from books, for he was still careless of them, but the friction of intercourse with men, the collision of mind with mind, that elicited thought, and awakened a faculty hitherto slumbering in the repose of a profound ignorance. We shall see how, following this thread, he was led out of the labyrinth of his vicious propensities, into a straight path of intelligent rectitude and virtuous activity.

"The generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life."

In January, 1785, he removed to St. Austell, and became foreman, in his branch of trade, to a young man who carried on the business of a shoemaker, a saddler, and a bookbinder. It was here, and under these circumstances, that he renewed his acquaintance with books, and prosecuted the advantage under every conceivable discouragement. Speaking of his ignorance at this time, in after life, he said, "I was scarcely able to read, and almost totally unable to write. Literature was a term to which I could annex no idea. Grammar I knew not the meaning of. I was expert at follies, acute in trifles, and ingenious about nonsense." His writing was compared to the "traces of a spider dipped in ink, and set to crawl on paper." On this foundation he began to build; and the finished superstructure was of magnificent proportions—glorious in its adornments, and durable as time.

The shop of his master was frequented by a better class of persons than he had ever been brought into contact with; and the topics of conversation were above the standard of his information. He listened to their discussions with a deep and painful consciousness of his own defects. Sometimes he was appealed to, to decide a doubtful point. The appeal flattered, but humbled him. The desire to know was born in his mind; and he set himself to seek knowledge. He examined dictionaries, added words to his small stock, and treasured them with a miser's care. Books came to be bound; he read their titles, and gleaned ideas from their pages; and truth began to dawn on the darkness of his mind. "The more I read," he

says, "the more I felt my own ignorance; and the more I felt my ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it. Every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or other." He could command but very little leisure. Lank poverty and clamorous want cried out against every pause in his employment. "From early chime to vesper bell," and deep in the night, he was doomed to hammer heel-taps, and stitch on soles, while his own soul was alive with the desire to know. "Where there's a will, there's a way." He had "the will," and he found "the way." He was obliged to eat; and he would make it a meal for soul and body. He took a book to his repast; and crammed ideas in his mind, and food into his stomach at the same time. Digestion in both departments was not incompatible with stitching. In this way, five or six pages were mastered at a meal.

At an early stage of his new intellectual life, a gentleman brought Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* to be bound. It was a new conception to his mind. He had never heard of it before. He pored over its pages with a fascination as profound as a philosopher's joy at a new discovery—a sensation as new and thrilling as a child's over his first toy-book, and drank in his reasonings with a zest as transporting and heartfelt. It was as when a new star blazes in the telescope of the astronomer. But its magnitude was greater than a star. It was a new world with its suns and systems, that filled his soul from horizon to zenith with brilliant images and gorgeous hopes. The continent of mind was spread out before him. What would he not have given to own that world of thought! "I would willingly have laboured a fortnight to have the books." Could his desire be more forcibly expressed? Again, he says, "I had then no conception that they could be obtained for money." How priceless did he consider them. But they were soon carried away; and his mind felt as if the sun had gone down in the early morning. Yet they left a luminous track behind them, rich and glorious as a western sky when the sun has gone to waken the song of gladness in other climes. Years passed before he saw the *Essay* again, yet the impression was never lost from his mind. "This book set all

my soul to think, to feel, and to reason, from all without, and from all within. It gave the first metaphysical turn to my mind; and I cultivated the little knowledge of writing which I had acquired, in order to put down my reflections. It awakened me from my stupor, and induced me to form a resolution to abandon the grovelling views which I had been accustomed to entertain." Heretofore no specific object, besides the general one of improvement, had guided his efforts. Locke awakened his inquiries, and concentrated his mental energies. Its influence was powerful upon every period, and on every undertaking, of his subsequent career.

It was about the same time that another and a sublimer change was wrought in the moral nature of Mr. Drew. A mother's hand had scattered the seeds of life over the soil of his young heart. In childhood and youth it seemed to have fallen on stony ground. It had brought forth no fruit unto righteousness. But now the seed had germinated long after the hand of the sower was still in the grave. The apparent instrumental cause of his religious quickening was the remarkably triumphant death of his brother. This awakened reflection on the folly and wickedness of his own life, and the aimless nature of his pursuits. These impressions were strengthened under the ministry of the then youthful, but now world-known and honoured Adam Clarke. Coincident with these things, the deathless work of that—

"Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told
tale
Sweet fiction and plain truth alike pre-
vail."

The Pilgrim's Progress—gave shape to his thoughts, and direction to his life. The infusion of the religious element into his nature was a most important epoch in his existence. It gave tone to his feelings, sprightliness and vigour to his mind, purity and decision to his character. It brought him into a new atmosphere of being, placed new and vaster objects before his mind, and stirred the profound depths of his intellectual and moral nature with higher aspirations, and a more ennobling ambition. Old things were passed away; and a new life, stretching outward and upward, blending usefulness and hap-

piness, the rewards of virtue with the conquests of duty, was mapped on his soul in lines of fire, traced by the finger of God. Henceforth, in the contemplation of his life, we perceive not only a new direction, but a fuller development of mental energy; and trace the application of his powers to subjects respecting truth, duty, and God, that religious conviction alone could suggest or support. He is no longer ambitious to tread the deck of a pirate-ship. The past is forgotten; or exists as a mournful remembrance. A purer principle is implanted in his nature. It has taken root in his heart; its foliage and its fruits distinguish and adorn his subsequent career.

It is not to be supposed that his difficulties either in getting bread or books had ceased. They were still at the flood-tide. He was still "inured to poverty and toil." He had entered into business for himself, but on a scale exceedingly limited. Dr. Franklin's "Way to Wealth," of which he possessed a copy, was his chart. "Poor Richard" gave pithy but very excellent advice to poor Sammy Drew. Eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, "the sound of his hammer" might be heard. He had borrowed five pounds to begin business; and it was only at the expiration of a year that he was able to return it. But his business, and his own character for industry and integrity, were established. He was in the way to wealth. His desire, however, was not inordinate. He only wished to be able to spare some moments from constant toil, to the purposes of reading and study. In a few years, this object was accomplished, and he found himself at liberty to pursue his long-cherished scheme of mental improvement. But the best-concerted schemes sometimes fail. His were nearly wrecked by politics. He was saved by an incident as singular as it was effectual. During the American war everybody was a politician. In his boyhood he took sides with the Colonies. He had not yet changed his opinions; and there was danger of political discussion engaging his attention to the exclusion or detriment of his more important mental occupations. From this hazard he was preserved by an incident which may be given in his own language.

A friend one day remarked to him

"Mr. Drew, more than once I have heard you quote that expression—

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

You quote it as being true; but how are we to understand it?"

"I can give you," he replied, "an instance from my own experience. When I began business, I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a chosen place for political discussion, and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year I had too much to do and to think about to indulge my propensity for politics: but after getting a little ahead in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon I entered as deeply into newspaper argument as if my livelihood depended on it. My shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbours' houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time; and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up for the hours I had lost. One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little urchin who was passing the street put his mouth to the key-hole of the door, and, with a shrill pipe, cried out, 'Shoemaker! shoemaker! work by night and run about by day!'"

"And did you," inquired his friend, "pursue the boy with your stirrup, to chastise him for his insolence?"

"No, no. Had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true! but you shall never have that to say of me again.' I have never forgotten it; and while I recollect anything, I never shall. To me it was the voice of God; and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it not to leave till tomorrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working. From that time I turned over a new leaf. I ceased to venture on the restless sea of politics, or trouble myself about matters which did not concern me. The bliss of ignorance on political topics I often experienced in after life;—the folly of being wise my early history shows."

It is not often that a boyish freak

confers such a blessing upon man and the world. It was sport to him, but a life's blessing to his intended victim. It checked and cured a bad habit, and gave a fresh impetus to the struggle to ascend the hill of knowledge. Thanks, a thousand times, for that piece of midnight mischief!

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple
shines afar?"

This is the utterance extorted by the pangs of intellectual labour. How exquisitely must it have been felt at each stage of his course, every step of his ascent, by Mr. Drew. Between the point on which he stood, and the foot of the hill, what vast fields stretched their broad and interminable lengths before him. Each was fresh with flowers, alluring to taste, attractive to the eye, fair to the vision, and flattering to hope as "the tree of knowledge" to the mother of the human race. But when he essayed to enter,

"Chill penury repressed his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul."

Industry and economy had "broken the neck of his difficulties," and left him with some degree of leisure to pursue his ruling passion,—the acquisition of knowledge. Possessed of the opportunity for improvement, he increased his efforts, and enlarged his plans of acquiring information. Fugitive thoughts—those first and best teachings of truth—were preserved with an avaricious care. Even while at work he kept writing materials at his side, to note the processes of his mind, and fix, beyond the possibility of forgetfulness, the outlines of arguments on such subjects as engaged his attention for the time. But he had not yet fixed upon any plan of study, any one subject or science that was to engross his efforts or absorb his powers. His one desire was to know, to grow in wisdom and knowledge. He was on the shore. The broad sea of truth was before him. He wished to sound its depths, not to skim its crested waves. We shall see what determined his choice.

"The sciences lay before me. I discovered charms in each, but was unable to embrace them all, and hesitated in making a selection. I had learned that

'One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.'

At first I felt such an attachment to astronomy, that I resolved to confine my views to the study of that science; but I soon found myself too defective in arithmetic to make any proficiency. Modern history was my next object; but I quickly discovered that more books and time were necessary than I could either purchase or spare, and on this account history was abandoned. In the region of metaphysics I saw neither of the above impediments. It nevertheless appeared to be a thorny path, but I determined to enter, and accordingly began to tread it."

Poverty selected the field on which he was to win his triumphs, and carve his way to usefulness and honour. It was indeed a thorny path, hedged with difficulties. He entered it with a giant's energy. The immaterial world, with its empires of being, its unfathomable entities, uncaused causes, endless organizations, mysterious laws, and chainless powers, was the world through which he was to roam with the freedom of a freeborn citizen. The map of that world already existed in outline in his own intellectual and moral being. His own being was the door of entrance to that world of spiritual existences of which

"Millions—walk the earth unseen,
Whether we wake or sleep."

In such a study, the heaviest draft would be on his own mental organism. Reading was the smallest part of its labour. Reflection—deep, earnest, protracted reflection,—in which the soul turned inward upon itself, surveyed, as in a mirror, the unseen world of life, activity, and immortality, was the first and ceaseless demand of the subject. The difficulties of his start in the pursuit of knowledge, and the energy that triumphed over them, had eminently qualified him for the toils of his new career. Reading filled his leisure: reflection occupied him while at work. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of abstracting his mind from surrounding objects, and fixing it, like a leech, upon whatever subject occupied his attention. He could read, and rock the cradle; and his profoundest mental investigations were often carried on amidst the din of domestic affairs. His works, which have

given his name to fame, and will waft it to immortality, were written, not in the solitude of the study, but amidst the hammering of heel-taps and the cries of children. He had no study—no retirement. "I write," he said, "amid the cries and cradles of my children, and frequently when I review what I have written, endeavour to cultivate 'the art to blot.'" During the day, he wrote down "the shreds and patches" of thought and argument. At night, he elaborated them into form and unity. "His usual seat, after closing the business of the day, was a low nursing chair beside the kitchen fire. Here, with the bellows on his knees for a desk, and the usual culinary and domestic matters in progress around him, his works, prior to 1805, were chiefly written."

The first production of Mr. Drew's pen was a defence of Christianity, in answer to what a celebrated Irish barrister has called "that most abominable abomination of all abominable abominations, 'Tom Paine's Age of Reason.'" It was elicited by circumstances no less attractive in their nature than they proved to be beneficial to the spiritual interests of one of the parties. Amongst the friends drawn to Mr. Drew by his literary pursuits and the attractions of his expanding intellect, was a young gentleman, a surgeon, schooled in the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Hume. Confirmed in infidelity himself, he sought to shake the religious convictions of the pious and strong-minded, but humble shoemaker. They had frequently discussed abstruse questions of ethics; especially the nature of evidence, and the primary source of moral principles. When Paine's "Age of Reason" appeared, he procured it, and fortified himself with its objections against Revelation; and, assuming a bolder tone, commenced an undisguised attack on the Bible. Finding his own arguments ineffectual, he proffered the loan of the book, stipulating that he should read it attentively, and give his opinions with candour after a careful inspection. During its perusal the various points of its attack on Christianity were brought under discussion. Mr. Drew made notes of these conversations. Ere they closed, the surgeon began to waver in his confidence in the "Age of Reason;" and

the ultimate result was that he transferred his doubts from the Bible to Paine, and died an humble believer in the truth of Christianity, and in cheerful hope of the glory, honour, and immortality it brings to light. The notes of Mr. Drew were subsequently remodelled and offered to the public. Its appearance produced a powerful impression in behalf of religion, then most virulently assailed by the combined forces of French Atheism and English Deism. It placed its author upon commanding ground as a profound thinker and a skilful debater; and attracted to him a larger class of more distinguished and powerful friends. This first-born of his brain was published in 1799. It was followed in rapid succession by several other pamphlets; one a poem of six hundred lines, rich in thought, but too local in subject, and less fanciful than popular taste in "the art of poetry" required; the other was a defence of his church against the attack of one in whom the qualities of author, magistrate, and clergyman were blended. His defence was as successful in refuting the assault, as it was, in the mildness and manliness of its spirit, in converting the assailant into a personal friend.

In 1802, Mr. Drew issued a larger work, a volume alone sufficient to stamp his name with immortality. It was on the "Immortality and Immateriality of the Human Soul." It is a masterpiece of profound thinking, acute reasoning, and logical accuracy. The English language boasts no superior work on the subject.

It made a strong impression on the public mind, and attracted a large number of learned men to the obscure, but profound, metaphysician of St. Austell. The history of the volume furnishes an interesting page in the life of authorship. When finished, it was offered to a Cornish publisher for the sum of ten pounds. But he could not risk such an amount on the work of one "unknown to fame." It was then published by subscription, and the edition was exhausted long before the demand for it was supplied. Many years after this, Dr. Clarke said Mr. Drew was "a child in money matters." The occasion before us justifies the remark. Afraid of the risk of a second edition, he sold the copyright to a British bookseller for twenty pounds and thirty

copies of the work. Before the expiration of the copyright, it had passed through four editions in England, two in America; and had been translated and published in France. The author survived the twenty-eight years of the copyright, and it became his property. He then gave it a final revision, and sold it for *two hundred and fifty pounds*. A fact that proves its sterling value.

His *Essay on the Soul* was followed, in the course of a few years, by another work, not less abstruse, and certainly not less important to the future destiny of the human race: "The Identity and General Resurrection of the Human Body." His former work had surprised the critics of the day. This confounded them. They knew not what to think of the man; and they were afraid to adventure in a review, upon the vast and profound ocean of metaphysics, over which he sailed with the freedom of a rover, bearing a flag that held out a challenge to the world. The editors of several Reviews, as did also the publisher, courted a criticism of the work. But they could find no one able and willing to attempt it. At length one of them ventured to ask the author for a criticism on his own work, as the only person competent to do it justice. The request stirred his indignation. "Such things," was his reply, "may be among the tricks of trade; but I will never soil my fingers with them." But it went not without a notice. It was reviewed in two weeks. But the verdict of the public is recorded in the fact of the rapid sale of nearly fifteen hundred copies.

The improvement of Mr. Drew's circumstances has been spoken of. He had not grown rich. The gain of a *little time* for mental pursuits, was all the wealth his literary labours had secured. His publications gave him fame as an author, and attracted friends ardent and anxious to assist him; but they contributed very little to his release from the daily avocations of his shop. He was still poor; and, to gain daily bread for himself and his family, he was compelled to "stick to his last." Even at this period of his life, he concluded a letter to a distinguished antiquarian of London, with the remark: "I am now writing on a piece of leather, and have no time to copy or correct." Yet, in reading his pages, while the mind is

stretched to its utmost tension to compass the depth and elevation of his thoughts, it is almost impossible to realize that they were written on a piece of leather in the midst of his workmen, or in the chimney corner, with a bellows on his knee, and with one foot rocking a brawling child to sleep. It is, nevertheless, a reality; and adds new confirmation to the hackneyed remark that "truth is stranger than fiction." As late as 1809, Professor Kidd, of Aberdeen, wrote to him as follows: "When I read your address, I admired your mind, and felt for your family; and from that moment began to revolve how I might assist merit emerging from hardships. I have at length conceived a way which will in all likelihood, put you and your dear infants in independence." The plan of the Professor was to induce Mr. Drew to enter the lists for a prize of twelve hundred pounds for an essay on "The Being and Attributes of God." He entered, but did not win, much to the sorrow of his kind-hearted adviser. But the work, in two volumes, was subsequently published, and augmented the fame of "The Metaphysical Shoemaker."

By the agency of his friend, Dr. Clarke, he was engaged to write for several Reviews, "receiving — guineas for every printed sheet." He also commenced lecturing to classes on grammar, history, geography, and astronomy. Several years were spent in these employments. They paved his way, and prepared him to enter a larger field of labour, on a more elevated platform of life.

In 1819 he was invited to Liverpool, to take the management of the "Imperial Magazine," published by the Caxtons. He accepted it, and parted with his awl and ends. This was a new enterprise, both to the editor and the proprietor. But it succeeded to admiration. His own reputation attracted seven thousand patrons at the start. Whatever may have been the tastes of Mr. Drew as to dress, he had never been in circumstances that allowed of much attention to his personal appearance. The family of Dr. Clarke, who now resided near Liverpool, and who were warmly attached to him, set themselves to reform his costume, and polish his manners. An epigram of the Doctor's comprises a full-length likeness of the figure he presented.

"Long was the man, and long was his hair,
And long was the coat which this long
man did wear."

He was passive under the management of his young friends; and they did not pause until a manifest change in the outside man was effected. When he next visited St. Austell, he was congratulated upon his juvenile appearance. "These girls of the Doctor's," he said, "and their acquaintances, have thus metamorphosed me." His residence at Liverpool was abridged by the burning of the Caxton establishment. The proprietors resolved to transfer their business to London; and they could not leave their able and popular editor behind them. He accordingly repaired to the metropolis. Here all the works issued from the Caxton press passed under his supervision. He augmented his own fame, and multiplied the number of his learned friends. Of his labours he says: "Besides the magazine, I have at this time six different works in hand, either as author, compiler, or corrector. 'Tis plain, therefore, I do not want work; and while I have strength and health, I have no desire to lead a life of idleness; yet I am sometimes oppressed with unremitting exertion, and occasionally sigh for leisure which I cannot command." But leisure came not till the weary wheels of life stood still in 1833.

A Chinese proverb says, "Time and patience will change a mulberry leaf into a silk dress." They have wrought greater wonders than this in the intellectual and moral world. As illustrative of their power in any pursuit of life, how attractive and impressive are the incidents in the history of the poor Shoemaker of St. Austell. Through their agency, vice, ignorance, and poverty were transmuted into virtue, knowledge, and independence; a youth of idleness was followed by a manhood of industrious diligence, and an age dignified by success in the noblest aspirations that can swell the human breast. To the student, the lover of knowledge, the aspirant for literary distinction and usefulness, such histories have a voice whose utterance is a melody of encouragement. Drew's life is a beacon blazing on the coast of time; himself a star of the first magnitude, brilliant in the firmament of truth, serene in its orbit, endless in the sweep of its influence.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

ROGER WILLIAMS was the founder and lawgiver of the State of Rhode Island in America. He was born at Conwyl Cayo, near Lampeter, in the County of Carinarden, South Wales, in 1606. His father was a small landed proprietor, and lived upon his ancestral estate, called *Maestroidlyn*, in the hamlet of *Maestroidlyn*. There are no records however of his early life, and we are left entirely in the dark respecting the character of his parents. It is nevertheless, more than probable that they were God-fearing people, and that Roger was nurtured and brought up in the fear of the Lord. For, towards the close of his long life he says, "From my childhood, now about threescore years, the Father of lights and mercies touched my soul with a love to himself, to his only begotten the true Lord Jesus, and to his holy scriptures." It is at all events certain, that love to God was the governing influence of his life, and the rule of all his actions and enterprizes. We shall have ample opportunity hereafter to prove the truth of this assertion, and to set forth the practical results of the religion which he professed. For no one was ever more faithful to his convictions, more devoted to his Master's work, or more unceasing in his efforts to promote the temporal as well as the spiritual happiness of his fellow men. With him, religion was a vital and all-absorbing principle; not a theory, but a divine reality, expanding the living spirit within him, and filling him with a boundless and immeasurable love. Hence his life was full of beauty, and adorned with all the virtues and graces which mark the highest Christian character. It is at once cheering and ennobling to behold how bravely he bears himself under the burden of his great difficulties; with what forgiveness and compassion he regards his persecutors; how readily he helps them in their necessities; and how firmly, and yet meekly and lovingly, he insists upon the truth which separates him from his brethren. This truth, viz., that the civil magistrate has no right to interfere in any matters of conscience, he carried with him into the wilderness, after his banishment from New England for maintaining it, and finally incorporated it in the constitution of

the Colony which he founded in Rhode Island.

Williams was the first man that made the grand principle of toleration the foundation of government. Up to his time, and indeed long afterwards, there was a very imperfect apprehension of religious freedom. Protestantism had certainly announced the right of private judgment, the right of every man to think and act according to the dictates of his own conscience, but such was the power and influence of human tradition and authority, that no man could exercise this right with impunity, if he violated either the one or the other. From the reign of Henry the Eighth downwards, the state had always been invested with the power of punishing refractory confessors persons, that is, who could not sanction the established doctrines and the established modes of worship. Ecclesiastical synods arrogated to themselves the right of giving their own interpretation to the sacred scriptures; they abjured the Pope of Rome, to set themselves up in his place; and private consciences were made amenable to these priestly tribunals. Even the Puritans, to whom we owe so much, and who claimed so much for themselves, would recognize no man as a Christian who differed from them in what they held—and what essentially were, perhaps—points of scriptural doctrine; and many of their great leaders denounced unlimited toleration, as subversive of Christianity, of public morals, and of social law and order. The great distinguishing principle, therefore, which lies at the base of Roger Williams's character as a minister, a public teacher and a lawgiver, is, as before stated, this: that he denied the right of councils in relation to the scriptures, and of the state to punish them for disbelief. A man's belief, he said, rested between him and God: abandon this truth, and we open the door to endless persecutions and all manner of evil feelings and unchristian ways. For himself he adopted this truth with the fervour of an apostle, and practised it in all his dealings with men. Intimidation, suffering, scorn, contumely, and wrong, could not make him swerve one step from his purpose, or move him from the high vantage ground which he assumed and occupied. The history

of this man, therefore, is intensely interesting and instructive. The true martyr spirit was in him—the true Christian spirit; and he was certainly one of the wisest and most learned men of his time. Even those good old Puritans who condemned him at Boston for his speculative opinions, honoured him for his character and Christian virtues. Not a breath of slander ever stained his spotless name, even when theological hatred was at its highest, and all the passions which bigotry and a mistaken zeal engender and call forth were most active against him.

There was no selfishness in his nature, no pride, no vindictiveness. From first to last he was a noble-minded, great hearted, wise and pious Christian. His devotion to his Colony and the immense sacrifices which he made for it, are beyond all praise, and prove him to be as patriotic as he was godly.

One cannot but regret that so little is known of his early life, and that we have no means of tracing the growth of his mind and character from youth to manhood. His good parents, no doubt, sowed the seed which subsequently germinated and produced so beneficent a harvest. But we can only infer this from the passage already quoted from Williams's letters—we have no authentic account of them. It appears, however, from the archives of the University, that he entered Jesus College at Oxford, in 1624, on the 30th of April, when he was only eighteen years of age. He had previously lived for a short time in London, and had attracted the notice of Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, by the accuracy of his short-hand notes of speeches delivered in the Star Chamber. He was not then more than fifteen years old, but why he was in London, or for what object, does not appear. In a note attached to one of Williams's letters, which he addressed long afterwards to Mrs. Sadleir, daughter of Sir Edward Coke, it is stated that the good knight sent Williams, out of real liking for him and his talents, to Sutton's Hospital, now the Charter House; and the records of the Hospital show that he was elected a scholar of that Institution, June 25th, 1621, and that he obtained an exhibition, July 9th, 1624.

How long Williams remained at Oxford there are no means of determining;

but his writings, and his communion with some of the finest scholars of England and America, prove that he did not neglect the opportunity of learning which the beneficence of Sir Edward had thrown into his way. It is said that after Williams had graduated, he studied law for a short time, under his great patron; and it is certain that his public documents connected with Rhode Island, bear evidence of great legal skill and knowledge. But there is no good authority for this statement, although it is by no means improbable. One thing, however, is clear, viz., that he was admitted to Holy Orders in the Church of England before his arrival in America; and from a passage in his reply to the Rev. John Cotton, where he speaks of riding with that gentleman and the Rev. Mr. Hooker to and from Sempringham, it is not unlikely that he was settled over some church in Lincolnshire. Mr. Cotton was for twenty years a minister in Boston, before he went to America, and Dr. Williams was, during the greater part of that time, Bishop of Lincoln. Now, the fact that Cotton was a purely evangelical man, and an opponent of the oppressions, persecutions, and foolish formalisms invented or restored by Archbishop Laud, and that Dr. Williams was known to favour the Puritan views, renders the supposition that Roger Williams was settled in the diocese of Lincoln very probable. For he would naturally seek for the fellowship and spiritual communion of related souls, and plant himself where he would be freest to follow the dictates of his own conscience in regard to preaching and worship. At length, however, when Cotton, Hooker, Higginson, and other godly ministers, had been prohibited, by the influence of Laud, to preach any more in their own way, Williams—who must either preach in *his*, or not at all—seems to have abandoned his charge, and to have fled to America, for “freedom to worship God.”

He accordingly arrived at Boston on the 5th of February, 1631, after a voyage of sixty-six days, in the *Lyon*, having sailed from Bristol. Eleven years before, the Pilgrim Fathers, as the first colonists of New England are called, landed on the same shores, in the little ship, *May Flower*, and established themselves at a place which they

called Plymouth. They were also driven from their native country for conscience' sake, and from 1608 to 1620 (which last date is the period when they landed on the shores of Massachusetts), they were exiles at Leyden, in Holland, for this cause. Now on the arrival of Williams, they had built up a republic and a civilization. Various settlements known by the name of the "Colony of Massachusetts Bay" had sprung up, and the whole were constituted a body politic and corporate, by the royal charter of Charles I., executed 1629, with power to elect annually their own Governor from the free men of the Bay, their Deputy Governor and eighteen assistants, and to enact their own laws, which were to be according to the spirit of the laws of England. They were now absolute, therefore, in their own right, and, having such powers—such large immunities and liberties awarded to them—they attracted great numbers of Nonconformists from the mother country, amongst whom were 200 under the charge of the Rev. Francis Higginson, 1629. Two years later—as we have seen—Roger Williams also came amongst them; and here we must inquire, for a moment, into the real condition—so far as spiritual freedom is concerned—of these colonies at that time.

The truth is, and we say it with sorrow, that they did not know what spiritual freedom was;—that is to say, what liberty of conscience was. They had dissented from prelacy, and had been persecuted by the prelatical party in England for that dissent, which in *their* case they deemed to be absolutely wrong; but they would not allow any one to dissent from *them*, without in their turn becoming persecutors. The Bible was God's word, and they were the interpreters of it. If any one differed with them, they invoked the power of the civil magistrate to punish him, to imprison or to banish him. This was the grand error of the Reformation itself; for, by allying the state with the church, the early reformers recognized the right of the state to rule the church, and coerce the consciences of the people to the established formula of belief. It was placing the magistrate upon the throne of God, and ignoring the liberty of the human soul. Neither the Puritans of New England, nor, indeed, the religious

parties in Old England, saw this: they had not yet grown out of the *political* idea of the Reformation; and it required long years of thought and struggle to enable them, and the religious world, to see that God alone could be man's judge in matters of conscience.

Roger Williams was the pioneer of this truth in the new colonies, and, as we said, the first incorporator of it in the government of a state. A short time after his arrival in America, he became an assistant to the Rev. Mr. Skelton, pastor of the church at Salem. The magistrates, however, interfered to prevent his appointment, on account of certain opinions he held, which were, they said, a "breach of the first table." The general court of the colony met also at Boston, and expressed their disapprobation in the matter, desiring the church of Salem to annul the contract. This, however, they would not do; and boldly stood out against the magistrates, regarding the attempt made to coerce them as unjust and arbitrary. On the 18th of May following, Williams took the necessary oath, and became a freeman of the colonies. On the same day the general court ordered, "That no man for the time to come shall be admitted to the freedom of the body politic, but such as are members of some of the churches within the limits of the same." This suicidal policy could not fail to arouse the spirit of Williams, and make him warn the government of the dangerous consequences which must inevitably result from it. "It was," he said, "to pluck up the roots and foundations of all common society in the world; to turn the garden and paradise of the church and saints into the field of the civil state of the world, and to reduce the world to the first chaos or confusion." For, "not only was the door of calling to magistracy shut against natural and unregenerate men, though excellently fitted for civil offices, but also against the best and ablest servants of God, except they be entered into church estate." Such were the views and speeches of Williams upon this extraordinary enactment, which it was soon afterwards found necessary to repeal. The magistrates, however, never forgave him or the church at Salem, for acting against their expressed wishes and remonstrances, but commenced and continued a course of systematic oppression and persecu-

tion against them. At last Williams was obliged to leave, and took refuge in the colony of Plymouth. Here he became assistant to the Rev. Ralph Smith; and Governor Bradford speaks in terms of the warmest affection and reverence for him during his stay there. The Puritans of Plymouth were wiser and more scriptural in their notions of church government than the colonists of Massachusetts; they had entirely separated from the church of England before they left Holland; and it was a fundamental maxim with them, that the temporal power could have no authority over the church. Hence the general peace and prosperity of that colony, and the cordial welcome which greeted Williams on his arrival, and the respect which was paid him during his residence amongst them.

The condition of the colonies, with respect to defence against the Indians, was at this time anything but satisfactory. They were not bound together by any act of federation; but were isolated, and consequently weak. It was in the power of the Indians, by a general rising, to have cut them all off, root and branch! And the colonists seem to have been aware of this, although for a long time afterwards they took no steps for mutual defence. Williams however, not only saw the danger to which they were exposed, but determined to prevent it falling upon them, if possible, by going forth alone into the wilderness and trying to conciliate the Indians. Accordingly, during his residence at Plymouth, he made frequent excursions amongst them, studied their language, and by his invariable kindness and firmness, established a good understanding between them and the colonists. "God was pleased to give me a painful, patient spirit," he says, "to lodge with them in their filthy, smoky holes, even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem, to gain their language." And no other person ever had so much influence with the Indians in the purchase of lands, treaties, and councils, as he; because they knew him, and trusted his word. He never deceived them; but was to the last their friend. He used to talk to them about the Great Spirit, and his whole soul was moved for their conversion to the religion of Christ. He well knew, however, the difficulties which lay before him in this respect, and proceeded

slowly in the unfolding of his gospel news to them, relying more at present upon the influence of his own character and example over them than upon doctrines and precepts.

After Williams had been in Plymouth two years, he received a call to return to Salem, the good old minister of the church, Mr. Skelton, being too infirm to discharge his duties. There was a great struggle amongst his Plymouth congregation to keep him; but he felt that he must return to his old charge; and so in August, 1633, he resumed his labours amongst them; many of the Plymouth brethren following him, and changing their residence to Salem, that they might have the benefit of his advice and teaching.

Williams had not been long in Salem before a fresh occasion of difference offered, upon which he felt bound to speak. The ministers in the Bay and Saugus had established a fortnightly meeting, where some question of moment was debated; and Mr. Skelton, as well as Williams, took some exception against it, fearing, from the experience which they had of ecclesiastical usurpation in England, that it might grow in time to a presbytery, or superintendency, to the prejudice of the church's liberty. This exception, which was a truly conscientious one, the ministers regarded as an officious interference, and it opened afresh the ancient breach between them and the church of Salem. Williams was truly sorry for this; but he was so jealous of religious and civil liberty, that he could not have acted otherwise. He was thoroughly conscientious, and boldly, without fear of consequences, spoke out the thought that was in him. In a treatise which he addressed to the governor and council of Plymouth, he disputed their right to the lands which they occupied, and concluded, "That claiming by the King's Grant, they could have no title, nor otherwise, unless they compounded with the natives." A copy of this treatise he sent, during his second residence in Salem, to the governor and assistants at Boston; and they met on the 27th December, 1633, to consider it. The truth is, they did not understand Williams; they attributed his opposition to many things which he saw in the colonies, to a spirit and love of interference, whereas, it was the opposite of all this. He was naturally

a retiring, unobtrusive man; but his convictions made him bold; and he knew that there was no hope for liberty in America if everything that threatened liberty were not met bravely—were not throttled and overthrown. The good ministers of Boston, who were loyal to the back-bone, thought they saw in Williams' treatise *disloyalty*, and an endeavour to throw off the yoke of allegiance to the King of England. But they were mistaken, and afterwards acknowledged that they were. Williams was always ready to obey the civil power, except when it interfered with his spiritual rights; and this the Boston ministers afterwards learned. In August, 1634, he was regularly appointed to the office of teacher in the church of Salem; and although the magistrates sent to the church requesting that they would *not* appoint him, they abided by their own right, and set the magistrates at defiance. This was pronounced "contempt of authority!" and brought with it terrible penalties, as we shall see. For in April, 1635, Williams was summoned before the court of Boston, charged with teaching publicly that a magistrate should not tender an oath to an unregenerate man, &c. &c., and, after unheard-of persecutions, he was banished for ever from the New England colonies.

Williams bore the sentence meekly, and with a high and brave heart, for he would have died rather than have neglected a single opportunity of protesting against the right of the civil magistrate to interfere between him and God in any matter of conscience, and it will be evident to all impartial readers, that this was the true ground of his banishment.

Williams brought a wife with him when he first came to America, and he had now a family of young children. These he was compelled to leave in the middle of January, 1636, and whilst the horrible cold pierced to his very bones, he sought under the direction of Governor Winthrop,—who was his friend—the wilderness, in the neighbourhood of Narragansett Bay. He first of all planted himself at Seekonk, but the governor of Plymouth professing his own and others' love and respect to him, advised him, since he was fallen upon the edge of their bounds, and they were loth to displease

the Bay, to remove on the other side of the water where the country would be free before him." These were the joint understandings of these two wise and eminently Christian governors, and others in their day, together with their council and advice as to the freedom and vacancy of this place, which in this respect," says good Roger Williams, writing long afterwards, "and many other providences of the Most Holy and only Wise, I called *Providence*."

"When Roger Williams left Salem,* it appears that he made his way through the desolate wilderness to Ousamequin, or Massasoit, the Sachem of the Pokanokets, who resided at Mount Hope, near the present town of Bristol, Rhode Island. This famous chief occupied the country north, from Mount Hope as far as Charles River. He had known Mr. Williams at Plymouth, and had often received from him tokens of kindness, and now the aged Sachem extended to the friendless exile, hospitality and protection. Mr. Williams obtained from this chief a tract of land on the Seekonk River, where he was soon joined by several of his friends from Salem. This territory was within the limits of the Plymouth colony; and under a mistaken apprehension as to the bounds of the patent, his first location was (as we have seen) on the east side of the Seekonk River, which separates Massachusetts from Rhode Island. At this place where he had begun to build and plant, new and unexpected disappointments awaited him, for he received intelligence from his friend Governor Winslow that he had fallen into the edge of their bounds." Although Williams recognized the Indians as the only rightful proprietors of the land, and had bought a title from their chief Sachem, yet he immediately resolved to comply with the friendly advice of the governor of Plymouth. He accordingly embarked in a canoe with five others, and proceeded down the Seekonk River in quest of another spot, to found a separate colony, where the secular arm should have no dictation or control in the concerns of religion. Tradition reports that as the little bark approached the eastern

* Life of Roger Williams. London
Albert Cockshaw.

banks of the river at a place now called "Whatcheer Cove," Williams saw a company of Indians, on the heights of the western banks of the stream, who greeted him with the friendly salutation—"Wha-cheer, netop? Wha-cheer."

"After landing, and exchanging salutations with the natives, he again embarked and passing round the headlands, now known as Indian Point, and Fox Point, he proceeded up the river on the west side of the peninsula, to a spot near the mouth of the Mooshausick. Here Williams and his companions landed, and upon the slope of the hill that rises from the river, commenced the first settlement of Rhode Island."

The town which he here founded he called *Providence*, in gratitude to God for all his kindness to him in the midst of his distress and difficulties. This event took place in the spring of 1636,—probably, says his biographer, "in the latter part of June."

Having thus brought the life of Williams down to the settlement of Rhode Island, it will be necessary to give a slight sketch of the Indian tribes occupying New England at this time, especially since Williams' future career was so intimately connected with them. "The Pokanokets inhabited the territory of the colony of Plymouth. This tribe included several tributaries, among whom were the Wampanoags, the particular tribe of Massasoit who welcomed the pilgrims to the soil of New England, and opened his lodge to shelter the founder of Rhode Island. . . . The Narragansetts held dominion over nearly all the territory which afterwards formed the colony of Rhode Island, including the Islands in the Bay, and a portion of Long Island. They were the most civilized, and faithful to the English of all the New England tribes. They had cultivated some of their lands, and were skilful in making *wampum*,—a kind of beads made of shells, in use among the natives as money. They were also the most ingenious manufacturers of pendants, bracelets, stone tobacco pipes, and earthen vessels for cooking and other domestic uses. They were a numerous tribe, and though less warlike than their neighbours, they could raise more than four thousand fighting men. The Pequods and Mohicans, the fiercest

and most warlike of the New England savages, occupied the greater part of that which is now the state of Connecticut. They were treacherous as well as powerful, and were hostile to the English. The Massachusetts dwelt chiefly about the Bay which bears their name. "The Sachems," says Williams, "although they have an absolute monarchy over the people, yet they will not conclude aught that concerns all, their laws or subsidies, or wars, unto which the people are averse, and by gentle persuasion cannot be brought. There were also subordinate chiefs called Sagamores, who hold a limited authority."

The languages and dialects of the various Indian tribes in America have been computed at 1214. Williams published in 1643, "*A Key to the Indian Languages in America*;" and it was his knowledge of the chief of these languages which gave him such influence amongst the Indians themselves. Canonicus, and Miantonomoh were the principal chiefs on the Rhode Island side of New England when Williams landed, and their place of residence was the Island of Canonicus, in the Narragansett Bay, about thirty miles south of Providence. The government of the tribes in subjection to them devolved mostly on Miantonomoh, Canonicus being too infirm to administer its functions and duties. It was to these chiefs then, that Williams went for a grant of land when he landed at Rhode Island. He had known them long before, and had spared no cost towards them in tokens and presents, as he says himself, many years before he came in person to the Narragansett, and these presents and various acts of kindness which he had rendered to the tribe, made the chiefs welcome him amongst them. Two years later, in March, 1638, a deed was drawn up between them, granting "certain lands and meadows lying upon the two rivers, called Mooshausick and Wanasquackett"—to Williams and his heirs for ever. They likewise made him a free gift of all the land lying between the abovenamed rivers, and the Pawlaxet.

Williams was obliged to mortgage his house and lands in Salem, to enable him to make additional presents to the Sachems, and to remove his wife and children to the new settlements.

Having accomplished this, and being joined by numerous persons, desirous of co-operating with him, he was soon in a condition to enjoy the fruits of his labour. After all the storms through which he had passed, and the persecutions which he had suffered, it must have been a happy moment to him when he saw his beloved wife and children around him, and the friendly faces of old and loving neighbours. Here, at least, on his own lands, he should have rest and liberty, none daring to make him afraid for conscience' sake. All persons who joined him were required to sign an article—a covenant of citizenship—the base of which was, that conscience should be free, and that the magistrate should not interfere with its fullest expression. He was desirous only to found a colony where men might be happy. He did not covet wealth, but was generous and unselfish, almost to a fault; for his own family often suffered from these things. Neither would he accept a recompense for any lands which he granted to the original settlers, but divided them equally amongst all, and kept only an equal share for himself. The government of the settlement was conducted, for many years afterwards, by the citizens, who made their own laws, and executed them.

A short time after Williams' arrival at Providence he was disturbed, however, by the news that a terrible calamity hung over all the New England Colonies. The Pequods were endeavouring to form a league amongst the neighbouring tribes, to exterminate these colonies. A party of traders in a sloop had already been attacked near Block Island, and one of them was murdered. Williams immediately despatched a letter to Governor Vane, at Boston, communicating the intelligence, both of the murder and the proposed league. He forgot the persecutions he had suffered at the hands of his brethren, and sought only to warn them of their danger and to save them. The magistracy of Massachusetts, although they would not allow him so much as to *live* in any part of their territory, now besought him to use his influence with the Narragansetts, to prevent them and their allies from joining this terrible league. Williams immediately set out alone, in a poor canoe, and cut his way "through a stormy

wind, with great seas, every minute is hazard of life," to the Sachem's house "Three days and nights," he says "my business forced me to lodge and mix with the bloody Pequod ambassadors, whose hands and arms, methought reeked with the blood of my countrymen, murdered and massacred by them on Connecticut river; and from whom I could not but nightly look for their bloody knives at my own throat also. God wondrously preserved me, and helped me to break to pieces the Pequod's negotiation and design; and to make and finish, by many travels and changes, the English league with the Narragansetts and Mohegans against the Pequods."

The Pequods, however, were not to be driven from their purpose, but determined to maintain the war alone. They attacked the fort of Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut river after murdering many poor settlers in the fields, in the midst of their peaceful occupations. The colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut immediately rose, and sent their united forces against the Pequods. These forces marched by way of Providence and were hospitably received by Williams, who accompanied the expedition into the Narragansett country, where by his influence, he established a mutual confidence between the troops and the Indians. "He then returned to Providence, and, at the request of the commander, during the war, which continued nearly a year, he acted as a medium of intercourse between the army and the government of Massachusetts. The war was terminated by an attack upon Mystic Fort, near a river of that name in Connecticut, made by Major Mason in May, 1637. About five or six hundred Pequods had taken refuge in this fort, and fortified it with palisades, which offered but a feeble defence against the military tactics and fire-arms of the English. The action lasted an hour, and terminated in the burning of the fort and the destruction of all its inmates, excepting a few prisoners. A short time after this a considerable number of the Pequods were killed in a battle in a great swamp, and the surviving remnant of the tribe, about 200, surrendered. A solemn thanksgiving was proclaimed in the colony of Massachusetts Bay after this victory; but although it was

debated in Council, whether Roger Williams did not deserve to be thanked for his great services during the war; although it was, humanly speaking, absolutely certain that he had saved all the colonies from destruction; yet such were the ingratitude and intolerance of the Massachusetts authorities, that they would *not* thank him! So true it is, that nothing can so effectually steel the human heart, and blunt the edge of human justice, as bigotry; and yet it was not unkindness after all; it was a mistaken sense of duty.

The settlement of Providence rapidly increased by the arrival of persons from Europe; it was the only settlement where real freedom of conscience could be enjoyed; and so jealous were the people of any infringement of the great principle upon which their constitution was founded, that when one of their settlers refused to allow his wife to attend Mr. Williams's ministry, they called a town meeting, and unanimously resolved that he should be deprived of the liberty of *voting* until he mended his ways. In the meantime religious differences continued to exist in Massachusetts, and the magistrates and ministers together could not put them down. Mrs. Anne Hutchinson held certain notions not recognized by them, upon the nature of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost—the connection between sanctification and justification, etc., and held meetings at her own house. She was tried, found guilty of *heresy*, and banished from the colony. Her brother-in-law, and another advocate of her opinion, shared the same sentence. Sixty citizens, of Boston, suspected of holding views similar to hers, were ordered to give up their arms and ammunition, and forbidden to buy others, for fear they should disturb the peace of the town. The result of all this persecution was, that great numbers left Boston, under John Clarke, a physician, and settled at Aquetneck, now called Rhode Island, having purchased this and other islands in the Narragansett Bay, of the Indians, through the influence of Williams. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson soon joined the little colony, and her fate was sad enough. Her husband died 1642, and she removed to New York. The next year she was murdered by the Indians, and all the

members of her family, amounting to sixteen persons, shared the same fate, with the exception of one daughter, who was carried into captivity.

Further on we find that troubles came to the colony of Rhode Island, through the zeal and over tenderness of the conscience of a person named Greene, who addressed a letter to the general court of Massachusetts (March 1638), which was then in session. Greene was a citizen of Providence, and had been fined and imprisoned whilst he was in New England, for saying, "that the magistrates had usurped upon the power of Christ in his church." This letter of Greene's, which appears to have been another remonstrance with the magistrates upon the same subject, gave such offence that they immediately resolved, "that any inhabitant of Providence, found within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, who would not disclaim the charges in the said letter, should be sent home, and charged to come no more within that jurisdiction, upon pain of imprisonment and further censure." And as it happened, that all the citizens of Providence believed the charges made by Greene to be true, so it followed that they could no longer trade with the citizens of Massachusetts Bay, or with the Indians dwelling therein. Williams, in speaking of this severe and most unjust enactment, says, that "thousands of pounds would not repay him for the losses he sustained in being debarred from Boston, the chief mart and port of New England, and from trading with the English and natives of Massachusetts." The colony of Providence suffered of course proportionably; indeed, it seems, for some time afterwards, to have been in a state of actual want: Williams says, "He had to work day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe and at the oar, for bread."

Still Williams never neglected an opportunity to do good to his persecutors; and governor Winthrop's Journal contains many entries of friendly service rendered even at this time to the colonies of Massachusetts. His sense of justice was high, and required imperial satisfaction. The treaties he had made with the Indians he kept to the letter, and punished without mercy all persons within his jurisdic-

tion who violated them. Four young men, who had been servants at Plymouth, and had fled from their masters, met a solitary Indian on their way and killed him. The deed was done within the limits of the Plymouth colony, and the perpetrators sought refuge in Providence, where they were hospitably received, Williams being ignorant of their crime. After they left Providence he heard of it, and immediately sent after them, arrested them, and handed them over to the authorities at Plymouth. One escaped, but the other three were tried and executed in the presence of Williams and the Indians.

This act of summary justice confirmed the good opinion which the Indians had all along entertained of Williams, and increased his influence with them.

The history of Providence up to the year 1642 is chequered with the usual and inevitable good and evil fortunes of a young colony. At that time a confederacy of all the colonies was instituted for mutual defence, except those of Providence and Rhode Island. Nothing would induce the other colonies to admit these within their bonds, and they were left to the mercy of the Indians, who again threatened to make war upon the settlers. A more cruel and hard-hearted act has seldom been perpetrated: the atrocity of it is heightened when we think of the good which Williams had rendered to the general colonies. Not satisfied with this dire and unchristian proceeding, however, the authorities of Massachusetts laid claim to jurisdiction over the settlements in Narragansett Bay. This claim, however, the said settlements were by no means disposed to agree to; on the contrary, they resolved to oppose it with all their might, and Williams was sent to England to obtain a charter which should defend their rights, and place them upon an independent footing with respect to the other colonies. It was during this voyage that he composed his "Key to the Indian languages." On his arrival in England he found the whole country plunged in civil war. Hampden was dead; Charles had fled from London, and parliament was absolute. Parliament however, was not sure it could remain so, and wished to conciliate the colonies.

The Earl of Warwick was appointed chief governor of them, and empowered with his peers and commons to investigate their affairs. Sir John Vane, who was one of the Earl's council, promoted the views of Williams; indeed had always been his friend. Accordingly a charter was granted the colony of Rhode Island, March 17th, 1644, giving them a freedom they had desired.

During his stay in England, Williams wrote a book entitled "Mr. Cotton's Letter, lately printed, examined, answered; and a quarto of thirty pages, styled, "Queries of His Consideration, proposed to Mr. Thomas Goodwin—presented to the High Court of Parliament, London, 1644." This most celebrated work "The Book of the Tenent," &c., was likewise written this year. But we cannot stop to examine either of them. The Earl, however, took the side of counsel against the law, in matters of religion.

Williams returned to America September 17th, 1644, landing at Boston. He had previously been forbidden to embark or land at that port, but now brought with him a letter signed by many noblemen and members of parliament, to the Boston authorities, urging upon them the duty and necessity of coming to a good understanding with him and the colony of Rhode Island. It was all to no purpose however; they allowed him to pass to Providence, but they did not direct their hearts towards him or his fleet of canoes filled with settlers out however to receive Williams and welcome him back to his own domain.

In the meanwhile, during Williams' absence, the colonists of New England and the Narragansetts had come to rupture. The latter, whose chief had been killed by the Moheicans, resolved to go to war with the former because they had sanctioned this deed; they made an exception in the case of the Rhode Island colonies, on account of their respect to Williams; agreeing to maintain peace with them for ever. Messengers were sent to the Sachem of the tribe from Boston, to appeal for their vengeance and prevent the war. Williams was already in the hot water, the chief Sachem when these messengers arrived, having been sent for, to act as an interpreter between the o

ing parties, and finally persuaded Passacus—the brother of Miantonomoh who was slain—to go to Boston with his other chiefs, to make peace. This was accordingly done, and a treaty was concluded, August, 1645.

Soon after this treaty the several towns of the Providence plantations agreed to organize themselves into a civil government, very like that of the present United States. Disorders, however, crept into the colonies, chiefly through the agency of ignorant persons who came from other colonies, and it required all the talent and energy of Williams to put them down. The chief of these disorders arose from the conduct of William Coddington, who was the leading man of the island. He was a Royalist, and carried his political feelings to such an extent, that he tried to overturn the constitution of the island, and destroy the charter. Williams was not idle during these proceedings, but his efforts were not sufficient to curb the ambition of Coddington, who actually went to England, and by all manner of false statements procured from the Council of State a commission constituting him Governor for life of the islands of Rhode Island and Connecticut. The United Colonies, also, which Williams had benefited in so many ways, and so many times, harassed him from without, laying claim once more to the jurisdiction, and, what is still worse, to the property of Rhode Island. Williams was accordingly requested to go once more to England along with John Clarke, to procure the repeal of Coddington's commission and the confirmation of the original charter. He went, to his great personal and family detriment, having been obliged to sell his trading house at Narragansett, with £100 profit per annum, to defray the expenses of his journey.

It is sufficient to add here, without following him further, that he was successful in his enterprise, although it cost him nearly two years to secure it. During his second visit to England he secured the confidence and esteem of Cromwell, who was then Lord Protector, and the friendship of Milton. On his return to Providence he used all his faculties and influence to restore peace to the divided towns, and to re-establish the government of the Island on its original basis. Sir Henry

Vane addressed a letter also to the Colonists to this effect, which he entrusted to Williams; and at last a meeting of commissioners from all the towns assembled August 31st, 1654, and the articles of union were agreed upon under the existing charter. At the first general election held at Warwick, September 12th, Williams was chosen president of the colony. The Loyalists, however, continued to disturb the general peace, and the authority of Cromwell had to be called in to quell their audacity. On the death of Cromwell, Dr. Clarke who had remained in England after Williams's return, as a sort of agent for the colony, was requested to obtain a new Charter, or a confirmation of the old one from Charles II., which he succeeded in doing. The Articles of it were indeed more favourable to civil and religious freedom than had ever before been granted by an English monarch. It was presented to the general Court at Newport, November 24th, 1663, and was received with unbounded enthusiasm. Thanks were voted to the King, the Earl of Clarendon, and to Dr. Clarke, together with a resolution to pay all his expenses, and to present him with £100. Captain Baxter, who brought the charter, received £30, besides his expenses, from Boston.

Williams had sometime before retired from the presidency. By the provisions of the new charter, the King appointed the first Governor and Assistants, who were to continue in office till the first Wednesday of May next ensuing. Williams was created one of the Assistants; and in May, 1604, was chosen an Assistant at the first general election. He was finally appointed to review the laws, and along with Dr. Clarke, to fix the eastern boundary of the colony.

For nearly 180 years this Charter was the law of Rhode Island. Roger Williams lived to see the noble principles for which he had suffered so much triumphant; and he died in peace on the 10th of May, 1683, aged 78 years. He was buried on his own land near the place, where, forty-seven years before, he first set his foot in the wilderness.

"THOMAS INGOLDSBY."

(REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.)

THE records of literary life are too often the mere narratives of poverty and suffering. They are too frequently the histories of unsuccessful endeavour—of talents misdirected—of opportunities lost—of wearying struggles—and of ultimate gloom and despair. Genius appears to entail upon its possessors a certain disqualification for the minor offices of life. The poet, who can rouse the sympathies of an entire nation—who can bring the tear-drop into the eyes of the aged—who can blanch the bright, beaming cheek of the young—he who, by the wondrous melody of his voice, can excite the sternest passions of the warrior, and the purest throbbings of maternal feeling—he who can strike terror into the hearts of kings, and carry words of hope and consolation to the meanest peasant, may, perchance, in the routine duties of everyday existence, be incapable of fulfilling the most trivial obligations. His soul, soaring upwards through the vastness of infinity, may there, perhaps, find for itself a bright and ethereal abode, but, the earth affords it no resting place. Hence we so frequently find that the lives of gifted men present those varied and contradictory pictures of resoluteness and vacillation—of great power, and abject feebleness—of elevated sentiment, and moral obtuseness—embittering existence, and resulting in the estrangement of the aid, and even of the sympathy, of the world.

Thomas Ingoldsby was not a great poet; and his life is, happily, distinguished by no such features as those which mark the career of many a more gifted bard. Ingoldsby sailed smoothly adown the stream of time, not without sorrows, it is true—for domestic bereavements smote him heavily—but still, without any of those terrible vicissitudes—those capricious alternations of fortune—those fearful tremblings on the abyss of misery, which have almost become characteristic of the lives of the illustrious. He was a man of warm and generous disposition, kindly and conciliating in his manner, and imbued with a true spirit of religion, which, as a minister of the Church of England, he was enabled to evince in the most conclusive and appropriate manner. In-

cessantly engaged in the active duties of his office, his whole life passed away rapidly, but with tranquillity. He was respected and esteemed by a small but intellectual circle of friends, to which his cordial humour and his social merits had endeared him; and his literary achievements were accomplished, not at the bidding of stern necessity—they were not the results of long and laborious thought—but were simply the light-hearted offspring of mirthful fancy, born in the quiet hours of relaxation and enjoyment. Yet these works established for their author a fame in a distinct and peculiar department of literature, such as no writer has ever, perhaps, excelled.

Richard Harris Barham (for "Thomas Ingoldsby" was a mere pseudonym) was born at Canterbury, on the 6th of December, 1788. He succeeded to a small estate, known as Tapton, or Tappington Woods, situate in a pleasant part of the county of Kent, and here his boyhood's days were spent. When at the age of fourteen, he met with an accident, not uncommon to the period, but which, doubtless, influenced, in no small degree, his tastes in after life. Master Richard had become a great boy; he had outgrown the discipline of his home instructors, and it was thought necessary that he should be sent to some public school. St. Paul's School, London, was determined upon, and thither he was duly despatched, by the Dover mail. These were days of slowness, but not of safety. When within about a mile of the metropolis, the horses took fright; the little stranger inside became alarmed; he thrust his arm out of the window just as the coach was overturned; his mangled limb was dragged upon the ground for several yards, and when released from his perilous position, fright and anguish had accomplished so much, that a post-chaise was necessary for the completion of his journey. Kindly tended and nursed by Mrs. Roberts, wife of the head master of St. Paul's School, young Barham yet lay for a long time in great pain and danger, and while slowly recovering from the effects of his injuries, he beguiled the time by poetising, in which laudable exercise he was assisted by the advice and the encouragement of the good doctor and his amiable lady. After remaining a few years at this

seminary, and gaining high honours, Barham went to Oxford, and was entered as a gentleman commoner of Brazenose College. While in this classic institution he became acquainted with several choice spirits, among whom were numbered Lord George Grenville (afterwards Lord Nugent), Cecil Tattersall, the friend of Shelley and Byron, and that inveterate joker, Theodore Hook. The manner in which these collegians employed the time not devoted to laborious investigation and arduous study, may be inferred by the answer which Barham gave, when his non-attendance at chapel was made the subject of complaint by his tutor.

"The fact is," said the witty pupil, "you are too late for me."

"Too late?"

"Yes, sir; I cannot sit up until seven o'clock in the morning. I am a man of regular habits, and, unless I get to bed by four or five, at the latest, I am really fit for nothing next day."

Studies were not, however, neglected, or Barham, in due time, passed his examination, and, bidding farewell to college friends and to college pleasures, became curate of Ashford, in Kent, and, shortly afterwards, of another parish, a few miles distant. After marrying in 1814, he was presented with the living of Snargate, and the curacy of Wareham; and, amid a population, rude, ignorant, and principally engaged in smuggling, he discharged his duties of his office with so much zeal and charity, that he soon became a great favourite with all his congregation. Being accidentally thrown out of a gig, he wrote, during his return to health, a novel called *Baldwin*, of but little merit, and which fell still-born from the press. The injuries he had received by his fall were of a nature requiring abler advice than he could obtain in his own neighbourhood. At the conclusion, therefore, of this literary labour, he hurried up to London for the purpose of consulting Abernethy, and, casually meeting in the street an old friend, who had at his disposal the nomination to a minor canonry of St. Paul's, Barham was appointed to the office, and immediately afterwards exchanged the quietude of a country life for the bustle and anxiety of the metropolis. This change of position brought with it a slight change of

circumstances, and he was now compelled to contribute to several periodical works, in order to meet the additional expenses incurred by his new mode of life. "Gorton's Biographical Dictionary," "John Bull," "The Globe," and "Blackwood," were the recipients of these contributions; and an extract from his diary will show that at this time Barham's labours were not light: "Sit up until three in the morning, working at rubbish for 'Blackwood.' My wife goes to bed at ten, to rise at eight and look after the children. She is the slave of the ring, and I of the lamp."

But these arduous labours were not destined to last for any great length of time, for in 1824 he was appointed priest in ordinary of the Chapel Royal, and was afterwards presented to the incumbency of St. Mary Magdalene, and St. Gregory by St. Paul. Of the excellent manner in which he performed the duties pertaining to these offices, too much cannot be said. He found two parishes torn by jealousies and petty dissensions, united together, in fact, only in name, and he very shortly succeeded, by the urbanity of his manner and the gentleness of his disposition, in healing all differences, and in cementing a feeling of affection between himself and his parishioners, which lasted until death removed him from their presence. To quote the words of his son: "In the pulpit he was not remarkable; less, perhaps, from the want of power, than from a rooted disapproval of anything like oratorical display in such a place—anything, in short, that might seem calculated to convert the house of prayer into a mere theatre of intellectual recreation. It was not, then, as a popular preacher—pleasant to sit under—that he was beloved, still less as a party one. He published no pamphlets, conducted no petitions, nor was his voice lifted up at Exeter Hall; but he was ever watchful over the interests of his people, temporal and eternal. To the poorer portion of his brethren, more especially, did he commend himself, by the kindness and assiduity with which he relieved their necessities and furthered their views. He would bestow as much time and attention in conducting the cause of one of the meanest of these, as though the interests of those nearest and dearest

to him were involved in the result. Never was he so happy, as when engaged in promoting the happiness of others. Verily, he had his reward; for it has probably fallen to the lot of few, in his station of life, to have enjoyed so many and ample opportunities of tasting the luxury of doing good."

The death of a daughter was an event which dimmed, for a while, the brightness of the scene which had opened upon Barham, and he gave expression to the emotions which subdued his spirit, in the following touching lines:—

"Oh, I have watched, with fondest care,
To see my opening floweret blow,
And felt the joy which parents share—
The pride which only fathers know.

"And I have sat, the long, long night,
And marked that tender flower decay—
Not torn abruptly from the sight,
But slowly, sadly, waste away.

"The Spoiler came—yet paused, as though
So mock a victim checked his arm—
Half gave, and half withheld the blow,
As, forced to strike, yet loath to harm."

A warm friendship which existed between Barham and Mrs. Hughes, mother of Doctor Hughes, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, and the correspondent of Southey, Sir Walter Scott, and other literary celebrities, was the means by which the novel of "My Cousin Nicholas" was first brought before the public in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine. Mrs. Hughes was a woman of cultivated mind,—fertile in legendary lore,—and well stored with the treasures of modern literature. It was at her suggestion that "My Cousin Nicholas" was commenced, and by her exhortations that it was finished. But it is quite unworthy of the lady's indulgent fostering. It is a mere string of the wildest, but not always the most amusing practical jokes; and the hero—a scamp utterly devoid of any of those good qualities which are demanded even in an habitual hoaxer—ceases to excite our mirth when we find that he is worthy only of our contempt and disgust. Hoax follows upon hoax, and mischievous practical fun is interwoven with a network of ultra-sentimentality, until the effect produced upon the mind is of the most incongruous description. "My Cousin Nicholas" although con-

taining some amusing scenes of college life, is a gross and violent caricature, in which the only truthfully drawn characters are those which, from their utter insignificance, are quite unworthy of attention. Some of the incidents too are evidently borrowed. The final hoax for instance, by which the rascal Nicholas gains time from his creditors by inserting in the papers an account of his father's death, by which event a large fortune will come into his possession, forcibly reminds us in many respects of Dean Swift's witty joke against Partridge the almanack maker. We have the undertaker gravely attempting to argue a living man into the conviction that he is no longer a denizen of this world. We have the sexton making almost affectionate inquiries concerning the manner in which the departed is to be entombed, and we have the unfortunate victim of these pleasantries in the full glow of passionate vigour appealing on every side for proofs of his own vitality. But in Swift we enjoy the *motive* of the joke, and it is clearly evident to us from the first; while in Barham our feelings are so outraged at its discovery that we cannot appreciate to its full extent the real fun which afterwards arises out of the occurrence. The style and general treatment of the subject are suggestive of Theodore Hook; indeed, we might almost imagine that we were reading a new edition of "Gilbert Gurney," or another contribution to the "Sayings and Doings."

Fortunately the fame of Barham does not rest upon "My Cousin Nicholas;" it is built upon a better, and we are willing to hope a more solid, foundation. In 1837, Bentley's Miscellany was established, with Mr. Charles Dickens for its editor, and a number of distinguished literary men as contributors. Among these, Barham speedily became prominent as the author of eccentric poems under the general title of the Ingoldsby Legends. These works have since been collected into volumes, the third volume completing the series, and they confer upon their author all the honour which, as "Thomas Ingoldsby," he has succeeded in gaining. How long that reputation will endure is a question not easily to be answered; but that it has been most deservedly bestowed cannot admit of doubt. The "Im-

In serious alarm at the Queen's *contumelious*
And menacing tone, at once gave him up
Ely house.

And the rain came down in such sheets as
would stagger a
Bard for a simile short of Niagara.

These two little birds it sore grieves
To see, what so cruel a dodge I call;
So they cover the bodies with leaves,
An interment quite ornithological.

But he grudges, he owns, his departed half-
guinea,
Each Saturday night, when devoured by
chagrin, he
Sits listening to singers whose names end
in *ini*.

No doubt 'twould surprise the pupils at
Guy's,
I am no unbeliever, no man can say
that o'me,
But St. Thomas himself would scarce trust
his own eyes,
If he saw such a thing in his school of
anatomy.

To attempt to convey an idea of the
sustained spirit of mirthfulness which
runs through these productions, would,
of course, be impossible, in brief ex-
tracts like these which we have given;
but they show, in some measure, the
style of versification which Ingoldsby
employed, and of which he was so
great a master. In justice, however,
to the author, we feel emboldened to
make a lengthier extract. The follow-
ing legend, in a slightly condensed
form, is an average specimen of his
powers. The comic and the terrible are
blended strangely, but the alliance is
not inharmonious:—

THE DEAD DRUMMER,

A LEGEND OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

Oh, Salisbury Plain is bleak and bare—
At least, so I've heard many people declare,
For, I fairly confess, I never was there;
Not a shrub, nor a tree,
Nor a bush, can you see—
No hedges, no ditches, no gates, no stiles,
Much less a house, or a cottage, for miles—
It's a very sad thing to be caught in the
rain,
When night's coming on, upon Salisbury
Plain.
Now, I'd have you to know,
That, a great while ago—
The best part of a century, may be or so,

Across this same plain so dull and so dreary,
A couple of travellers, way-worn and weary,
Were making their way;
Their profession, you'd say,
At a single glance, did not admit of a
query;
The pump-handled pig-tail, and whiskers
worn then,
With scarce an exception by seafaring men;
The jacket, the loose trowsers 'bows'd up
together—all
Guiltless of braces as those of Charles
Wetherall;
The pigeon-toed step, and the rollicking
motion,
Bespoke them two genuine sons of the
ocean,
And show'd in a moment their real
characters
(The accent's so placed on that word by
our Jack-Tars).
The one in advance was sturdy and strong,
With arms uncommonly bony and long:
And his Guernsey shirt
Was all pitch and dirt,
(Which sailors don't think inconvenient or
wrong).
He was very broad-breasted,
And very deep-chested,
His sinewy form correspond with the rest
did,
Except as to height, for he could not be
more
At the most, you would say, than some
five feet four,
And, if measured, perhaps had been found
a thought lower.
The other, his friend and companion, was
taller
By five or six inches, at the least, than the
smaller.
From his air and his mien,
It was plain to be seen,
That he was, or had been,
A something between
The real Jack-Tar and the "jolly marine;"
For though he would give an occasional
hitch,
Sailor-like, to his "slops," there was some-
thing the which,
On the whole, savour'd more of the pipe-
clay than pitch.
Such were now the two men who appeared
on the hill—
Harry Waters the tall one, and short
Spanking Bill.
To be caught in the rain, I repeat it again,
Is extremely unpleasant on Salisbury Plain.
And when, with a good soaking shower,
there are blended
Blue lightnings and thunder, the matter's
not mended.
Such was the case in this wild dreary place,
On the day that I'm speaking of now, what
the brace
Of travellers alluded to, quicken'd their pace

Till a good steady walk became more like
 a race,
 To get quit of the tempest which held them
 in chase.
 Louder and louder than mortal gunpow-
 der,
 The heavenly artillery kept crashing and
 roaring—
 The lightning kept flashing, the rain, too,
 kept pouring;
 While they, helter skelter, in vain sought
 for shelter
 From what I've heard termed a "regular
 pelter."
 But the deuce of a screen could be anywhere
 seen,
 Or an object, except that on one of the
 rises—
 An old way-post showed, where the Laving-
 ton road
 Branch'd off to the left from the one to
 Devizes;
 And thither the footsteps of Waters seem'd
 tending,
 Though a doubt might exist of the course
 he was bending,—
 To a landsman, at least, who, wherever he
 goes,
 Is content, for the most part, to follow his
 nose;
 While Harry kept "backing," and "filling,"
 and "tacking,"—
 Three nautical terms, which, I'll wager a
 guinea, are
 Meant to imply, what you ladies and I
 Would call going zig-zag, and not rectili-
 near.
 But here, once for all, let me beg you'll
 excuse
 All mistakes I may make in the words
 sailors use
 Mongst themselves on a cruise,
 Or ashore with the Jews,
 Or in making their court to their Polls and
 their Sues,
 Or addressing those slop-selling females
 afloat—women
 Known in our navy as oddly named boat-
 women.
 The fact is, I can't say I'm versed in the
 school,
 So ably conducted by Marryat and Poole,
 See the last-mentioned gentleman's "Ad-
 miral's Daughter;"
 The grand *vade mecum*,
 For all who to sea come,
 And get the first time in their lives in blue
 water.
 Of course in the use of sea terms you'll
 not wonder
 If I now and then should fall into some
 blunder,
 For which Captain Chancier or Mr. T. P.
 Cooke
 Would call me a "Lubbur" and "Son of a
 sea-cook."

To return to our muttons. This mode of
 progression
 At length upon Spanking Bill made some
 impression.
 "Hullo, messmate, what cheer? how queer
 you do steer."
 Cried Bill, whose short legs kept him still
 in the rear;
 "Why, what's in the wind, Bo,—what is it
 you fear?"
 For he saw in a moment, that something
 was frightening
 His shipmate, much more than the thunder
 and lightning.
 "Fear!" stammered out Waters, "why him,
 don't you see—
 What faces that Drummer Boy's making
 at me?
 How he dodges me so, wherever I go—
 What is it he wants with me, Bill, do you
 know?"
 "What Drummer Boy, Harry?" cries Bill
 in surprise,
 (With a brief exclamation that ended in
 "eyes.")
 "What drummer-boy, Waters? the coast
 is all clear: [here."
 We haven't got never no drummer-boy
 "Why, there—don't you see how he's fol-
 lowing me, [let me be!
 Now this way, now that way, and won't
 Keep him off, Bill—look here—
 Don't let him come near:
 Only see how the blood-drops his features
 besmear; [me! oh, dear!"
 What! the dead come to life again? bless
 Bill remarked in reply, "This is all very
 queer; [well, I never;
 What! a drummer-boy—bloody too—eh—
 I can't see no drummer-boy here what-
 sumdever."
 "Not see him?—why there—look—he's
 close by the post;
 Hark! hark! how he drums at me now—
 he's a ghost." [flash,
 "A what?" returns Bill: at this moment a
 More than commonly awful, preceded a
 crash,
 Like what's called in Kentucky "an
 almighty smash;"
 And down Harry Waters went plump on
 his knees,
 While the sound, though prolonged, died
 away by degrees;
 In its last sinking echoes, however, were
 some, [drum.
 Bill could not help thinking, resembled a
 "Hullo! Waters," I says, quoth he in
 amaze, [days
 "Why, I never see nuffin in all my born
 Half so queer as this here—and I'm not
 very clear [to fear.
 But that one of us two has good reason
 You, to jaw about drummers with nobody
 near us,
 I must say as how I thinks its mysterus."

"Oh, mercy!" roared Walters, "do keep him off, Bill,
And Andrew, forgive; I'll confess—I will—
But haunt me not thus—let these visitings
bèase,
And your vengeance accomplished, boy,
leave me in peace."

Harry paused for a moment; then turning
to Bill, [and still,
Who stood with his mouth open, steady
Began spinning what nautical term a
tough yarn,
Namely, his tale of what Bill called, "This
precious consarn."

"It was in such an hour as this,
On such a wild and wintry day,
The forked lightning seemed to hiss
As now athwart our lonely way,
When first these dubious paths I tried,
Yon livid form was by my side.

Not livid then; the ruddy glow
Of life, and youth, and health it bore!
And bloodless was that gory brow,
And cheerful was the smile it wore,
And mildly then those eyes did shine
—Those eyes which now are blasting
mine.

"They beamed with confidence and love
Upon my face—and Andrew Brand
Had sooner feared yon frighten'd dove
Than harm from Gervase Matcham's
hand.

—I am no Harry Waters—men
Did call me Gervase Matcham then.

"And Matcham, though a humble name,
Was stainless as the feathery flake
From Heaven, whose virgin whiteness
came
Upon the newly frozen lake;
Commander, comrade—all began
To laud the soldier like the man.

"One morn—oh, may that morning stand
Accursed in the rolls of fate
Till latest time—there came command
To carry forth a charge of weight
To a detachment far away—
It was their regimental pay.

"And who so fit for such a task
As trusty Matcham, true and tried,
Who spurn'd the inebriating flask,
With honour for his constant guide?
On Matcham fell their choice, and he,
'Young Drumm,' should bear him com-
pany.

"And grateful was that soul to hear,
For he was full of life and joy;
The mess-room pet—to each one dear,
Was that kind, gay, light-hearted
boy—
The veriest churl in all our band
Had, aye, a smile for Andrew Brand.

"Enough: we journey'd on: the
Was long, and dull and dark
And still young Andrew's cheer
And merry laugh beguiled the
Noon came—a sheltering be
there,
We paused, our frugal meal to

"Then 'twas with cautious hand
To prove my charge secure—
The packet from my vest, and
The glittering mischief forth
And Andrew cried. No, 'twas
It was THE TEMPTER spoke to me

"'Twas done—the deed that darr
done;
I know not how—I never kn
And THERE I stood, but not alo
The prostrate boy my madie
Was by side, limb, feature, nam
'Twas HE—another—yet the sár

"And now, when fifteen suns hav
Fulfilled in turn its circling y
Thrown back again on England
Our bark paid off, he drives t
I could not die—in flood—or fi
He drives me here"—

"And serve you tight.
What! bilk your commander,
and then rob,
And go scuttling a poor little d
boy's nob.
Why, my precious eyes, what
thirsty swab,
There's old Davy Jones, who
sailors' bones,
For his jaw work would never, I
s'elp my Bob,
Have come for to go for to do sár
Hark ye, Matchem, or Waters,
ever's your purser name
(T'other your own is, I'm cert
worset name),
Twelve years have we lived on
ther and brother,
Now your course lays one way s
lays another."

And Matcham confessed, and
clean breast
To the Mayor; but directly he'
night's rest,
And the storm had subsided—I
pook'd his friend,
Swearing all was a lie from be
to etid;
Said he'd only been drunk—t
spirits had stunk—
The storm in fact put him into
But now one Mr. Jones comes fe
depones,
That fifteen years since HE has
certain groans,

On his way to Stonehenge to examine
the stones,
Described in a work of the late Sir John
Soane's,
That he followed the moans, and led by
their tones,
Found a raven a picking a drummer-
boy's bones;
Then the colonel wrote word from the
King's forty-third,
That the story was certainly true which
they'd heard;
For that one of their drummers and
one Sergeant Matcham,
Had "brushed with the dibs," and they
never could catch 'em,
So Justice was sure, though a long time
she "lagged,"
And the Sergeant, in spite of his "gam-
mon," got "scragged."

The subjects of the legends are
stly taken from local traditions,
nished, in many instances, by Mrs.
ighes, to whom the whole of In-
dsby's pieces were submitted pre-
us to publication. The Dead Drum-
r is founded upon the narrative of
actual occurrence as related in Sir
alter Scott's work on "Demonology
l Witchcraft;" and the adventures
saints and holy friars, which form
far too large a portion of the le-
ids, are derived from monkish chro-
les and from other black letter
rces, which Ingoldsby was fond of
using. The manner in which the
mish church is ridiculed, its cere-
nials made food for laughter, and
traditions converted into burlesque,
certainly objectionable in the high-
degree. As a minister of religion
oldsby should have paused ere he
nched arrows which might have re-
led upon himself; he should have
used and reflected that, although in
own mirthful mood, he was ut-
ing words that would cause many
les, that his language was also cal-
ated to make the "judicious grieve."
igion is not a theme for the jester;
house of prayer is no place for the
and bells; we want no grinning
n in the temple of the Hindoo.
ham was rather too liberal in his
of street slang. The amount of
nt wit contained in those ex-
ssions, which, at different seasons,
passed from mouth to mouth with-
regard to propriety or occasion, is
very large. Springing from the
nel, they are always charged, more

or less, with impurity, and coming too
frequently in contact with the mind,
they are apt to leave behind traces of
their presence, which are not easily
eradicated. Amid much genuine hu-
mour, tainted, however, in many in-
stances by this leaven of vulgarity, it
is gratifying to turn to passages of a
different kind, which atone, in some
degree, for minor faults, and which
show, that Barham could sometimes
throw off the motley and speak the
emotions of his heart. What can be
more musical and plaintive than the
following lines upon—

NIGHT.

Oh! sweet and beautiful is night, when
the summer moon is high,
And countless stars, like clustering gems,
hang sparkling in the sky;
While the balmy breath of the summer
breeze comes whispering down the glen,
And one fond voice alone is heard;—Oh!
night is lovely then.

But when that voice in feeble moans, of
sickness or of pain,
But mocks the anxious ear that strives to
catch its tones in vain,
When silently we watch the bed by the
taper's flickering light,
Where all we love is fading fast—how
terrible is night.

Again, his reflections on the fleeting
nature of earthly happiness:—

Yet the sun shone bright on tower and
tree,
And the meads smiled green as green may
be,
And the dear little dicky-birds carolled
with glee;
Without, all was joy and harmony.
And thus 'twill be, nor long the day,
Ere we, like him, shall pass away!
Yon sun, that now our bosoms warms,
Shall shine—but shine on other forms;
Yon grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
Us now, shall sound on other ears;
The joyous lambs, as now shall play,
But other eyes their sports survey;
The stream we loved shall roll as fair,
The flowery sweets—the trim parterre,
Shall scent as now the ambient air,
The tree whose bending branches bear;
The one loved name shall yet be there,
But where the hand that carved it?—
where?

What solemn beauty there is in
these lines from the "Execution," and
what a painful picture they give us of

those scenes which are still acted under the authority of justice.

Sweetly, oh ! sweetly the morning breaks
With roseate streaks, [cheeks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh—
All save the wretch condemned to die ;
Alack ! that ever so fair a sun
As that which his course has now begun,
Should shine on such scene of misery,
Should gild with rays, so light and free,
That dismal, dark, frowning gallows tree.
But hark ! a sound comes, big with fate,
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower
strikes eight.

List to that low funeral bell ;
It is tolling, alas ! a living man's knell.
And see from forth that opening door,
He comes—he treads that threshold o'er,
Who ne'er shall tread upon threshold
more.

God ! 'tis a fearful sight to see
That pale wan man's mute agony ;
The glare of that wild despairing eye,
Now fixed on the earth, now turned on
the sky,
As though it were scanning in hope and
fear

The path of the spirit's unknown career ;
Those pinioned arms, those hands that
ne'er

Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer,
That heaving breast—enough ; 'tis done ;
The bolt has fallen, the spirit has gone,
For weal or for woe is known to but One.
Oh ! 'twas a fearsome sight—ah me !
A thing to shudder at, not to see.

The apostrophe to Seville, from the
"Auto da Fé," is a passage of considerable power and intensity. Though bordering upon the melo-dramatic, its earnestness is impressive and truthful.

Yes ; thou *art* wonderful ; the phrase
Befits thee well—the fearful blaze
Of yon piled faggots' lurid light,
Where writhing victims mock the sight,
The scorch'd limb shrivelling in its chains,
The hot blood parched in *living* veins,
The crackling nerve, the fearful knell,
Rung out by that remorseless bell ;
Those shouts from human fiends that
swell,

That withering scream—that frantic yell,
All Seville, all, too truly tell
Thou *art* a MARVEL and a hell.
God ! that the worm whom thou hast
made,

Should thus his brother worm invade ;
Count deeds like these good service done,
And deem *thine* eye looks smiling on.

Turning from this grim picture,

what a vein of excellent feeling observable in the following lines upon a faithful dog.

Oh, where shall I bury my poor dog Tra
Now his fleeting breath has passed away
Seventeen years, I can venture to say,
Have I seen him gambol, and frolic, a
play.

Evermore happy, and frisky, and gay,
As though every one of his months was
May, [da

And the whole of his life one long he
Now he's a lifeless lump of clay ;
Oh ! where shall I bury my faithful Tra
I am almost tempted to think it hard
That it may not be there in yon sun
churchyard,

Where the green willows wave
O'er the peaceful grave [bra
Which holds all that once was honest a
Kind, and courteous, and faithful, a
true,

Qualities, Tray, that were found in you
But it may not be. Yon sacred ground
By holiest feelings fenced around,
May ne'er within its hallowed bound
Receive the dust of a soulless hound.

We could wish that the author such lines as these had more frequently allowed the higher powers of his mind to have sway : we could wish that devotion to genealogical and archæological studies had been less constant and that the society of such hilarious spirits as Theodore Hook and Sidr Smith had not been so often frequented. We might have hoped that the loss, in 1840, of a beloved son—blow which fell with deepest anguish upon his heart, would have calmed a tempered his after imaginings and elevated them to another sphere. If no ;—his elasticity of mind was great and although he never thoroughly recovered from the effects of his bereavement, he regained that cheerful happy disposition which through life had rendered his path so pleasant. He died calmly on the 17th of June 1845, in the 57th year of his age.

As a comic poet Barham possesses many excellencies and many faults, but the latter almost pass away at the recognition of the former. There is a want of steadfastness, however, in the whole of his writings—a want of the quiet innate wit, which seeks not to astonish us by sudden and startling flights, the effect of which is transient though bright, but rather to appeal to that sense of the humorous which

all possess in different degrees, and which views impressions long-living in the memory.

As a writer in the *Athenæum* remarks, "Purpose, which implies earnestness of mind, goes far towards that individuality of style which makes an author acceptable to another generation, than those who with him have sat at good men's feasts, and heard the chimes at midnight." As a poet, Ingoldsby seems to us to stand at the precise distance from Hood, which separates Theodore Hook as a prose wit from Sidney Smith. The sincerity makes the difference. Like Ingoldsby, Hood loved to alternate the serious, nay, the terrible with the most familiar. It was his nature. He played with fantasies even on his death bed, and took leave of his friends with pathetic pleasantries natural to him, though strange to duller bystanders. But in his most reckless and wildest extravaganzas, embracing the extremest discrepancies, there was for the most part a motive—some truth to be driven home—some sympathy to be awakened—some abuse to be annihilated. In the school to which Thomas Ingoldsby may well be called poet laureate, such motives of composition were less universally recognized. The hoax, the surprise, the piecing together of tissues the most discordant, for the momentary production of *bizarre* effect—the passing shot at folly as it flew—exchanged for the passing flight *with* folly, however far it flew—furnished mirth for its table-talk, and matter for its literary effort. Hood is sure to go down among the poets to our children's children, and commentators to come will probably wrangle about his freaks and allusions and conceits: such a positive prophecy with regard to Ingoldsby would be somewhat too presumptuous.

Had Thomas Ingoldsby done justice to his own powers he would have occupied a prouder position amongst the names of the illustrious than he now holds. But it might not be.

BLUMENBACH.

TOWARDS the end of the last century, Europe witnessed the birth of a new era of philosophy and physics. The accumulated materials of many ages of progress were sifted and arranged,

and while many dogmas were exploded for ever, their place was supplied by a new growth of fundamental principles. In physics especially was the change apparent. Bacon had long before dealt a death-blow to the school of the Latins, and the inductive method had achieved some brilliant triumphs. Flamsteed, Halley, and Newton followed up the work so well begun, and placed the philosophy of the world on the basis of a broad induction. At the time of Ray, who lived nearly a century after Bacon, the philosophy of animated nature was in a most vague condition, and much of the teaching of the European schools required to be untaught. Ray made the first definite attempts to reduce zoology into the form of a science, and abolish for ever those crude reasonings which had been formed on isolated facts. The classification of Ray was, as might be expected, very far from perfect, and amongst the anomalies, the class of quadrupeds stand prominently forward. The classification which brought a cow and a tortoise together was broken up by Linnaeus, who instituted a system founded on more accurate generalities. But Linnaeus left zoologists much to do; and twenty years afterwards, Brisson made a new march in this direction, and prepared the world for a higher appreciation of the analogies subsisting between the powers of life. Brisson saw the absurdity of classing whales with fishes, and so far influenced Linnaeus in favour of a stricter method, that the latter went even farther than Brisson, and instituted the class *Mammalia*, which was the grand corner stone of the system of Zoological classification which followed.

Up to this time external form had had more influence than internal organization in determining the methods of arrangement. Cuvier appeared upon the scene and effected a complete revolution, the result of which was that the animal kingdom was built up anew on the basis of its structure and comparative anatomy was made the key to the chief zoological secrets. There were two workers in this field. Cuvier, the great arranger and classifier, the *ser* in all matters of analogy; and Blumenbach, the investigator of details, the anatomist of minute facts. The foundations established by these co-

workers in the field of animal life have proved so broad and sound, that zoological science has extended itself more within the last sixty or seventy years than during the whole previous period of man's history. The labours of Lamarck, St. Hilaire, Home, Hunter, Lawrence, Owen, and others, during recent years, have shown how sound were the principles of generalization established by these two master minds, and how rapidly any branch of science may progress when aided by a safe system of analysis.

Johann Friedrich Blumenbach was born at Gotha, on the 11th of May, 1752. He studied medicine in the universities of Jena and Göttingen; and, as a pupil of the anatomical school, early evinced a capability for the highest attainments. His college life was marked by diligent industry and clear-sighted research, and he seems to have had a prescience even in his youth of the distinguished career which awaited him. Long before his university course was out, he had so penetrated into the mysteries of comparative anatomy and physiology, as to be, in many respects, in advance of the professors; and several essays on the functions of animals, written at this time, show the extent of his attainments to have been equal to his love for this particular department of research. At Göttingen he took his degree in 1776. The subject which he chose for his inaugural dissertation, was the varieties of the human race. This was published at Göttingen in 1775, under the title "*De Generis Humani Varietate Nativa*," and excited considerable sensation even in the form in which it first appeared. This essay appears to have laid the foundation of many of his important investigations on this subject in his after life, and led to the formation of his collection of the skulls of all nations, which is one of the most extensive in existence. "Ab hoc Col. Viro," said Haller, on noticing it in the "*Bibliotheca Anatomica*."—"plurima sitilia licet expectare." This merely inaugural essay experienced the unusual fate of passing through seven separate editions; namely, in 1776, 1778, 1781, 1793, and 1795. In that of '95 numerous improvements were effected, and a letter to Sir Joseph Banks was added on the subject of some mummies which had been opened in London.

In 1798, an edition appeared in German edited by Gruber, and in 1804 one in French edited by Chardel.

Such was a good beginning for a young man of twenty-three years of age; and it is no matter of surprise to learn, that immediately on taking his degree he was appointed extraordinary professor of medicine, in the University of Göttingen; and in 1778, he was made ordinary professor. The contemporary of Haller, Linnæus, and Buffon, he pursued the path which these had already prepared and freed from encumbrances, and took a bold stand in defence of the law of analogy, as exhibited in the animal kingdom. A patient anatomist, who brought to the dissecting board an array of knowledge gleaned from every department of nature, he was ready, at the presentation of each new difficulty, to suggest a natural mode of explanation, and to detect those minute points of resemblance and dissimilarity on which the acquirement of just views in zoology depend. He contributed regularly to the sciences connected with medicine, especially anatomy and physiology, and directed his attention specially to the structure and functions of the lower animals, as a means of determining the true laws of human physiology. In 1778, when appointed ordinary professor of the faculty of medicine, Blumenbach commenced his courses of lectures on the different departments of the faculty, including general natural history, zoology, anthropology, comparative anatomy, physiology, and the history of medicine.

In 1779, he published a thin quarto volume, entitled "*Prolusio Anatomica de Sinibus Frontalibus*,"—(An Essay on the Anatomy of the Frontal Sinus)—a work in which some new views were enunciated in reference to the structure of the human skull, and the position and form of the frontal sinus in several tribes of animals. The work was dedicated to George III. ("*magne Britannię, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Rex*") and is written in a pure and forcible Latin. In 1781, he published a work on embryology. "*Ueben den Bildungstrieb und das Zeugungs-geschäft*"—in which he threw much light on the obscure subject of generation, and opened up a path for future inquirers. This work has passed through numerous editions in Germany. It was translated into Dutch in 1790; and an edition

translated by Sir Alexander Crichton, appeared in English in 1793. In 1786 appeared his work on the human bones, with the title, "Geschichte und Beschreibung der Knochen des Menschlichen Körpers." And in the same year he published, in Latin, an introduction to medical literature, under the title, "Introductio in Historiam Medicinæ Litterariam."

In the year 1787 appeared his great work on physiology,—"Institutiones Physiologicae,"—written in Latin, and dealing with the functions of the human body, apart from its anatomy. This was the first application of the ploughshare of science to a new and fruitful field of inquiry. Up to this time physiological researches had been conducted in so cumbersome a manner, that it was next to impossible to render its teachings in any way popular. Blumenbach stripped the subject of all unnecessary details, and, while rendering the study less complicated, added to it the charm of a consecutive analogical reasoning. Here were the fruits of patient labour in the dissecting room—not in the investigation of the human frame alone, but aided by all the light which comparative physiology could afford by the investigation of the functions of the lower animals. The views of Blumenbach were vast and profound, and he touched no single fibre of the human frame without adding to our knowledge of its construction and uses, and pointing to the essential details in the consideration of disease. It is to this book we owe the popularity of physiology, as a study, at the present day. The number of excellent treatises which have appeared in this country of late years, as well as others, still better, which have been published on the Continent, owe their birth to Blumenbach, and are essentially based on his "Institutiones Physiologicae," which has served as a text book, not only to such popular writers as we have just referred to, but to such original inquirers as Richerand, Bichat, Dumas of Montpellier, and Matteucci of Pisa. In this department of study Blumenbach was in advance of his age, and, like a true German thinker, combined with the study of the scalpel a system of ethics purely his own. It is to him we owe the foundation of the new school which combines matter and spirit, and educes

the leading features of human character and conduct from the conditions of the blood and brain. His examinations of the human skull pointed in the same direction, and prepared the world for that broad view of physics, which admits the moral perceptions and the traits of human character as evidences in behalf of the scientific union of the soul and the body. From this has sprung, first in Germany, and since in Europe generally, a system of metaphysics, which places man once more upon his feet, and which establishes a relation between the inward life and the outward circumstances of physical condition. This work quickly became the text-book of the universities. Innumerable translations, reprints, and revised editions, have from time to time appeared, and although the march of physiology has been so rapid during the past sixty years, the original work is one of essential value to the physiological student. The best English edition is that edited by Dr. Elliotson, under the title of "Human Physiology," several editions of which have from time to time appeared. It is a monument of industry and scientific genius, no less honourable to the name of Blumenbach than to the editor who has infused into it so much of his own philosophy and research.

Long before Cuvier had fairly entered into the field of comparative anatomy, Blumenbach had completed some Herculean labours there, and had constituted it a regular department of scientific education. In 1777 he had introduced the subject in his lectures, and in 1785 he made it the foundation of a complete course. Such a step needed courage as well as genius. Before Blumenbach's labours had brought natural history into vogue in Germany, most of the cultivators of literature and art in that country had been accustomed to regard it as a mere childish amusement; but Blumenbach soon produced the conviction of the intimate connexion of this interesting study with science and art, with the annals of human history and the revolutions of the globe. His "Manual of Natural History," published 1799, passed rapidly through twelve editions; and his "Comparative Anatomy"—*Handbuch der Vergleichende Anatomie*—which appeared in 1805, soon won for itself a similar success.

We have hinted at the phases through which the study of anatomy has had to pass; and for the better appreciation of Blumenbach's labours, we return to this subject for the purpose of glancing more minutely at the successive eras of anatomical investigation. The first master mind is undoubtedly Aristotle; who, although preceded in the art of dissection by Democritus of Abdera, undoubtedly laid the foundation of natural history as a legitimate branch of science. The oldest author on comparative anatomy, he offers for the present age the best possible model for that class of research. His philosophical renown, his undisputed sway over the minds of men for two thousand years, and the brilliancy of his writings on logic and ethics, entitle him to modern reverence, even as he demanded ancient faith.

Blumenbach and Cuvier have won their fame by a revival of the plan of study pursued by Aristotle, that of describing animals, not according to the species, but to the organs and functions, which afford the only key to comparative results. The chief divisions which naturalists follow at present in the animal kingdom, were established by Aristotle; and he has indicated several, to which modern naturalists have recurred after they had been long unwisely directed. His great distribution of animals into those which have blood and those which have not, is the same as that proposed by the French naturalists, although the ground of the division is not correct. It was Lamarck who instituted the two primary divisions founded on the presence or absence of the vertebral column, which now form the basis of zoological science. Aristotle's four classes of insects, molluscs, crustaceans, and testaceans, are even more philosophical than the classification of Linnæus, who crowded them all together under two heads, insects and worms. Galen, who is sometimes regarded as Aristotle's successor, deserves no mention here. A period of many centuries intervened between the labours of Aristotle and the revival of comparative anatomy, during which obscurity and darkness took the place of the luminosity which the great master had diffused. At the revival of learning in the sixteenth century, Belon, Rondelet, Coiter, Fallopius, Ruini, Fabricius, and Casserius,

followed each other in a series of anatomical investigations, many of them attended by decisive and valuable discoveries. Of this school Aldrobandi of Bologna, deserves the first place, as in the first half of the next century Harvey stands also first when compared with Aselli, Pecquet, Rudbeck, and Bartholin. Malpighi and Swammerdam followed, with their remarkable discoveries made with the aid of the then newly invented microscope, and were succeeded by equally patient microscopical observers, Leuwenhœck, Hooke, and Baker. Our countryman, Tyson, at the same time achieved a fame by his accurate description of several animals, as did also Caldesi at Florence.

The complete history of animals prepared by the French Academicians, and published under the title of "*Memoirs pour servir à l'Histoire Naturelle des Animaux*," in 1671, may be regarded as the completion of the anatomical labours of the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century, memorable for the advancement of all branches of knowledge, Reaumur re-opened the field by his researches on the formation of shells, and the anatomy of molluscs and insects. In the same department, Bonnet, Roesel, De Geer, Lyonet, and Sulzer, laboured ardently, and prepared the way for the generalizations of Linnæus and Buffon. Haller reached higher than any that had preceded him in the study of physiology, and was succeeded at Gottingen by Blumenbach, who was the most acute, most careful, and most industrious student of the animal functions either before or since. It was his favourite science, and in the pursuit of physiology and comparative anatomy he spared no means, however painful or laborious, of arriving at correct results. His first work "*De Generis Humani Virietate Nativa*," derives its high value from the careful comparisons which it institutes, and for the thread of analogy which it points out as existing in all the departments of animal life. Dry and plodding as are its details, there is a poetic impulse underneath, which pushes up to those greater harmonies of nature on which rest the laws of development of design, and which enables us to see the invariable permeating the variable and evanescent.

His "Hand-book of Natural History" is pronounced by Professor Lawrence the "best introduction to natural history in any language." His "Manual of Comparative Anatomy," was translated into English by Professor Lawrence in 1809, and again revised by Mr. Coulson in 1827. How earnestly he pursued this study may be gathered from what he says in the preface to this work. "I was first led," he says, "both by inclination and by the nature of my professional pursuits, to devote the greater portion of my time to the study of physiology, or the foundation of medical science as it has been termed by Zimmerman, and to natural history, or the *materia prima philosophiæ* as it has been called by Bacon. I soon became convinced, and experience has confirmed my conviction, that Haller was right when he said of comparative anatomy, that it had thrown more light upon physiology than even the dissection of the human body; an opinion which has been further sanctioned by the authority of Leibnitz, who has declared comparative anatomy to be the soul of that branch of knowledge which is dedicated to the history of the animal kingdom. If I may venture to believe that I have not laboured in vain in these two departments of science, the success of my efforts is to be attributed to the collateral assistance which I have derived from comparative anatomy. As I may at least claim credit of being the first to deliver lectures annually on this subject in Germany, and of having by these means excited a taste for the science, and a zeal to contribute to its advancement; so I trust that this edition of my 'Manual,' the first work of the kind which has ever appeared on comparative anatomy, as applied to the whole animal kingdom, will further facilitate the study and render it more universally useful."

One of the results of his studies of the varieties of the human race, was the formation of a collection of skulls of the inhabitants of various parts of the world. The fame of this collection of different races and nations extends throughout the old and the new world, and forms the basis of the work which he commenced publishing in 1791, entitled "Decades Collectionis Craniorum Diversarum

Gentium;" and which, extending to several volumes, was completed in 1808. The lectures and discourses of Blumenbach instilled into all who heard them the deepest interest for this collection; amongst the number was Lewis, King of Bavaria, and to that monarch Blumenbach was indebted for the finest specimen in the collection, namely, an ancient Greek cranium of a wonderful regularity of form. On his own valuable specimens, assisted by the information obtained from the works in the Gottingen library, and by the inspection of the rich collection of Sir Joseph Banks, whom he visited in London, he founded his theory of the principal races of mankind, with which his name will descend to posterity. Although through the "Decades Collectionis," the most important forms of the casts and skulls in the collection of Blumenbach are thus preserved, it is said that the collection itself is fast falling into decay for want of care; and if no remedy be provided, the loss of the collection will soon prove a disgrace to the university whose name is so closely associated with his labours.

During 1783, Blumenbach visited Switzerland; and, in his journey, made copious notes of the medical topography of the districts through which he passed. These notes formed the groundwork of his "Medicinische Bibliothek," edited at Gottingen, from 1780 to 1784. He visited England in 1788, and again in 1792. His other works which need mention, are some papers on "Warm and Cold-blooded Animals," published in Meyer's Magazine, in 1790; a paper on "Egyptian Mummies opened in London," 1794; a memoir of the celebrated "Gottlob Richter," 1813; and prefaces for the works of Cheselden, Gmelins' "History of the Passions," Blane's "Medical Logic," and Neerguard's "Nutritive Organs of Mammalia." To the German journals he contributed numerous papers on medical subjects, from the details of the dispensary to the highest questions of microscopical and comparative anatomy.

His old age was crowned with honours. In 1812, he was appointed Secretary to the Royal Society of Sciences at Gottingen. In 1816, he was made physician to the King of Great Britain and Hanover; in 1821, was made a Knight-Commander of the

Guelphic order; and in 1831, chosen a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris. The jubilee of his graduation was celebrated by the University of Göttingen, in 1825; and the jubilee of his professorship in the following year. On the former occasion, a medal was struck in his honour. At eighty-three years of age, he still delivered his lectures at eight o'clock every morning; and though the inroads of old age had rendered him less capable of communicating instruction, a feeling of veneration still drew numbers to his classroom. His merits as a lecturer in the prime of life, were sustained in a great measure almost to the last, and he still drew throngs of students round him by his peculiar gift of keeping the attention of his auditors in constant excitement by the introduction of interesting facts and pointed remarks, delivered in the happiest effect in his own lively style. Some time before his death he said to a friend, "Death has been knocking loudly at my door; and though I did not say 'Come in!' I know he will soon call again." He died on the 22nd of January, 1840, aged eighty-eight. His funeral was attended, on the 28th, by all the professors and officers of the University, in their robes, and a multitude of students; the procession being closed by a line of sixty carriages filled with the noble and the learned, to pay a last tribute to one who was more widely and sincerely respected than any other celebrity of his age or country.

Blumenbach may justly be regarded as the Nestor of German natural philosophers. He was the instructor of Alexander Von Humboldt, and a line of men who have distinguished themselves in various branches of literature and science under the guidance of the principles taught by him at Göttingen. No academic teacher of the last century was surrounded by so large a circle of students as Blumenbach. He commenced in the seventieth year of the last century, and continued to fulfil his duties as professor until the thirtieth year of the present. He occupied the chair of Physiology and Natural History in the University of Göttingen during the long period of sixty-six years, and during that time gave one hundred and twenty courses of lectures; and no pupil ever there matriculated who thought he could complete his studies

without attending some of the lectures of Blumenbach. When the fifty of his doctoral dignity was celebrated in 1825, a subscription was raised to provide a capital, the interest of which was applied in aid of the expenses of physicians and naturalists who undertake scientific journeys;—an idea which may be imitated with profit where an interesting memorial is desired to commemorate a worthy name.

JOSEPH HUME.

To write a complete biography of Joseph Hume, it would be necessary to review almost every transaction of our political history for a period more than the third of a century is the recognized "Patriarch of the Reform," and most deservedly so named, for, from the first day that his name appears in the pages of our annals, he has been the most zealous and unwearied advocate of Reform completely, indeed, has Mr. Hume been identified with almost every liberal measure that has been carried out, and every progressive movement has been made, that Hume and I have become interchangeable, and it is scarcely possible to mention either of them without recalling the other.

So comprehensive a review of which we have just indicated, were we prepared to enter upon, would be quite beyond the limits of our work. We must be content, therefore, to touch only upon the most prominent points, and leave the details to be filled up at some future time, probably by some other and more efficient hand. We trust, nevertheless, that the points which we shall set down, if they do not constitute a complete chart of Mr. Hume's career, will give a correct outline, and in a faithful manner the course of which they at once the exponents and the guides.

The known facts of Mr. Hume's early life, although not unimportant, are soon told; his real life is written in the acts which have been done in the history of the world, and which tell their own story; and there is nothing concerning him more interesting to us than that he is one of those who, by the exercise of a determined will, has made himself what he is; one of that band—who

not a small nor an ignoble one—which has done more to promote the welfare of this country, and to raise her character in the eyes of the world, than any other party or circumstance which our history records. Born one of the people, he has achieved his own independence, and although in possession of affluence, and moving in a circle that rather endangers than supports independence of mind, he is still essentially one of the people, in the highest and truest acceptance of the word.

Joseph Hume was born at Montrose, in the year 1777 (the same when Henry Clay, whose death has caused so deep an expression of feeling in the United States of America, saw the light). His father was master of a small fishing or trading vessel, and died when his eldest son, Joseph, was not more than nine or ten years of age. Of captain Hume we know nothing; but the efforts and success of the mother of Joseph Hume tell her history, and add another to the many evidences of the truthfulness of the saying, that almost all great men had remarkable mothers. Left, doubtless, in very humble circumstances, with a large family, Mrs. Hume was compelled to open a shop, and toil hard for their support and education. Her task was a hard one, but her success must have been a great and sweet reward. Her son Joseph was placed at school in Montrose, and soon attracted attention from his activity and intelligence. He was then placed with a surgeon in his native town, with whom he remained three years. At the end of that period, and when he was about sixteen years of age, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, attended the medical classes, and took his degree of Member of the College of Surgeons there within three years.

We have heard some curious stories relative to the accident that enabled Mrs. Hume to provide so well for her eldest boy's education, but, for many reasons, do not repeat them. In the first place, one of them, relating to Lord Panmure (recently deceased), is an evident absurdity for several reasons; and secondly, we are much more inclined to attribute the success of Mrs. Hume to industry and perseverance, which so strongly characterise her son, than to any mere adventitious and accidental circumstances. And it is deserving of notice, that Mr. Hume was

not the only one of his family who enjoyed similar advantages: his brother must also have shared his *luck*, as the indolent devotees of the god of Fortune delight to call it, for we find that in a comparatively few years he had attained a highly respectable position; and when Mr. Hume returned home from India, he found him, we believe, a man of considerable wealth and station.

Joseph Hume was fortunate, however, in obtaining a cadetship in the East India Company's service, but, previous to entering upon it, he made—as was then usual, perhaps compulsory—two voyages to India in the Company's vessels; first, as an assistant surgeon, and afterwards as surgeon. In the interval between these voyages, he attended the London Hospitals, and became a Member of the London College of Surgeons. Many years after this period, Sir Astley Cooper, the eminent surgeon, jocularly reminded Mr. Hume that he had been in early life one of his, Sir Astley's, pupils.

In the year 1799, Mr. Hume joined the medical establishment in Bengal, and the rapidity with which he attained to an eminent position proves that he was not only persevering and industrious, but gifted, in addition, with great natural quickness.

At the time when he got to India the Mahratta war was in progress, and everything bore an essentially military stamp. The habits of the Europeans were such as reflected no great credit upon them. They lived in the most reckless and extravagant manner; they attended to little but the making large sums of money by some *lucky* adventure; very few took the trouble to become men of business, in the proper sense of the term; and very few indeed took the pains to acquire the language of those whom they had to command, and by whom they were surrounded. Mr. Hume's shrewd, good sense, told him that their errors offered him a fine field. He had learnt the valuable lesson that a man who gave way to habits of indulgence, in a hot country, was irretrievably enervated and ruined. Temperance, therefore, became with him a golden rule. His love of order made him accurate in his accounts, and careful in his disbursements; and his judgment told him, that to gain the confidence

of the natives, it was necessary to understand them. By his temperance he retained his health; by his regularity he won the confidence of his superiors in position, and, in a very short time, his acquirements in the native languages laid the foundation of his fortune.

It came about in the following manner:—In 1803, only his fourth year in India, he was with General Powell's division of the army, when, by death or accident, no one was at hand to act as interpreter. Mr. Hume volunteered his services, and showed so much aptitude and proficiency, that he was appointed interpreter to the division of the army to which he belonged. Shortly after this time he also became the chief medical officer of the staff. These two appointments would seem to be sufficient for any one man to perform, under the burning sun of India, but Mr. Hume's constitution seems to have been proof against such things as heat and fatigue, and before long, he was, in addition to his other offices, pay master and post master, also. And when difficulties arose in obtaining supplies of food for the army, he undertook several contracts, and, by his zeal and determined, unceasing energy, succeeded in furnishing the required commodities, with great satisfaction to those in command, and with great pecuniary benefit to himself.

Fortunes were made rapidly in that day in India, but we doubt if any man ever made so much money in so short a time by his own industry and perseverance as Mr. Hume. He left England for India in 1799, and in nine years from that time he had returned home with an ample fortune.

It is said that one of his first acts on his return home, was the making a provision for such of his family as were in need and deserving of his assistance, and such a proceeding would be in complete accordance with his character, for we know that such deeds have not been few or far between, and that his career of laborious usefulness has been graced and hallowed by numberless acts of generous and unostentatious benevolence.

The restless desire for information which so strongly marks Mr. Hume's mind, evinced itself characteristically upon his return to this country. He

had been confined during the years of his manhood to the narrow circle of Indian society, and he could not but feel less at ease when he was less felt upon his arrival in England. He felt the want of a more general acquaintance with the world. Besides, although his education had been as good as that of his countrymen, he had not been as well educated as was enjoyed by his countrymen of that day; his attention to an absorbing profession of course narrowed the scope of his studies, while it gave decision and steadiness to his character. For his wants, and determining to satisfy them, were the same thing with so he at once arranged the means for its accomplishment, and his present turn of mind did not lead him to foreign countries before he knew his own, but to make a complete tour in the first instance, of his own country. He therefore started at once on his labour, and is said to have visited every place in the United Kingdom that enjoyed any degree of manufacturing celebrity. In this tour he acquired a vast amount of information, made himself practically acquainted with the wants and habits of the people of the various classes of the population. When he had acquired such a knowledge of this country as satisfied his inquiring mind, he gave the general part of two years to other travels, and visited in succession, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Egypt, Greece, the Ionian Islands, Sicily, Sardinia, Malta, and other places.

In 1812 we find him again on England. On ground, his mind expanded by his travels and by his increased acquaintance with men of all nations; and his energies as restless and unweary as ever. To remain inactive would have been to him the severest punishment, a life of indolence would have killed him in a few years, work was his mission, and work was soon to be his. He was not however quite an unemployed man at this time, for he had invested some of his capital in an army and accountment establishment, which, we believe, his brother was the chief partner, and he continued several years to be a sleeping partner in the firm. This however gave him no personal work; and a proposal was made to him to enter parliament, which he did in 1812. A vacancy had been caused in the representation of Weymouth, by the death of Sir

Johnstone, the patron and representative of the borough; and Mr. Hume was elected to fill the vacant seat.

In the Journals of the House of Commons, we find that a new writ was issued for Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, on the 7th of January, 1812, on the death of Sir John Lowther Johnstone, Baronet; and in the London Gazette, of the 21st of the same month, we find the announcement of Mr. Hume's election.

The parliament of which Mr. Hume thus became a member, only sat until the 30th of July following.

It has been said that Hume began his political career as a tory—we shall soon see how much truthfulness is contained in that assertion. It is true he sat for a rotten borough, at a time however when the fact of so doing had scarcely ever been hinted at as disgraceful, and that he sat on the ministerial benches and was considered to be a supporter of a tory ministry. We have said that the session only lasted six months from the time of Mr. Hume's election, and we shall now see what records remain indicative of his opinions and votes during this the first of his many parliamentary campaigns.

On referring casually to Hansard's Debates for the session of 1812, the name of Joseph Hume is not to be found, the speeches of the *new member* being attributed to another gentleman, Mr. W. H. Hume, who then sat in parliament. We are enabled to correct this error in two cases, by referring to three pamphlets printed by Mr. Hume himself—one entitled "Extracts from a Speech on Education," and bearing date 1st July, 1812; another referring to the same subject, entitled "Speech on the Penitentiary House, &c.," and a third bearing date the same year, and entitled "Copy of a Letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and substance of the speech of Mr. Joseph Hume, on the third reading of the Frame-work Knitters' Bill."

Some if not all of these pamphlets are to be found in the British Museum Library, and the speeches themselves may be found in Hansard, vol. 23, pages 877 and 1162.

Mr. Hume's first recorded speech was in favour of public education. Parliament was asked to grant a sum of money to build a penitentiary house, and Mr. Hume seized the opportunity

to record his opinion of the value of education, and its influence on the morality of the people. He insisted on the necessity of education for the moral reformation of the people; and dwelt on the fact that, "the commitments and executions in England and Scotland, respectively, are in inverse proportion to their educational condition." We do not know whether this was Mr. Hume's first speech; but we certainly were pleased when we found that the first words which he is recorded to have delivered in the House of Commons should have been in favour of the moral elevation of the people, and that half a century since he was actively alive to the fact that an educated people will be a moral people, and that intellectual culture and moral degradation are the natural and eternal enemies and destroyers of each other. That this idea had fully possessed his mind, is exhibited by the fact that some months before the debate just alluded to, we find Mr. Hume addressing his constituents at Weymouth on the propriety of establishing a school for the education of the poor boys of the neighbourhood. This meeting took place within a month of his election.

The last month of the session gave Mr. Hume an opportunity of showing his metal, and it was not thrown away. The frame-work knitters of Nottingham had fallen into great distress, and had complained bitterly of the introduction of machinery, and of new and cheaper articles of production; and a bill was introduced into Parliament nominally to protect them, but in reality to cramp and fetter the masters in such a manner as would certainly, if carried, have put an end to the entire trade of hosiery in Nottingham in a very few years, and have reduced the condition of the workmen to a much worse state than it had ever been before. Mr. Hume sat on the ministerial benches listening to the speeches of the supporters of the bill, and became convinced that the proposed interference would be most unjust and mischievous. He told his thoughts to those with whom he sat; but they were astonished that he should think of opposing a ministerial measure. His scruples were not to be satisfied by astonishment, or be decreased by the difficulties in his way; and he had the

audacity to get up in the House and oppose the bill at the third reading. He was told that such a proceeding was without precedent in that House: but feeling evidently thoroughly impressed with the correctness and soundness of his opinion in the matter, he proceeded to the original act of creating a precedent.

The view which he took of the matter will be best told by extracts from the pamphlet before alluded to, which recites the title of the bill:—

"For preventing Frauds and Abuses in the Frame-work Knitters' Manufacture, and in the Payment of Persons employed therein;" and in which, according to the title-page, "The impolicy of attempting by legislative enactments, to regulate or control the employment of capital and the price of labour, is clearly shown."

In the preface, after referring to the riots which had taken place at Nottingham and elsewhere, and to the errors which the workmen entertained as to the cause of their sufferings, Mr. Hume says:—

"The complaints of so many thousand workmen deserved the most deliberate consideration; and in the course of my inquiry, I thought that I discovered in the laws regarding masters and workmen, evident injustice and partiality, which certainly ought not to exist in this country, where the boast of our constitution is, that the laws are equal to all. To whatever degree it may be true that the laws are the same to all ranks in everything else except in manufactures, I think it will be admitted, on due investigation, that handicrafts are not upon that equality which they ought to be with regard to their employers. The mode, however, of removing that inequality is not by coercive enactments, such as have been passed with the view of relieving different trades, but by a repeal of every restriction which can in any way fetter either masters or workmen in the disposal of their capital or labour."

The bill, however, was passed by the Commons; but in the House of Lords it was opposed by the Earl of Liverpool, Lords Lauderdale, Holland, and Sidmouth; and was thrown out.

The manufacturers of hosiery and lace in Nottingham and Leicester passed resolutions at public meetings

held in those towns, thanking Mr. Hume, in the most gratifying terms for the laborious attention which he had given to the subject in committee; and also for the exertions which he had made in the House of Commons on the third reading of the bill; and requesting that the speech which he delivered on that occasion might be printed and circulated, as it accordingly was.

Mr. Hume had only been six months in Parliament when the session came to a close; but he had already acquired a reputation, and was known as an independent and determined man, who formed his own opinions, and adhered to them with indomitable pertinacity. This did not meet the views of the trustees of Sir John Johnstone; Mr. Hume's toryism was not at all their toryism; and they declined to nominate him again for the free and independent boroughs of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis; and report says that they, at the same time, forgot to make good certain engagements which they had entered into in connection with the former election. It is said that other seats were offered to him; but he had had a taste of nomination boroughs, and was determined that if he sat in Parliament again, it should be as a perfectly free member; and so for a time the ministers of the day escaped the vigilant eye of Joseph Hume in the House of Commons.

Hercules had not, however, retired from labour; he had only shifted the scene of his operations; and the next account which we find of him is at the East India House. Mr. Hume had come home strongly impressed, doubtless, with the conviction that the Company of Merchant Traders and Princes—under whose auspices he had achieved a fortune in a few years, whose arms had been victorious over a powerful enemy in the field; whose magnificence was something awful, and against whose policy and government there were no radical papers in India at that time to publish seditious whisperings—was a high-souled autocracy, maintained for the special benefit of the poor people of India, and the bondholders at home, and conducted on the most enlightened and purest principles. He came home probably with very little suspicion of the venality and subserviency which then

existed in the House of Commons, and of the sort of animus that gave motion to the governmental machine. A few months in the House of Commons opened his eyes in respect to the latter, and probably prompted him to have a peep into the arcana of Leadenhall Street. He was a proprietor of considerable amount of India Stock; and, as a man of business, very naturally wanted to know how the Directors looked after the interest of himself and the rest. So down went Joseph Hume to the meetings at the India House to learn a little more of the doings of the authorities at home, and to get another peep at the wisdom that governed the world.

The effect of the experiment was soon apparent: the enchantment vanished on a close inspection; and, as in the House of Commons, so in the house in Leadenhall Street, Mr. Hume found himself impelled to raise his voice in opposition. The first record that we find is contained in a printed pamphlet entitled, "Speech of Mr. Joseph Hume, at the India House, on the 19th January, 1813, on the question of the Renewal of the Company's Charter." And it deserves especial mention, that the main point of that speech is an earnest protest against the restrictive system then in force in the Company's territories, and a warm advocacy of the policy of *Free-trade*!

Another pamphlet supplies us with a speech delivered in the month of October in the same year, against a proposition to increase the salary of the Directors of the India Company from £300 to £1000 a-year, and that of the chairman and deputy-chairman from £500 to £1500.

We have not searched the records of the Company to find other proofs of Mr. Hume's activity at this period; but we have a third instance, drawn from another pamphlet, which, besides being an admirable illustration for our purpose, is also a remarkable evidence of the sort of morality that reigned in high political places in that day. The occasion to which we allude was a proposition to grant a pension of £2,000 per annum for ten years to Lord Melville for the services of his father, Henry Dundas, first Lord Melville, the intimate friend of Pitt, and *Treasurer to the Navy*, as President of the Board of Control. The proposition was so

mendacious, and included such a gross breach of faith, that it seems almost beyond belief that any one could be found hardy enough to suggest it.

The Board of Control for Indian Affairs was established by Pitt and Dundas, who pledged themselves that it should not be any expense to the East India Company; and thus the popular opposition, which had been strong against the bill, was got rid of.

Mr. Pitt stated, expressly, that the members of the Board should be at no expense whatever, to either the Crown or the Company, as his Majesty would have no difficulty in finding men who held lucrative situations under the Crown, both able and willing to perform all the duties which the members of the Board of Control could have to perform; and Mr. Dundas supported that doctrine with all his eloquence.

"How," says Mr. Hume, "did they keep their promise?—They saddled the Company in 1793 with an expense of £16,000 a year to support the Board, of which £2,000 a year was a *salary to Mr. Dundas as President*! In 1811, that annual expense was increased to £22,000; and by the last bill of 1813, it is now £26,000 a-year! So much for the promises and for the practical result of the principles of the late Lord Melville!"

"The Board of Control was not to have incurred any expense to the Company: and yet, under the subsequent economical management of the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, it cost in the twenty years, ending April, 1814, the enormous sum of £348,000!! And the same Board will cost us in the next twenty years, at the smallest sum, £520,000 sterling!!"

It seems that during the first nine years of the existence of the Board, the President worked without salary; and as the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, *first* Lord Melville, notwithstanding his pickings out of the navy coffers, for which he was impeached, had died in debt to a very large amount, it was proposed to grant his son a sum equal to £2,000 a year for those nine years, with another year thrown in to make an even £20,000!

This was too much for Mr. Hume's simple notions of business; he took up the subject with all his usual vigour, and spoke, wrote, and worked against it with all his might. After

a long and earnest protest, he sums up his principal reasons against the proposition under the five following heads:—

"1st. The motion for the Pension is not supported by your directors.

"2nd. It is not sanctioned by any precedent.

"3rd. It will be an insult to the Crown, if this Company should pension any of the King's servants, and a *direct breach of the royal prerogative, to bribe or reward them.*

"4th. The motion has been *irregularly recommended* to your consideration by the President of the Board of Control, *in violation of the express letter and spirit of the law.*

"5th. It will be *disgraceful* to the present Lord Melville to receive a pension from the Company."

And he concludes with the following words:—

"Besides all these reasons, *you are growing under an immense load of debt*, and have no surplus revenue from which to pay so extraordinary a demand. The proprietors will, I trust, be of opinion, that it can be neither just nor reasonable to borrow money and increase our own pecuniary difficulties, in order to put £20,000 sterling into the pockets of a noble Lord, who never was your servant, who has no claim upon you, and who, besides the possession of some valuable sinecure places, now fills one of the first offices in honour and emolument under the Crown."

All availed nothing; the pension was to be granted, and it was granted; Mr. Hume got beaten, and Lord Melville got his £20,000 out of the proprietors' money, in spite of common sense and decency.

It is curious, however, to note how oddly cause and effect are at times connected. Mr. Hume got something by these conflicts with the East India Board, which he certainly could not have calculated upon as even a remote contingency:—

An old gentleman of the name of Burnley, a West Indian merchant and East Indian proprietor, was struck with the earnestness and determination evinced by Mr. Hume at the India House, and sympathized in his opinions. He invited the young reformer to his house, and similarity of opinion and interests, so far as re-

garded the East India Company, brought them frequently together. Mr. Burnley had a daughter some years younger than Mr. Hume, and an intimacy sprang up between Mr. Hume and the lady, which ended in their marriage. This union, from which a family of three sons and four daughters has resulted, remains undisturbed to the present moment—a period approaching forty years.

Mr. Hume did not sit again in Parliament until 1819, but the interval was occupied in matters of the greatest public importance. Amongst others, the subject of Savings' Banks, which was then but little understood, attracted his attention, and he became not only an ardent advocate, but a practical worker in the cause which he greatly advanced. In 1816 he published, amongst others, a pamphlet entitled "An Account of the Provident Institution for Savings, established in the western part of the Metropolis, &c.; with some suggestions for rendering them general, by the assistance of Government. By Joseph Hume, Esq., one of the Managers." It gives an outline of several schemes then on foot, and strongly recommends the Ministry "to inquire into the subject, and to afford the aid of Government, as far as it can be given with advantage and safety."

About this time, also, Mr Lancaster and Dr. Bell had attracted much attention to their rival systems of instruction. Mr. Hume had, previous, we believe, to Dr. Bell's coming home from India, connected himself with the Lancastrian movement; and he was one of the most active promoters of the noble schools in St. George's Road, Southwark, which have done so much towards removing the stain that sullies the name of England in the matter of education.

In occupations such as these was passed the greater part of Mr. Hume's time, until the general election in the autumn of 1818, when he was returned to Parliament for the Aberdeen district of Royal Burghs, including Montrose, the place of his birth, and which within twenty years he had quitted with no possessions but a stout heart and a good constitution.

Parliament met on the 14th of January in the following year, and the reins of Government were in the hands of

Lords Liverpool, Castlereagh, Sidmouth, and Melville, Mr. Vansittart, and Mr. Canning.

Mr. Hume's acts in the House of Commons, under such a Ministry, will speak for themselves. He did not remain long silent, for on the 28th of January we find that he supported the petition of a publican of Bristol, against a magistrate who had withheld his license, and said, "He thought the public highly indebted to the hon. gentleman, for the important part which he had taken in the production of the police report. No man who had read it could deny, that the greatest abuses existed in the licensing system. He was strongly impressed with the necessity of bringing the subject before Parliament at an early period. With respect to the petition immediately under consideration, he confessed that he should be sorry to see the doors of the House shut against such complaints against the existing authorities, as could not be successfully prosecuted in a court of law."

On the 1st of February, on the renewal of the Westminster Hustings' Bill, Mr. Hume opposed the motion, on the grounds that, "It threw the whole expense on the candidates; that there were funds to defray the charge; that the high bailiff bought his office from the dean and chapter; and that, if that body had not sold the office, but had bestowed it, as they should have done, the officer would have been able to erect the hustings without charging the candidates. The charge upon one of the candidates alone had been £900 and odd at the last election!"

On the 11th of February Mr. Hume spoke in favour of the repeal of the "Usury laws;" and argued that people were left to get as much interest, in the shape of rent, out of house property, and that there was no reason why money, the representative of property, should be restricted. Although the country had flourished under restrictive acts, *he hoped the time would come when every restriction should be removed from manufactures and commerce, from the efforts of industry, and the enterprises of speculation.*

On the 22nd of February he opposed Lord Castlereagh's motion for a grant of £10,000 a year to the Duke of York as *custos* of the afflicted king—"What was the British Parliament now called

on to do? To take £10,000 a year from the hard earnings of the distressed people, in order to put it into the privy purse. It was to this proceeding that the public were looking as an earnest of what was to be expected from Parliament on the score of economy. These might be unpleasant truths, but they ought to be heard. He, for one, would never be privy to such an act; and should sit down protesting against a measure contrary to the public feeling and unauthorized by the Royal Duke."

On the 16th of March he moved for and obtained copies of reports and proceedings of the several presidencies in India, concerning the administration of justice, civil and criminal, and of the police, from 1810.

On the 1st of April, in a debate on the Burgh of Aberdeen, Mr. Hume, in answer to certain ministerial objections—"acknowledged that, ultimately, such a reform as he expected those Burghs to receive, would affect *parliamentary representation* (hear, hear, from the ministerial benches). And why should it not (hear, hear from the opposition)? Most certainly it ought; and, at a future day, he trusted that branch of the subject would be brought before the House and receive its favourable consideration."

On the 7th of May, we find him in the majority on a question concerning the abuses in the Scotch Burghs. Mr. Canning denounced the motion as one of those sweeping measures of reform which, if adopted, must be followed up in other cases, and added, that, "while the wisdom of the House withstood reform in England, he would warn it not to encourage such attempts in Scotland." In this case ministers were defeated, and Mr. Hume was put on the Committee of Inquiry.

On the same day we find him looking after the Estimates. Financial Reform "looms in the distance."—"He thought that after the exemplary patience with which the people of this country had borne the great expenses of a long-continued war, they had a right, now that we were at peace, to expect such a reduction of the expenses as could be made without diminishing the force actually necessary for the safety and protection of the state. He was not one of those who thought that a standing army ~~should be~~ entirely

disbanded in time of peace; but he considered it important, that it should be as small as possible, and regulated only by the exigencies of the times, not by comparison with times of war, and of extraordinary exertions."

We see him now fairly at work; his harness is on, and he is tugging at the collar manfully. The next matter that we shall refer to is highly characteristic of Mr. Hume, and obtains additional interest from the hubbub to which it gave rise. On the 8th of June certain resolutions were brought forward, the object of which was the everlasting one of *new taxes*, and Mr. Hume's opinions are thus recorded in *Hansard* :—

"The new imposts fell almost exclusively upon the lower orders. Rather than vote for them, he would willingly have consented to a property tax, by which the rich proprietors of the country would be compelled to contribute their fair proportion."—"The immense civil list ought instantly to be diminished from £1,200,000 to £900,000, and if sacrifices were required from the people, they ought first to be made by the prince. The higher the station the more bound was the person filling it to set an example to the rest of the country. Instead of that a military mania prevailed that cost the country incalculable sums; bands trapped in scarlet and gold were daily paraded about the streets, as if to mock the squalid poverty of the lower orders (laughter from the ministerial benches). Ministers might laugh, but let them look at the other side of the picture, -- let them survey the misery of the poor laborious, industrious wretches at Carlisle, or even of the unhappy beings they meet in the streets. The right hon. the member for Liverpool (Mr. Canning) had taunted the right hon. member on the floor (Mr. Tierney) for stating that a reduction of £1,000,000 in the public expenditure might be made, and had told the House in a sarcastic and ironical manner, that £2,000 from the Lords of the Admiralty, and £6,000 from a Secretary of State, had been pointed out for retrenchment, making the large sum of £8,000, and that only £992,000 remained to make up the million!

"Gold lace and gorgeous trappings added nothing to the British character; economy was what was needed—

strict, undeviating economy; and, instead of it, waste and expenditure ran riot in all departments. Look at the Commander-in-chief: would any man believe that we were paying sixteen guineas a day to an individual for filling an office which was wholly useless! The income of that royal duke (the Duke of York) was scarcely less than £100,000 per annum."

In reporting this speech, the "*Times*" attributed the ministerial laughter to Mr. Canning, and as the "*Times*" was inimical to that gentleman, the matter was taken up by him in a very angry spirit. The printer of the paper, Mr. C. Bell, was summoned to the bar of the House, and eventually the reporter, Mr. John Paine Collier, was ordered to attend, and was committed to the custody of the Serjeant at Arms for not seeing and hearing with perfect accuracy in a position where it was admitted to be almost impossible to do either at all.

An incident occurred in this debate which furnishes a curious illustration of the manners of the House, and of the tone of the public press of that day. Making due allowance for party exaggeration, here we have a picture of the House of Commons in 1819. It is a quotation from the "*Morning Post*" of May 27th, and is headed—

"CONDUCT OF THE OPPOSITION.

"That portion of the House, neither still nor small, which transfers to St. Stephen's the *manners* of Covent Garden, leaving out nothing of *hustings*' discipline, except the mud and the sweet aspersion of the spittle.

"Glorious spirit! which, while all the wisdom, all the genius, all the high character, all the renown of the assembled Commons of England, rivalled each other in virtuous oblivion of every party feeling, upon a subject too vital for any other than patriotic sensation, reeling at midnight to the senate, and well 'convinced by wine and wasail,' not the argument, by coughing and hiccuping and *question, question, question*, displayed *indeed* the genuine dignity of legislation. And what atrocious libeller of privilege disputes with members of parliament the sacred right of noise and nonsense; of shuffling and sneezing—of smoking, and sleeping, and snoring? '*Speaker's a bore,—questio n, question, question.*'

"Damn the action and discourse ;
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and
horse.

What joys can Bacchus teach men ?
His roaring Bucks when drunk,
Come, break the lamps, beat watchmen,
Then stagger to some punch,
Huzzah for the honour of parliament.
Damn me."

This elegant effusion is supposed to be sung in the House by an intoxicated member in opposition to a speech from the other side. It is not to be supposed that this elegant sketch of the conduct of the opposition is severely true, but it must have been a nice state of things that would permit such a lampoon to be offered to the world in the columns of a London newspaper.

To conclude our review of Mr. Hume's proceedings during the session. On the 10th of June he "moved for, and obtained, accounts of our then newly acquired colonies of Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, and Malta, as well as the Ionian Islands, that the House might see how the colonies, which had no colonial assemblies, were managed by the government."

On the 22nd of the same month, on the presentation of a petition of workmen of London and Westminster against the Combination Laws, Mr. Hume "protested against giving the rich master the power of combining against the journeyman, and punishing the latter if he attempted to procure (by combination) a fair remuneration for his labour. The common law was enough to check any really improper behaviour." And, speaking of the causes of distress, he proposed the Repeal of the Corn Laws, &c.

On the 1st of July, Mr. Hume supported the motion of Sir Francis Burdett, for Moderate Reform, in compliance with the opinions of the people of Scotland.

On the same day, certain resolutions and statements having been brought before the House relative to the Storekeeper General's department, Mr. Hume said that, "to the year 1808, Mr. John Trotter, of Soho Square, managed the business of this department, and his total expenditure averaged, for fifteen years, *thirteen being in war time*, £16,862. Under government it had cost from £30,000 to £141,000 per annum ! The expenses were more than double the stores supplied. Seven

deputy storekeepers general and assistants had been placed on half pay, or whom none had served more than four years, and one of them only one year and four months."

The House adjourned in July, and met again in November. On the 24th of that month we have the following characteristic scene, relative to the prince regent's address at the opening of the session :—

"Mr. Hume rose amidst loud cries of 'question, question.' He said that, in order to give every member an opportunity of stating his opinion upon this question, which, at that late hour, it was impossible to do, he would move an adjournment of the debate."

"The Speaker.—What does the hon. member move ?"

"Mr. Hume.—That this debate be adjourned."

"The Speaker.—I beg leave to submit the difficulty that arises upon this question. The House has already decided that this debate should not be adjourned."

"Mr. Hume.—Then I beg leave to move that the House do now adjourn."

The gallery was cleared, a long wrangle seems to have ensued, but no division, and the debate *was* eventually adjourned, in spite of the previous decision of the House.

On the adjourned debate Mr. Hume made a speech that fetched up Lord Castlereagh upon the question of the Manchester Riots, which had given rise to severe ministerial measures against public meetings.

The manufacturing districts had been for some time in a very disturbed condition, and the speech recommended stringent measures. Mr. Tierney had proposed an amendment deprecating measures of severity. The debate occupies 227 pages in Hansard.

On the same day on which the above scene occurred, Mr. Hume moved for, and obtained, an account of the National Debt from 1786 to 1819, on a much improved model as compared with previous returns of a like nature.

On December 8, he "moved for papers showing the condition and cost of our navy ; spoke in the highest terms of the services which it had performed, and admitted the great necessity of its being maintained in efficiency ; but that an expenditure of from six to seven millions sterling per

annum, whilst we had only 19,000 seamen, appeared enormous. We had then 607 ships in the navy, and 120 new vessels were on the stocks."

The motion was met with the most determined opposition from Ministers; whereupon Mr. Hume said that, "with regard to the expense of the accounts, he would undertake, for five pounds, if they would give him the inspection of their books, to obtain all he desired. He could not but complain of the spirit in which the motion had been met; and he could see no difficulty in making the returns, *unless, indeed, there were no accounts at all for the earlier period.*" Which, in fact, was nearly the true state of the case.

We have thought it necessary to dwell at some length on the proceedings of Mr. Hume during the year 1819, but with respect to subsequent periods we shall only touch upon a few points of special importance.

On the 12th of May, 1820, Mr. Hume opposed an Increased Duty on the Importation of Corn, in the following words:

"Could any man, acquainted with the country, propose any measure more likely to increase the notorious sufferings of the commercial and manufacturing classes? The extent of those sufferings requires of that House to give the fillip to industry, by the removal of all commercial restrictions."

Three days afterwards we find him lifting up his voice against one serious abuse which, at any rate, does not exist in our day:—

"Mr. Hume attacked the *secrecy* of the Civil List. He would mention the instance of plate being given to several individuals. It might be right, but the House had no means of judging that it was so. The House knew not why services of plate had been given to Lord Jocelyn, the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Yarmouth, or Mr. Canning. Why £3,000 in plate was given to Mr. Canning, was unknown to the House. He was one who deprecated, who dreaded, *secrecy* and seclusion; and he would not cease to think that things were not all right, till a fair and manly avowal of all should be made to that House."

In 1821, Mr. Hume took up the question of Financial Reform with great determination; and the appreciation of his services is well exhi-

bited in the extracts that follow, from speeches of Henry Brougham and Sir James Mackintosh; from "Cobbett's Political Register," and from the resolutions of a public meeting in Westminster:—

We find in "Cobbett's Political Register" of 24th of February, 1821, the following:—

"Mr. Hume, on the 16th instant, made a delightful exposure upon this subject. . . . When this thing, called the Ordnance Estimates, was brought forward, Mr. Hume made a stand. He said that the estimates were perfectly *useless*; that no one could understand anything from them; that they were calculated to bewilder and deceive; and he therefore moved that, 'The Ordnance estimates for the present year be submitted to the House in *detail*,' &c., &c."

"What would a gentleman think of his bailiff, or rather, steward, perhaps, who, at the end of the year, should bring in his bill of expenses in somewhat the following terms?—

"To money paid to blacksmiths	£120 0 0½
"To carpenters, joiners, and wheelwrights	500 0 0½
"To gardeners and such sort of people	200 1 1½

"Why, the lord of such steward would, if he did not think the thing beneath him, horsewhip the vagabond. The proper thing would be a footman's shoe to kick him from the parlour, all through the hall, clean down from the steps of the front door. Still this would not be so bad as the Ordnance Estimates; for this confused mass of paper is not only without detail, but it is made out *beforehand*. It is a *guess* account; and *no account whatever is ever rendered, from first to last, of the actual disbursements.*"

Mr. Hume seems resolved that the thing shall not go on in this way any longer, without exposure at any rate.

"This exposure made by Mr. Hume is a good one. It has gone forth, and opened the eyes of a great many persons. He did not carry his motion. The Ministers beat him, however, only by fourteen votes. Let it be observed, too, that *before the division took place*, Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Ward pledged themselves to lay before the House, in another shape, all the inform-

ation sought to be obtained by Mr. Hume," &c.

"We have, in this transaction, a striking proof of the value of *industry*, without which talent and integrity are useless in a member of Parliament."

In this motion Mr. Hume had the support of Henry Brougham, John Cam Hobhouse, and Mr. Bernal; and his fellow teller was Lord Folkestone, now the Earl of Radnor. Of the forty-four financial reformers who voted with him, how few remain behind! and of those who still live, and can recall the conflicts in which they took part, some few have maintained, like Mr. Hume, a firm and enlightened consistency; but far more, alas! have glided away down the easy stream of official comfort and oblivion.

When, in the same year, Mr. Hume brought the question of the emoluments of the Stamp Distributors before the House, Sir James Mackintosh said, "That his hon. friend was entitled to the gratitude of the country for the zeal and perseverance which marked his public conduct, and which rendered him one of the most useful members of that House. The perseverance of his hon. friend had obtained that concession from Ministers, which they had formerly refused to make." And Lord Alexander Hamilton "expressed his acknowledgments to the hon. member for his unwearied exertions in promoting retrenchment and economy, at a time when the public interests so imperiously called for them."

The importance of the subject thus opened by Mr. Hume, may be collected from the fact that one distributor of stamps had received £3,821 a-year, for nineteen years; another £5,881; and a third lucky distributor, £2,600.

It is necessary, to form anything like a fair idea of the labour that he incurred, not only to note what he proposed, but also the almost inconceivable amount of extravagance, and the unprincipled, reckless conduct of those who, at that time, filled the offices of ministers and placemen.

In 1822, as we find by the "Traveler," an evening newspaper, of the 18th of February, a great meeting was held at Westminster, for the purpose of petitioning the king concerning the alarming state of the country. Mr. Hume was present, and in the course of the proceedings, the following reso-

lution was put and carried by acclamation:—"That the thanks of this meeting be given to Joseph Hume, Esq., for his great exertions in unmasking and exposing to the view of the people the enormous waste of the public money—for his perseverance in the face of such obstacles as no man unacquainted with proceedings in the House of Commons can appreciate—for the unexampled courage and temper he has all along displayed, which have always increased as attempts have been made by the enemies of the people to put him down, and to stifle inquiry by scorn, contempt, and insult."

On the 27th of February, 1822, there had been a grand fight between Mr. Hume and Mr. Croker, the secretary to the Admiralty, upon a question of figures, in connection with the navy estimates. The ministerials fancied that they had discovered a big hole in Joseph's coat, but it turned out that it existed only in their imagination; whereupon Mr. Henry Brougham said—"He would continue to his hon. friend his full reliance, because he had never yet found him fail in what he had undertaken to establish—because on this occasion, when his accuracy was especially impeached, he had signally triumphed. And he hoped he would go on with the same persevering zeal for the public good, careless of the taunts of those who profited by abuses, forgetful of the neglect shown to his labours by the gentlemen opposite, thinking only of his country, dreaming only of his duty, and, great as his services were to that country, still laying up additional claims to gratitude, (loud cheers.)"

Mr. Brougham had, in the former part of his speech, greatly irritated the ministers by saying that—"They anticipated the return of those halcyon days, when their estimates remained without examination or exposure, when any hon. member who chose to dispute a ministerial item, heard in reply only the words, '*Jacobin, leveller, Bonapartist, anarchy, social order, basis of society*,' and other jargon."

Another member (Mr. Smith) added that, "he recollected that when the hon. member for Aberdeen (Mr. Hume) first began that course of conduct which he had pursued with so much success, every possible attempt, short of absolute insult, was made, to deter

him from proceeding. Sarcasm and imputation of every sort were directed against him. Before the end of the session, however, those very individuals who had treated the hon. member in this manner came to him, cap in hand, and offered him every assistance in furtherance of his designs."

This refers principally to a speech of Lord Castlereagh, who, after the most virulent abuse had been lavished upon Mr. Hume by the supporters of government, and seeing that such conduct was telling against the ministry, passed a high eulogium upon Mr. Hume's persevering endeavours. Mr. Smith goes on to say, "What was the cause of this change of sentiment with regard to the hon. member? It was that the country had decided the question in his favour. In every quarter of the kingdom the services of the hon. member had been acknowledged to be most meritorious."

If anything were wanting to show the urgent necessity of financial reform, it is to be found in an admission by ministers in the year 1822, that the financial accounts *could not show a balance* of income and expenditure. "No account at all, in fact," as Cobbett says, "in the true sense of the term, was given;" so that if the minister at the head of any department could save £50,000 or so out of his annual grant, he might put it into his pocket, and the transaction could only be discovered by some informer or by sheer accident.

The cause of Queen Caroline, whom Mr. Hume believed, with the great mass of Englishmen, to have been treated with the grossest injustice and whose persecution certainly was carried on with an amount of virulence which nothing but malice or the consciousness of being engaged in a disgraceful business could account for, was taken up by him with his usual zeal; he was one of her foremost friends in and out of Parliament; he dinned the ears of the ministers incessantly, and must have enraged the King beyond all bounds, and it is a characteristic fact that, on the 21st July, 1821, when the King or his representatives were sitting in the House of Lords and about to prorogue Parliament, Mr. Hume got up and moved an address to His Majesty to order a proclamation for the coronation of the Queen. While he was speaking,

"Black Rod" knocked at the door, and the proposition was interrupted by the rush of the faithful Commons to the bar of the Peers' House.

On the 12th February, 1824, Mr. Hume commenced another of his labours in the cause of justice and common sense, by moving "for a committee, to inquire into the state of the law respecting artizans leaving the kingdom and residing abroad; also respecting the exportation of tools and machinery; and the combination of workmen," &c.

He had given notice two years previously that he should bring the subject before the House; but the death of Mr. Ricardo, who was to take part in the business, and other circumstances, had delayed its introduction. Mr. Huskisson supported the motion, and, with Mr. Hume, became a member of the committee appointed thereon.

During the next session, Mr. Hume moved for, and obtained, another committee, when the subject was pretty thoroughly sifted. The fact that a skilled workman could not, by the laws of England, go abroad to improve his condition; and that very many had been prevented so doing, while if he were an ignorant or a worthless fellow he was at liberty to go where he pleased, was so monstrous, that to publish it was to hold it up to execration. Mr. Hume laboured incessantly at this matter for years, but met the most determined opposition; and at length, although the *credit* of the matter has been snatched from him by some recent historical writers, he had the satisfaction of seeing his effort crowned with complete success.

Of the abolition of corporal punishment he has been a steady, and was an early, advocate. On the 5th March 1824, during the discussion on the Mutiny bill, he raised the question of flogging in our army, and denounced it in a telling speech: he was supported by Sir Robert Wilson and other members; and he persisted in dividing the House upon the proposition, "That it should not be lawful to inflict corporal punishment by flogging, on any private soldier or non-commissioned officer;" for which 24 members voted, and 50 against it. And on the 15th of the same month, he again divided the House upon the

same subject, when he obtained 47 votes against 127.

In 1825, the newspaper-stamp and advertisement duty attracted his attention; and, upon the report on the "Newspapers' Bill" being brought up, he made an earnest attempt to obtain a reduction of the newspaper-stamp and advertisement duties. He "entreated the Chancellor of the Exchequer to listen to his proposal for reducing the duties on newspapers; which he might do without injury to the revenue. He would guarantee the right hon. gentleman against loss. So anxious was he, that he would almost become personally responsible, if, at the end of the year, any loss should accrue. He entreated the right hon. gentleman to make trial of it for one year." Vain was the appeal; deaf the ear to which it was made; a "variety of taxes had been dealt with in that session; no further reductions could be consented to."

In the year 1830 his services were rewarded by his being elected one of the members for the county of Middlesex, in conjunction with Mr. Byng the veteran reformer. Mr. Hume was re-elected in 1831; but in 1836 a desperate stand was made against him by the Tories, and they succeeded in replacing him by Col. Wood, an officer in the army, whose political services no one had ever heard of. The news of Mr. Hume's defeat exasperated the reformers beyond measure; and the instant that the fact reached Kilkenny, he was proposed as a candidate for that place, and triumphantly elected.

In March, 1830, and very probably before, Mr. Hume declared his conviction in favour of the ballot in the election of members of parliament; and during the struggle for Reform in 1831 and the following year, his labours were incessant; fortunately, they are too well known to require to be detailed here, even if we could afford the necessary space. We shall, therefore, only give one extract relative to the subject as being curious in itself.

A great meeting was held in Marylebone on the 12th October, 1831, when an address to the king was entrusted to Mr. Hume by the meeting, which awaited his return from the palace, and received the following reply:—

"Gentlemen,—I am happy to say that I have presented your address to

His Majesty, telling him it was passed at a meeting of near 40,000 persons, and that it prayed he would retain his ministers, use all constitutional means to pass the Reform Bill, and dismiss those persons from his court and household who were opposed to this measure; and I have the happiness to say, gentlemen, that His Majesty has distinctly promised that the prayer of it shall be complied with, and he emphatically observed, he had the highest confidence in his present ministry, and that every means in his power should be used to insure the success of a measure so essentially necessary to the interest, happiness, and welfare of his people; and, further, that all persons about his court or person, opposed to the bill, should be removed. (Tremendous cheering.)"

In 1835 and 1836, Mr. Hume gave much of his attention to the subject of Orange Societies in Ireland, which had been the cause of so much ill feeling and contention in that unhappy country; and after immense labour, he succeeded in obtaining their suppression. We should be extremely sorry at this time, when sectarian dissensions again unhappily give rise to scenes which are in dreadful discord with the spirit of religion, to recur to any subject, the recollection of which might possibly inflame those feelings and increase that discord; but we are bound to say that the facts elicited by Mr. Hume, and by the committees appointed to inquire into the subject, were so extraordinary, and the case so bad, that Mr. Hume was implored not to proceed with the proofs, but to rest content with the result which had been obtained; and that feeling that the main end had been gained, he, fearful of causing more dissension, and perhaps bloodshed, acceded to the request.

We have been informed, although we cannot pledge ourselves for the accuracy of the assertion, that the bitterness of the feeling created by Mr. Hume's endeavours very nearly cost him his life at the hand of an assassin.

One of the greatest services ever performed in aid of the movement towards Free Trade, was the examination into the whole subject of the import duties by the Committee of 1840, of which Mr. Hume was promoter and chairman. The evidence taken before that Com-

mittee was of the most valuable and practical character, being given principally by men of high standing in the commercial world. The labour bestowed upon this inquiry by Mr. Hume was enormous, and did not cease with the issue of the report. That document was reprinted as a supplement to the "Spectator" newspaper, of the 2nd of January, 1841, a Committee was appointed to disseminate it all over the country, and a subscription entered into for that purpose. Many thousand copies of this supplement were printed, and Mr. Hume, who had the management of the matter, and, we believe, bore by far the largest share of the expense (which must have been very great), sent a copy to the chief officers of every corporate town and to a vast number of other persons in this country; to every member of the Senate and House of Representatives at Washington, the mayors of every town, and a vast number of other individuals in the United States of America; and to many influential men in all parts of Europe. This report mooted the subject of Free Trade in every corner of the land, and advertised Mr. Hume's name as the leader and prime mover in the work; yet, strange to say, at the general election, which, following shortly after its appearance, Mr. Hume, being invited to stand for Leeds, was rejected in favour of a young conservative nobleman, and a gentleman totally unknown in the political world; and the last Protectionist Parliament met without Joseph Hume. Another election, however, soon followed, and he was again returned for his native place, which he still represents.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Hume's course has been strewn with flowers; on the contrary, in the early part of his career, he was met with an amount of virulent personality that was almost overwhelming; and even at a later period, no stone that could be thrown at him has been withheld, no slander was considered unfitting, and no innuendos too vile to be uttered against him. The world has forgotten all this, or nearly so, and the difficulties and injustice that he met with when the truth could not be whispered without danger, and to speak it aloud was almost certain destruction, have been almost forgotten. There is one subject, however, which is still now and then

raked up against him, and for several reasons we feel bound to notice it. We allude to a charge made against him in connection with the Greek Loan. We have carefully studied the reports, writings, and speeches which appeared at the time, and have had the benefit of some private information, and we believe we can give in a few lines a true outline of this oft-mooted matter. Mr. Hume was one of the commissioners for raising two loans to assist the Greeks to prosecute their war of independence against the Turks. The working of the affair was not considered satisfactory, and a committee of inquiry was appointed by the bondholders, to make a complete examination of the subject. With the general result we have, here, nothing to do; that which respects Mr. Hume alone belongs to our province. He was reported by the committee to have sold out his bonds when they were at a discount, and afterwards to have been remunerated from the general stock for the loss which he sustained. The facts, we believe, to be as nearly as possible as follow:—the management of the funds was in the hands of certain Greeks, residing in London, deputies of the Greek government, but subject to the control, or veto perhaps, of the commissioners, of whom Mr. Hume was one. He had protested against certain proceedings of these deputies, whose incapacity was very generally admitted and had refused to sign some documents, and assist in some further proceedings which they suggested, as not consistent with his and their duty; whereupon they wrote a letter to Sir Francis Burdett, another member of the commission, accusing Mr. Hume of holding back for fear of losing the money which he had embarked in the scheme. The injustice of this charge stung him deeply; and at a meeting of the commissioners and deputies at the house of Mr. Kinnaird, he declared that he would sell his bonds at the earliest possible moment and, till he had sold them, would not act in any way as a commissioner. He immediately acted upon this determination; and when the deputies found that it was no idle threat, they bought in his bonds, indirectly we believe, at a price which made Mr. Hume a loser of £1,300. The business then proceeded, but the deputies made a great profession of

sorrow that Mr. Hume should be a loser; declared that he was the best friend Greece had in England; that but for him the money would never have been raised;—all of which was perfectly true—that since the sale of his stock the bonds had risen to par or higher; and that it was most preposterous that he, who had sold out upon what they declared was a misunderstanding of that which they had said concerning him, should be a loser of the money; and they claimed to compensate him from the funds, and carry the outlay to the account of Greece. To this Mr. Hume acceded; and thus he was party to an action which was morally wrong to prevent his losing a large sum of money by a most unjust and utterly unfounded insinuation. It must be borne in mind, as has not been always the case, that he made nothing by the transaction, but gave up his bonds, which he had fully intended to hold, and only recovered by the arrangement which we have detailed as fairly as we could, his own money, which he never ought to have lost. At the time the affair made a great noise; his enemies distorted the transaction in the most disgraceful manner, but the opinion of the people generally was never against him. Within about three years of the publication of the report, Mr. Hume was twice elected member for Middlesex; and we think we are quite safe in affirming that there is no public man whose name, at the present time, or for many years, has been considered so secure a pledge for honest and fair dealing in money matters as that of Joseph Hume.

There is another charge against him which must not be passed over; we allude to the assertion that, upon the question of the payment of the interest of the Russian Dutch Loan, Mr. Hume voted against his conscience, and declared that "he would vote black was white to keep the reform ministry in office." If he did say this, Hansard does not give it. We believe the truth to have been, that the motion was not only a trick—a dishonest ruse to throw out ministers, but that everybody knew it was a mere party trick, and nobody attempted to deny it. Mr. Hume believed that ministers were wrong upon the point, but he knew and said openly, that each preceding

ministry had done the very thing which they now said the ministers ought to cease to do, and would do it again the instant they were in power. Mr. Hume told the House, a few nights after the affair, that he had gone down determined to vote against ministers, but seeing the manœuvre that was being played off by the opposition, he gave up his own opinion, and voted against it. Here, then, he gave a party vote, an act which we see done almost every day, which it is impossible to reconcile to our ideas of morality, and at the same time no one has yet been able to devise a plan by which government could be carried on without it. Mr. Hume, we believe, has given fewer party votes than any man in the House; but he had the honesty to avow it. As to the phrase of voting black was white, if used at all, it must have been a joking answer to a mischievous taunt.

We have already touched upon Mr. Hume's services in supplying the people with opportunities of acquiring knowledge and obtaining recreation. In no way has he been of more essential service to the public than in this. As an active and zealous member of the Committee of the "British and Foreign School Society," he acquired an insight into the wants and capabilities of the poorer classes, and he soon set to work to supply the deficiencies under which they laboured.

On the 2nd of April, 1824, on a motion for a grant of £60,000 for building a gallery to receive the pictures presented by Mr. Angerstein to the nation, Mr. Hume said, "That as it was, at last, determined to make a National Gallery, and, by so doing, rescue the country from a disgrace which the want of such an establishment had long entailed upon it, he trusted that responsible individuals would be selected to take care of the pictures which had already been purchased. Some regulation of that nature was rendered necessary, by the recollection of the injury which had been sustained in the British Museum by the want of it."

About the year 1826, Mr. Hume made several attempts in Parliament to procure more free access for the people to the British Museum and other public establishments, but obtained very little support. In 1834 he

supported Mr. Buckingham's motion for inquiry on the subject, and was a member of the committee appointed thereon. He was also a member of Mr. Ewart's committee on the "Principles of Arts of Design" in 1835 and the following year; and in 1841 he obtained a committee, of which he was chairman, "On National Monuments and Works of Art—to consider the best means for their protection, and for affording facilities to the public for their inspection as a means of moral and intellectual improvement." A strict inquiry was then made into the restrictions, management, and mismanagement of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower of London, British Museum, and other public institutions, and some extraordinary facts were brought to light.

In 1847 he obtained the appointment of a Royal Commission of inquiry into the constitution, administration, and management of the British Museum. The voluminous evidence taken, and the report of the commission thereon, fully warranted Mr. Hume's opinion that a total change in the administration of that great national establishment was required.

Mr. Hume has always given a large amount of time and labour to other subjects connected with the information, amusement, and health of the people. He warmly advocated Mechanics' Institutions. He displayed untiring industry in watching Bills for enclosing commons, in order to secure to the neighbouring population the legal portion for public recreation—a clause too often attempted to be evaded. In the case of Primrose Hill, he not only prevented public land being built upon, but, we believe, prevailed upon government to purchase other lands of the Eton College estate to increase the space, and maintain the connection of the Regent's Park and Hampstead Fields unbroken for the recreation of the public. The throwing open of Hampton Court every day in the week, was entirely accomplished through Mr. Hume's endeavours; and, we believe, that the same may also be said of Kew-gardens.

But few things have occupied a larger share of his amount of attention than the "Society for obtaining free admission for the people to national edifices, works of art, &c." This society

was commenced at a great public meeting, at Freemasons' Hall on the 29th of May, 1837, Mr. Hume in the chair. Fifty-four members of Parliament joined the society at Mr. Hume's request, and the Duke of Sussex became its president. It is useless to attempt to give in detail, Mr. Hume's exertions in and out of Parliament in furtherance of the objects of this society; seizing every opportunity in the House of Commons, and corresponding with institutions in all parts of the country, many of which he visited personally during the recess each year. But the effect is to be traced in the fact, that after twelve years of those exertions, our institutions, instead of being less accessible and useful than those of other countries, have become more free and available than those of any other nations; much discontent and prejudice have thus been swept away, and a spirit of inquiry and of mutual confidence created in their place. All classes of society among us have risen from the low estimation in which we were once held abroad, to the highest place of reputation for orderly, discreet, and intelligent demeanour. This was well instanced at the Great Exhibition last year, and is equally observable in the Parks, the British Museum, and elsewhere. Various circumstances assisted this progressive improvement—the cordial concurrence of the commissioners of police, the late Colonel Rowan and Mr. Mayne; the warm support of the public press; the liberal example of the Art Union, and Society of Arts—being prominent among those aids; but the persevering exertions of Mr. Hume, most ably and zealously assisted by Mr. George Foggo, the Honorary Secretary of the Society, fused together all auxiliary matters and cemented the work. These two gentlemen allowed no impediments to daunt them, and no rebuffs to abate their perseverance; and it deserves to be especially remarked with what care the spirit of the Society has been infused into the management of the various institutions of the country, private as well as public, without any undue interference—a fact which has rendered its operations and success far more effective and general than they could otherwise have been.

With the exception of numerous speeches, Mr. Hume has not written or published anything; but singularly enough we find in Watts' "Bibliotheca Britannica" that he is set down as the translator of "Dante's Inferno, into English blank verse," and of the "Description of a new gasometer and blow-pipe, which appeared in the Philosophical Magazine, vol. 44." His aptitude for languages made us at first believe that he might in his early days have tried his hand at Dante by way of practice; and the description of a new gasometer and blow-pipe would have been nothing extraordinary for a doctor of medicine, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. But we found upon further inquiry, that the Dante was due to Dr. Hume, of Somerset House, we believe; and the description of the gasometer, by Mr. Joseph Hume, the chemist of Long Acre.

If, however, Mr. Hume, has not been guilty of literature himself, he has been the friend of literature and science, and the cause of it in others—for he was most zealous in the establishment of the London University, and was, and still we believe is, a member of its council; he is a life member, and has been vice-president of the Society of Arts for very many years, besides having been president and vice-president of many literary institutions; and the following saying of his, relative to the King's College, which was considered an opponent of the London University, deserves to be recorded:—"Whatever," said he, "was the difference as to matters of creed, no institutions for education could be in opposition to each other. He regarded the newly proposed scheme with entire sympathy, and not with the slightest feeling of rivalry."

We must not omit also to mention that in 1824, Mr. Hume was elected Lord Rector of the University, and Marischal College of Aberdeen, where he did great service in brushing away some of those cobwebs that hang so thickly about all our old institutions. So well were his services appreciated that he was re-elected and served the same office the following year.

In 1831 he was proposed for Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, together with Mr. Cockburn, the whig Solicitor-general of that day, and the tory, Mr. Lockhart; the votes recorded

in favour of Mr. Hume, were double in number to those given to Mr. Lockhart, but Mr. Cockburn was elected by a majority of thirty, and Mr. Hume acquiesced in the decision with perfect good feeling, there had not in fact been anything like a spirit of opposition between the two latter candidates.

Mr. Hume is not a man about whom the world are likely to be unanimous; he has occupied too prominent, too decided a position for that. But there are points upon which all must agree. His amazing capacity for labour has become proverbial; so great, indeed, is it, that we hardly know whether, in giving an idea of it, we shall be most likely to terrify or to stimulate our young readers. His ordinary habit has been for thirty years, and, we doubt not, always was much the same, to be at work in good time in the morning—often before breakfast, then to sit at his desk writing letters, arranging his papers for the House, seeing, perhaps, during the morning, twenty people on business; and we have been told, that when he sat for Middlesex, he often found as many as that waiting for him when he came down in the morning. Those matters occupy him, generally, until it is time to go down to the House of Commons, or to some committee. When the House meets, it rarely assembles without Mr. Hume; and if a division should happen to be taken at three o'clock in the morning, you would have been quite certain not long ago, and would have a good chance now, of finding his name in the list. This would satisfy most men for one day; but if the House rose early—say at one o'clock or so, Mr. Hume would go home, let himself in without disturbing any one, quietly sit down in his room, leave a trayful of letters to be posted the first thing in the morning, and go to bed—nobody knew at what hour—to be up in good time, and go through the same routine again the next day.

In labour, we believe he never had his equal. We have heard more than one member of Parliament—themselves first-rate working men—say that they have sometimes felt positively ashamed that fatigue has quite subdued them, when Mr. Hume, by many years their senior, has seemed as fresh, as wakeful, and as workful as ever. And many a man, urged on by his own interest, and

by every motive that confers more than ordinary energy on mortals—his pocket, or perhaps even his reputation, depending upon the issue of some inquiry or motion—has felt sometimes that his kind, but tremendous friend, was not unlikely to bring the case to a tragical termination, by working him to death at his elbow. So indomitable is Mr. Hume's power, that we believe he was never detected asleep but once; and when Sir Robert Peel, who was speaking, noticed the extraordinary occurrence, Mr. Hume replied, on the instant of opening his eyes, "How can I possibly help it, if you will spin out such an argument for a couple of hours?" We believe that had Mr. Hume been placed in the circumstances of Hercules, that he would have performed all his labours with perfect ease, and called out for more. The build of his frame is Herculean, and points out a man possessed of great power; but that is not the case generally with men who do much of his kind of work. Giants and athletes are not well adapted for lawyers, doctors, or scribes. Mr. Hume's constitution is strong undoubtedly, but he is compelled to keep strict guard over himself; and often treats himself with doses of medicine—not homœopathic. Yet with all his caution, and all his strength, he manages to knock himself up for a week or so every session. His habits are simple and temperate in the extreme; and, when very busy, he requires looking after, to prevent him from skipping his dinner and other meals altogether. Besides the enormous mass of public business which he gets through, his friends, knowing his love of work, kindly do all they can to please him, by dying and leaving him executor to their property, trustee to their children, &c. When he does such work we believe nobody knows; but he does it, and well; and of course gets plenty of it to do.

If you get a letter from Mr. Hume, you will find on the seal the word "PERSEVERANCE." Never was motto more truthful—more characteristic. The matter of the Monuments to the "Scottish Martyrs" presents an admirable instance of this quality.

In 1794, when Mr. Pitt's administration attempted, by violent prosecutions, to suppress the popular desire for reform in Parliament, the convictions of

Muir, Palmer, Gerrald, Shirving, an Marguerotte, and especially the vindictive and illegal sentence passed on them by the Edinburgh Court of Judicature, excited a strong feeling of disapprobation. Mr. Hume was, at the time, a student in surgery at the university. Animated with the generous spirit of sympathy which was prevalent around him, he determined whenever an opportunity offered, to raise a monument to those victims of authorised oppression. Years rolled on, and his absence in India; his travels through Europe, Asia Minor, and Egypt; his Parliamentary duties; and a multiplicity of avocations, deferred the accomplishment of his purpose but the recollection of the Scottish Political Martyrs was never obliterated from his memory; and, on the 20th of February, 1837, he presided at a public meeting, held at the "Crow and Anchor Tavern," when it was resolved, "that a subscription should be immediately entered into, for the purpose of commemorating their deed and sufferings, by public monuments in the capitals of Scotland and England." After many difficulties, a site was obtained on the Calton Hill, for that of Edinburgh, where it was placed in the shape of an obelisk, ninety-two feet high, with commemorative inscription, in 1846. But still greater impediments being opposed to the object in London, it was not finally accomplished until the beginning of the present year by the erection of a granite monument thirty-four feet high, near the entrance of Nunhead Cemetery, where it now stands conspicuous, an enduring monument of the martyrs' sufferings; as well as of political oppression in time gone by; and of Mr. Hume's inextinguishable perseverance.

It was once said of Mr. Hume that had he been sentenced, like Syphilus, to roll a huge stone up hill *everlastingly*, he would certainly have done it; or perhaps, some fine morning when everyone else was asleep, would have got rid of his charge by pitching it over on the other side. Had the torment of Ixion been awarded him, he certainly would have trundled away until he got out of sight and reach of his tormentors, or had worn the wheel to pieces by friction. "Punch" convulsed the town once with a happy caricature of "Old Joe" strutting

on the banjo of reform under Lord John Russell's window—the indomitable comic gravity of “Old Joe,” and the despairing look of the “finality” Premier, were inconceivably ludicrous.

His courage and self-dependence are amazing—to stand up night after night in the House of Commons when Castlereagh was in the ascendant, and Canning's biting jibes were ready, constant and cutting, and declare in the face of the world, that the doings of a powerful ministry were iniquitous and disgraceful; to bear the hootings and howlings of a rabid *after-dinner* opposition in those times; to read the scurrility that met him in the press, and to meet everywhere the basest insinuations against his character; to dare to call a spade a spade, and to denounce rascality to its face in an age when all the ability and disinterestedness of Sir Samuel Romilly failed to wrest from the legislature the concession that a man should *not* be hanged for stealing five shillings from the person—to have done all this, at such a time and in such a place; and moreover to *continue* to do it, not now and then, when the blood was roused by some accident, but to do it night after night, week after week, year after year; to be beaten again and again, to be laughed at, sneered at, sworn at—for in those days that was not rare—and still to persevere, with temper scarcely ever ruffled, with energy never relaxing and hope never failing,—is to us one of the most marvellous things of its kind that we have met in our studies of human character. Had *Laocoon* possessed the same coolness, courage, and perseverance, he would have strangled all the snakes that could possibly have clung round him, and have exhibited a face of unruffled calmness under their embraces.

We cannot forbear telling an anecdote of Mr. Hume, illustrative of his remarkable self-possession and fearlessness; we believe that it has already been printed more than once, and, unlike most stories, it possesses the prosaic quality of being true. Mr. Hume was in a small packet off the coast of Scotland, when the weather became very boisterous; the master of the boat either got frightened or did not know his course, and certain destruction seemed to await the unfortunate passengers. Mr. Hume saw

the dilemma; demanded to see the captain's charts, which were freely given up to him, together with the entire control of the vessel; ascertained the position of the vessel in a short time, altered her course; saved, probably, the lives of all on board—and, when all danger was past, went into the cabin, and, obtaining some paste, mended the captain's torn and neglected maps! This was reported many years ago by a young man who was on board at the time, and helped Mr. Hume to handle the paste-brush.

Those who cannot deny to Mr. Hume the qualities which we have already ascribed to him, are content to say that he is a man of no genius, no originality. He is not a commanding genius certainly, he never hits upon any startling or grand expressions or ideas, he is not a good speaker, and has none of those brilliant qualities which dazzle while they delight; but, on the other hand let it be remembered that he had *originality* enough to give forth many novel opinions which have now been proved to be sound, and have been accepted by the public; and many of which, after having been laughed at for years, have been carried almost by acclamation. Let it be remembered that when he enunciated those ideas, no one stood by to help his *weak intelligence* he did not grasp his opinions on grand occasions, or in accordance with the views of a party, but he arrived at them by the simple act of testing everything that came before him, by the light of his own mind. This alone gives him a claim to a high intellectual position, and any one who has talked with him upon general matters, and noticed the facility with which he passes from one subject to another, and the vast amount of information that he possesses, will pause, if they be not prejudiced, before they characterize him as narrow-minded. We believe had Mr. Hume turned his attention to any of the professions, he would have risen to eminence; had his mind been concentrated upon a smaller range of subjects, it would have exhibited an expansive grasp—as indeed he has always done, by seeing through the disguises, and going at once to the root of the matter in hand. This very fact gained him for a time the character of a *visionary*, and now that the world

has caught him up, he is frequently ridiculed as a plodding, one-ideal man! Would that the world had had a few more of such, when Romilly and Mackintosh sat with Brougham, Tierney and Hume, on one side of the House, and Castlereagh, Vansittart, Canning and Dundas sat on the other!

It is idle to speculate upon what Mr. Hume might have been;—it is idle now to lament that he undertook more work than any human being could by any possibility get through—though we may just stop to say that his *sympathy* is answerable for that, for he has not to this day learned to say *no* to a request for assistance;—it is idle to note errors which have now and then been detected in the work of the *bee* by the *drones* who stood by doing nothing! But we may fairly say that the work has been most unequally divided, and that Mr. Hume, if he has earned a lower place in the roll of fame than he might have obtained had he consulted only his own comfort and dignity, deserves, by that very self-negation, a higher position in the gratitude of posterity!

The most common charge that is urged against him perhaps, is that he is *parsimonious*;—this for several reasons must be fairly weighed. He is accused of being unnecessarily critical in small matters, in short to practise meanness rather than economy. How did he earn this character? By denouncing a system of keeping the public accounts, which left peculation easy and without danger; by exposing disgraceful waste of the money wrung from the hard toil of honest industry, and squandered in disgusting profligacy. By demanding that the rulers of a great nation should themselves be above suspicion, and that elevated position should not be taken as an excuse for shameless dishonesty, he placed himself in the position of a man who goes amongst thieves and tells them to be honest, or into the abodes of infamy and denounces profligacy. He who refuses to follow the villainous habit of bribing a lazy scoundrel to do that which he is paid especially to do, or refuses to reward a lazy vagabond for not working at all, will earn from such gentry the name of a mean fellow—what wonder then that Mr. Hume escaped not?

Let us see what was the *animus* by which he was moved. He refused to sanction the taxing of the poor man's food; he refused to vote for an army or navy which he believed to be larger than necessary; he refused to vote unlimited supplies even to princes. He refused to increase the country's burdens for such purposes as these. He did not, however, refuse to vote money for the education of a neglected and reviled "mob," he did not grudge the money that went to improve the health, the moral condition, the taste, or the recreation of the people; on the contrary, every proposal to vote money for such purpose met his warm and hearty support;—and no man in England has originated so many of such propositions. The deduction of money from the unearned income of a profligate peer, a sinecure secretary, or a bloated doorkeeper, in order to increase the funds for the education and improvement of the people, may be parsimonious, but if we were driven to choose amongst words of similar termination, we should rather call it *religious*!

So much for Mr. Hume's public meanness! With his private affairs we have nothing to do: we have no wish, if we had the opportunity, to break into his house, as certain people, figuratively speaking, are guilty of. We dare say Mr. Hume does not leave his cash-box open on his table: does not spend a fortune at the opera; does not even take a nice quiet rubber on Sunday, or on any other day, at his club; he may even choose to wear a four-and-ninepenny hat and short boots, as he was once accused of doing, and certainly he does object to pay more than a shilling a mile even if his cabman asks him for it: or, quitting negatives, let us suppose that he is a little close in private matters—what then? Why he has been thirty-three years in parliament without accepting place,—not without having had it offered to him; he has turned his house into an office; he has at times engaged several clerks to help in his labours; he has never been entirely without a secretary, a clerk, or some sort of paid assistance; he has spent a mint of money upon postages—sometimes under the old system, *five pounds* in one day; the printers' bills which he has paid would amount to

a nice round sum ; there has scarcely been a society for the promotion of the welfare of the people that he has not subscribed to, and handsomely—frequently taking the leading business, and, like an amateur actor, paying the largest sum because of the importance of the part ; he has been the working agent of several colonies without any remuneration whatever for his services ; he has got up more subscriptions for deserving misfortune than any other man in the world, and not only put his name down, but paid the subscription too, as rumour says has not been the invariable rule with charitable patrons ;—all this he has done ; and, although he has served on more committees in the House of Commons than any other man ever dreamed of ; although he has been appointed, and has acted as a royal commissioner on innumerable occasions ; although he has, for the purposes above-mentioned, drawn from his private purse for the benefit of the public, certainly one or two hundred a year, and probably a great deal more, for upwards of thirty years, he has never once received a single farthing of the public money from the time he entered parliament to the present day ! Had Croesus acted in this manner, he might, almost, have worn a four-and-ninepenny hat without being considered stingy.

We have felt sometimes that it was inconsistent for a man who had done so much for the public not to be paid for his labour, and we used to hope for the day when the “whirligig of time” should make him Chancellor of the Exchequer. Perhaps we were wrong ; and it may be more to his honour that he should finish his useful and noble life as plain Joseph Hume, so that we may continue to say of him as was said on the Middlesex hustings the other day by Lord Robert Grosvenor,—“*He is one of the fairest men in the House of Commons. He has passed the whole of a long life in serving the people without fee or reward.*”

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ADVERSITY teaches many bitter lessons. It proclaims many unwelcome truths. It dispels many a bright day-dream. It stops the healthful flow of many a generous thought ; quenches

the fires of ambition—levels the loftiest passions to the dust—and raises its strong bare arm to lay low the mighty and the arrogant. It is all-potent. But adversity performs fairer labours. It does not toil ever in a barren vineyard. It sows pure seeds, which ripen and bear goodly fruit ; pleasant to the eye and grateful to the taste. Its spring-time has the bleak dreariness of winter ; but its autumn oftentimes glows with the deep rich tints of an eastern sun-set. It is in adversity that the full capacity of the mind is first known. It is then that the trammels which have impeded the complete exercise of the human faculties are loosened and torn asunder. It is then that slumbering powers are awakened—startled into animation—hurried into exertion. It is then that a keener sense of the majesty of self-dependence is made manifest to the mind : and it is then,—when the inner spirit is all loveliness and purity, though the outer seeming is clouded with heavy gloom—that sympathies are born and holy whisperings answered, which, in the after-time, are the sacred lights which shed a guiding ray o’er the paths of life we have yet to traverse.

Adversity is, nevertheless, an ordeal from which we all shrink : we shudder at it. Our thoughts, however wavering on other subjects, are, on this, firm and determined. The breath of that sound is as an ice-blast, chilling our very souls. We flee before the freezing breeze. We do not hesitate to acknowledge the evils oftentimes resulting from riches. We see that the steps which have led us to affluence, and opened to us the door of comfort and ease, have taken us, in some degree, out of the path we had intended to pursue, and that its traces are soon lost to us entirely. We know that the circle of our affections is narrowed ; that our views are more restricted ; that we glory more in self-estimation ; are less sacrificing to ourselves, and more exacting from others. We feel that the tendency of riches is to abate our industry and to check our usefulness—and that, in fact, as worldly wealth accumulates, mental treasures fade and wither like the coins of the magician in the Arabian fable. But we worship riches, it is the idol before which we bow ; it is the deity to whom we sacrifice the labour of years

—the purest thoughts—the loftiest resolves—the dearest ties of kindred and of country—and oftentimes even our own happiness. And why? because we fear the awful presence of adversity—we see it hovering in the distance—vague, terrible; and we surround it with strange and ghastly phantoms, even as imagination weaves fearful forms from the spreading branches that are dimly visible in the waning light of evening. We forget that adversity has its brighter pictures, and that it hallows, like the touch of a blessed spirit, many scenes on which the shadow of its wing has fallen. That it opens many hearts which, but for its influence, would have denied access to the most elevated feelings, and that it elicits from the soul those bright scintillations which are the imperishable evidences of divinity.

Little doubt is there that, to adversity, English literature owes the name of Oliver Goldsmith. Adversity, ere then, had trained many master spirits in her school: Oliver Goldsmith was another pupil. In his youth he showed no higher characteristics than are displayed by a generous disposition and a feeling heart. He was not an infant prodigy. He was not specially remarkable as a boy. As a young man he, at first, was all idleness and inattention—a lover of the sunny side—a mere loiterer on the byways of thought. But afterwards, when he had tasted deeply of the cup of suffering—when he had passed across the burning ploughshares—and felt his spirit purified by the trial, and new strength throbbing at his heart—he emerged from the crowd of idlers—he stood erect and conspicuous, and men came and did him homage. His voice went far, far away; it took with it words of comfort and hope; it travelled over many lands; it touched many hearts with gladness; it was a happy welcome voice.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pal-las, a village in the county of Longford, in Ireland, on the 10th of November, 1728. His father, an upright excellent man, a clergyman of the Established Church, with a large family, and a small stipend, was, in 1730, appointed rector of Kilkenny West, and shortly afterwards removed to Lissoy, a small village between Ballymahon

and Athlone. Here Oliver's early days were spent: here his education first commenced; and here his mind received impressions of natural beauty and of domestic misrule, which, in after-time, elevated unpretending Lissoy to the "Auburn" of the Deserted Village. His aptitude for learning was small. He was docile, retiring, easily governed by gentleness—but, in the words of his first teacher, a certain Miss Elizabeth Delap, who would have been proud, we could imagine, of having laid the foundation of his mental wealth—he was "a dull boy," nay, "impenetrably stupid." His next instructor thought otherwise, but then he was a strange being, but ill fitted for the training of youth perhaps. Thomas Byrne—so was he named—was of a poetic disposition, overflowing with fairy superstitions and legendary lore. He had been a soldier—had seen good service, and his mind was full of the memory of many exciting events. He was not deficient in education: and the narratives, which he constantly related to his scholars were full of earnestness and dramatic interest. Little Oliver was an attentive listener. He heard with amazement and pleasure the wonderful stories of distant lands, and the wild legends of his own country:—the terrible disasters of daring adventurers, and the playful freaks of the "good people." His little soul floated pensively away across the broad sea of imagination, until the blue depths closed around and checked its further progress. These were sunny days, but they were of short duration. An attack of small-pox snatched him away from his lively master, and when he recovered, dreadfully marked and scarred, it was only to find that his former pleasure would return no more; he was to be sent to another school. At Elphin, in Roscommon, then under the management of the Rev. Mr. Griffin, Oliver Goldsmith was next placed. The result of his studies here was more satisfactory. He made tolerable progress in his education, obtained the favour of his instructor, by whom he was considered a promising boy, and even gave evidences of wit surprising in a youth of nine or ten years of age. As, on one occasion, when taunted with his resemblance to *Æsop* by an amateur violinist, to whose music he was

dancing, at a private party, Oliver stopped suddenly and exclaimed—

Our herald hath proclaimed this saying—
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing.

Too good a reply, perhaps, from one so young to be quite original; most probably a reminiscence of some verse, slightly altered to suit the occasion, but sufficient to spread the fame of Oliver amongst his relatives, and to change their determination—rendered necessary by poverty—to bestow upon him a less liberal education than upon his elder brother Henry, who was about to proceed to the University. Maternal intercession was mainly instrumental in producing this result, for Oliver was dear to his mother. She thought that in these and other little exhibitions of early genius, there were evidences of a latent power that some day was to shine forth conspicuously. She, with that beautiful sympathy for her offspring which only a mother possesses, read truths in that plain, rough face, and penetrated depths of that sensitive mind which her simple child, as yet, knew not of. While Henry was gaining high honours at the University, Oliver, at a school at Athlone, was preparing himself for similar distinctions. Henry, affectionately remembered by his brother in after life, as was shown amongst other ways, by the “Traveller” being dedicated to him, did not profit largely by the fame he acquired at college. Marrying when very young, his exertions were cramped, and he was compelled to sacrifice his ambition, and to settle humbly in life as a country curate and schoolmaster. Oliver studied, not very industriously, but with sufficient application to acquit himself creditably. He was not fond of learning, and during the vacations he compensated himself for past labour by amusements of an exciting character. “As author or victim he was always ready for any act of mischief,” says one of his biographers; and the story of a daring orchard robbery, in which Goldsmith played a prominent part, was recounted some years since by an old man, who well remembered the circumstance. But the most amusing incident of his holiday adventures, is that which suggested a portion of the plot of “She stoops to Conquer.” Arriving

rather late at night, at the town of Ardah, he sought from a passing stranger to be directed to the best house in the place, meaning of course the best inn. The stranger was a wag. He discerned in the querist that mixture of boyish assumption and boyish ignorance, which it is so easy to detect, and he sent the youthful traveller to the well-stored mansion of a private gentleman. Arriving at the gate, Oliver, all unconscious of the hoax, authoritatively ordered his horse to be taken to the stable, and being mistaken by the servant for an expected guest, was ushered into the presence of the family, to whom, in the most off-hand manner, he gave orders for an excellent supper. The host, perceiving the error of his visitor, humoured the deception—chatted and laughed, as Irish landlords were accustomed to do—and rendered himself so agreeable, that Oliver would insist upon his company and that of his wife and daughter at table—and it was not until the next morning that the mistake was explained.

On the 11th of June, 1745, Oliver Goldsmith was admitted as a sizar of Trinity College, Dublin, not without considerable reluctance on his part; for a sizar, in return for the educational advantages he received, was compelled to perform a number of menial offices, revolting to a young man of sensitive disposition. Oliver firmly refused at first, to enter upon his studies in this capacity; but by the kind advice and friendly exhortations of his uncle, Mr. Contarine, pride at length gave way, and the step was taken. Poor Goldsmith! He had no sooner fought this battle with his feelings than others awaited him on every side. His tutor, a certain Mr. Wilder, an educated ruffian, whose passions were of the most ungovernable kind, conceived a violent hatred for that little shrinking being who was his new pupil. Oliver quailed before the looks of his fierce instructor; he felt no pleasure in pursuing his studies, when every little inaccuracy was rewarded by a taunting jest or bitter sarcasm; he feared that ready laugh, which was so often raised against his smallness of stature and his awkward manners; and he took more pleasure in solitary musings and idle recreations in his own chamber, than in striving

to remedy those imperfections for which he was so harshly rebuked. He had a weary time of it. There was little to make him in love with learning; little to make him in love with those with whom he was associated; only one of his fellow students—Beatty, with whom he had formerly been at school—displayed any sympathizing kindness towards him. This kindness, carrying with it very frequently small loans of money, was most grateful to Oliver, whose pecuniary resources, not improved by a generous disposition, were very limited in extent; and upon the death of his father, in 1747, became even smaller. Now, indeed, was an hour of trial; relatives sent occasional aid to the poor sizar, but it was meagre and insufficient; and with a generosity peculiar to himself, was very frequently employed in relieving the poverty of others. He pawned his books, and lived for a time on the money thus realized: he even wrote ballads for a bookseller at five shillings each, and, stealing out into the streets at evening, listened to the rude singing of his humble songs. But there was happiness in this—it was an hour snatched from the gloomy monotony of the day—from dull and wearying studies—from bitter thoughts of his own inefficiency—to revel in bright dreams of hope and fame. “Few and dull the beggar’s audience at first,” says Mr. Forster, “more thronging, eager, and delighted, when he shouted the newly-gotten ware. Cracked enough his ballad-singing tones, I dare say—but, harsh, discordant, loud, or low, the sweetest music that this earth affords fell with them on the ear of Goldsmith. Gentle faces pleased—old men stopping by the way—young lads venturing a purchase with their last remaining farthing—why here was a world in little, with its fame at the sizar’s feet.”

But other amusements of a more exciting description shortly afterwards engaged his attention. In May, 1747, a scholar was arrested for debt. This was an indignity not to be borne. His fellow scholars determined to revenge themselves for the insult which had been offered to one of their body. They organized themselves into detachments. They sought out the unhappy bailiff who had been guilty of this high offence. They captured the delinquent. They bore him in triumph

to the college. His mind, perhaps, was not accessible to purification. It was too deeply encrusted with worldly dust to admit of cleansing: it would not repay any labour bestowed upon it. But with his body the case was very different: and the unfortunate representative of the law, stripped and well ducked, was no doubt made fully conscious of the enormity of the sin he had committed. The collegians grew elated: their victory had been complete; their energies were not yet exhausted; triumph, indeed, had given them new strength; they panted for a fresh field on which to show their prowess; authority was weak; it had been easily overturned; they would strike terror into its very heart; they would attack Newgate and set all the prisoners free;—they would do a deed by which their names would ever after become distinguished! Their names did become distinguished; but not in the manner intended. Instead of gaining a place on the scroll of Fame, they had a fair chance of becoming remembered in the records of assizes. They stood nearer to the hangman’s rope than to the wreath of the victor. The attack was unsuccessful; the assailants were repulsed; and several lives were lost in the affray. Many of the ringleaders were expelled from the college; and others, among whom was Oliver Goldsmith, were publicly admonished.

This fell heavily upon Goldsmith. He had joined the scheme merely for the sake of the amusement it would afford; and the result was so far from being either gratifying or honourable, that he began to reflect upon his conduct. He began to feel displeased with the progress he had made since he first became a sizar at Trinity College. He determined to become proficient in something besides inattention. He applied himself for some time to his studies, with a better heart, and with the consciousness that he had not availed himself of former opportunities; and he soon was recompensed for his labours, by gaining an exhibition, of but little value, but priceless, inasmuch as it was the evidence of his assiduity. He was greatly elated: he felt proud of the honour he had fought for and won, and he wished others to participate in that pride. He had been working hard; now was the fitting time for a little relaxation. All

less of University regulations, invited a party of friends of both to his chambers. They were all merry. The witty joke, the boisterous song, the hearty laugh, went on—and still all was merriment. Night came on apace—and still as merriment. Its sounds, borne on the still air, came full upon the ears of the malignant Wilder. And, long cherished, towards Oliver, quickened his steps. He entered the room, and stopped the flow of friendship, even at the fulness of the tide. Oliver chafed at the intrusion. Hot words followed, and the mate Wilder, in a paroxysm of deadly ferocity, felled his pupil to the floor: the company broke up in confusion: and on the morrow Oliver found himself no longer an inmate of Trinity College.

He had fled: and with only a few shillings in his pocket, obtained by selling his books, was wandering he scarce knew whither. Too happy to be free of the tyranny of his tutor, he only regretted of enjoying the freedom he possessed. No gloomy visions of poverty and hunger rose up before him. He was generous himself: surely he was generous also. Only a short time before he had given his father, nay, had parted with his last shilling, in order to assist a poor man and her family who were in distress. He did not pride himself upon these acts: he did not claim merit for having performed them. His heart had bled at the mother's suffering and of sorrow; and his head had only responded to the utterings of his heart. There were many good hearts in the wide—wide world, and they would sympathize with his misfortunes. Alas! poor Oliver had many hard lessons yet to learn!

His money was soon exhausted; even his friends stood him in little need. To three long days on the last shilling—but then on the fourth day?—then but starvation? Never, Goldsmith, in after life, did any taste so delicious as some boiled mutton which a young girl gave him on these wandering days.

He returned to college—friends were reconciled, and a reconciliation was effected between himself and Wilder. The memory of the insult he had

received, and the misery through which he had gone, did not pass away from the mind of Goldsmith. His natural indolence of disposition was, in some degree, corrected. His habits became more settled, and, on the 27th of February, 1749, he obtained his degree of Bachelor of Arts. Now, indeed, was an end of college discipline;—now, indeed, was to follow a long autumn of enjoyment—a full harvest of happiness. With a light heart and a merry smile, he went home to Ballymahon, now the residence of his mother, impatient to look once again upon the faces of those he loved. But it was now time to select a profession; it was now time that he should trace out the path which he intended to pursue. He was of age, and he must decide. Relatives wished him to enter the church, but this did not accord with his views. He opposed the proposition; and he acted wisely. But his uncle, Mr. Contarine, who had shown himself on several occasions a kind, good-hearted friend—used his eloquence, and Oliver was forced at last to succumb before the weighty arguments by which his refusal was encountered. Two years, however, must elapse before he could take orders: and these two years were indeed a bright portion of his life. With no cares to harass him, with no studies to disturb his peaceful leisure, he passed in idle enjoyment the time that should have been spent in preparing him for the sacred office he was to undertake. Riding, fishing, occasionally assisting his brother Henry, and scribbling a few verses, were the occupations that absorbed his time. He was on the sunny side—happy and contented; for he was not proud in his own conceit. He was not ambitious; and could he, without further effort, have settled in humble ease at Ballymahon, the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" would never, perhaps, have been known beyond his own village.

The two laughing merry years fly rapidly by; but Oliver's attempts to pass an examination before the Bishop of Elphin are not satisfactory. Either the bishop is displeased at strange college-life rumours which he has heard, or Oliver is incompetent to fill the office. The true reason can never, perhaps, be known, but the fact is

established; Oliver could not be ordained. And now a situation is obtained for him. A Mr. Flinn needs a tutor, and Oliver supplies the want; but harmony does not long exist between them. Certain gambling propensities, and a tendency to deviate from the established principles of fair play, were, it is alleged, the reasons which, at the end of a year, caused a separation between master and pupil. Whatever doubts may exist as to the honesty of Mr. Flinn, certain it is that Oliver, at the conclusion of his duties, found himself in possession of £30 and a good horse. With such incentives to travel, he started off, paid his passage money in a ship bound for America, and was about to sail, but the wind proving unfavourable, he remained on shore, went into the country, and, upon his return, the breeze had for some days been propitious for the voyage: the vessel was far out upon the sea. He cared but little for this; he had still a few guineas in his purse, and while they lasted there was no cause for sorrow; and so, wandering about, happy and heedless, he at length arrives at home, after having spent all his money, and finding himself possessed only of a wretched steed which he had named Fiddleback. This wild journey caused considerable annoyance to his relatives. They began to despair of Oliver, who had not realized the high expectations which had been formed of him. Even his mother censured his conduct, and a long playful letter which he sent to her, descriptive of his adventures, did not abate her displeasure. Good uncle Contarine again came forward to assist his young nephew. Would he follow the law? Would he go up to London and eat his terms, and concentrate his mind upon the necessary studies to enable him to obtain entrance into the profession. Oliver was quite willing; and with £50 advanced to him by his excellent relative, he soon reached Dublin on his way to the metropolis of England. But, alas! temptation stood in his path. An accidental meeting with an old friend led him into a gaming house, and the £50 so lately secured in his own pocket-book was now the property of sharpers. In an agony of remorse and bitter shame, dark shadows falling heavily where sunlight formerly had played, he wrote to his uncle, confessed the im-

prudence of which he had been guilty, and implored forgiveness. It was soon granted. Like the prodigal son, Oliver returned home contrite for his folly, and the smiles of affection welcomed him.

Another brief time of holiday, and now he commences in good earnest. In 1752, he is in Edinburgh studying medicine, and is determined to make that his profession. He attends lectures, and shows at first some little industry; but the social gathering has more attractions for him than the scientific discourse, and he is seen to greater advantage at the supper table than at the lecture theatre. He could tell a good story and sing a good song, and his unassuming manners and excellent heart obtained for him many acquaintances. Indeed, they appeared to have gained his admission into a quarter where we might have supposed their value would have been scarcely recognized. For in one of his letters he says, "I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's, but it seems they like me more as a jester than as a companion, so I disdain so servile an employment, as unworthy my calling as a physician." Probably he alludes to this fortnight, and to his own unfitness for what he calls a jester or flatterer, in the following passage from the "Man in Black." "At first I was surprised that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought disagreeable; there was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. This even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found however, too soon, his lordship was a greater dunce than myself, and from that moment flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right, than at receiving his absurdities with submission: to flatter those we do not know is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eyes, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience. His lordship soon perceived me to be very unfit for his service: I was therefore discharged: my patron being at the same time graciously pleased to observe that he believed I was tolerably good

natured, and had not the least harm in me."

After remaining at Edinburgh during two winters, he determined to visit the continent for the purpose—as he informed his uncle—of studying in Paris, where the great Farheim Pepit and Du Hammel de Monceau instructed their pupils in all the branches of medicine: although, as Washington Irving remarks, the real motive was doubtless his long-cherished desire to see foreign parts. Instead, however, of visiting Paris he determines to proceed to Leyden, but when about to embark to Holland, he accidentally meets with a merry party of Scotchmen about to sail for Bordeaux, and at once joined their company. Driven by a storm into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the passengers go on shore; and while regaling themselves pleasantly, Oliver is astonished to find that he and all his companions are made prisoners by a party of the King's soldiers. Still more astonished is he to find that his new friends are arrested for treasonable practices, that they are in fact Scotchmen in the French service, and that he is supposed to be implicated in their guilt. It requires all Oliver's exertion, and all the exertion of his relatives, to release him from this awkward position; and when after a fortnight's incarceration he is set at liberty, he forgets all the dangers he has passed in thankfulness for the dangers he has escaped; for the ship which, but for his detention at Newcastle, was to have conveyed him to Bordeaux, has been wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every soul on board of her has perished.

Taking ship for Rotterdam, he arrived in safety, and proceeded by land to Leyden, and commenced his studies at the university. He attended the lectures of Albinus on anatomy, and Gaubius on chemistry, and attentively noted the peculiar habits and disposition of the people among whom he was living. In an interesting letter to his uncle, he gave an exaggerated but amusing description of a Dutchman, which shadows forth in its style the power that was afterwards to be wielded by the "Chinese Philosopher." "He in everything imitates a Frenchman," said Goldsmith, "but in his easy, disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman

is vastly ceremonious, and is exactly perhaps what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred; but the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature. Upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked, narrow hat, laced with black ribbon; no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pair of breeches, so that his hips reach almost up to his arm-pits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite. Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace, and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats."

He had left England with only £33 in his purse, and this, as may be supposed, was soon exhausted, occasional indulgence in gaming hastening its progress. He had been about a year at Leyden—continually suffering great distress—he could expect no further assistance from Ireland—and yet he was desirous of travelling further on the Continent. A generous English student, with whom he had contracted a friendship, advanced him a sum sufficient to supply his wants, but accidentally seeing some beautiful tulips—a flower of which he knew his uncle Contarine was exceedingly fond—Oliver spent all the money he had so recently obtained in a purchase for his relative. His own wants were forgotten. He gave no thought to the sufferings which probably awaited his onward journey. He only thought of the kind and dearly-loved uncle who had so often befriended him; and he determined, although far away in a strange country, that that uncle should see he was still held reverently in the memory of Oliver Goldsmith.

With a guinea, a flute, and a miserable, scanty wardrobe, he set out on his travels. Whither he went is scarcely known: but it is certain that, ill-provided as he was, he journeyed on foot over a great part of Europe. He passed through Flanders, through Paris, rambled through Italy, visited Florence, Milan, Verona, Venice; and at Padua, or Louvain, is supposed to have obtained his medical degree. Without friends—without the means of bare subsistence—it at first seems incredible that he could have journeyed through so many countries. But his wants

were few ; his habits simple. If plenty were before him, he never failed to enjoy ; but to the simple crust he gave a friendly welcome. With no thought for the morrow—with scarcely a thought for to-day, he went on, light-hearted, happy, and full of hopefulness. He was still on the sunny side.

Some evidence of the manner in which he subsisted, is found in the "Vicar of Wakefield," where the wanderings of a philosophic vagabond are described. That under this title Goldsmith was simply relating his own experiences, there can be but little doubt. He was in every sense too much a child of nature to utter an unreal word, even in fiction. He had no necessity to invent. His life had been a varied drama, the scenes of which he was constantly re-producing. They were worth all the languid creations of the garret, or the drawing-room. They were true. Goldsmith had fought hard with the world, and had gained from it every thing but its worldliness. He had gathered from every tree, save from the tree of Evil.

There can be but little reason for supposing that the adventures of the philosophic vagabond are not almost literally the adventures of Oliver Goldsmith, and strongly interesting must they have been. "I had some knowledge of music," the vagabond philosopher says, "with a tolerable voice ; and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry ; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion ; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. In Italy, where every peasant was a better musician than I, my skill in music could avail me nothing ; but by this time I had acquired another talent as well ; and this was, a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents, there are upon certain days philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant ; for

which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night."

Thus he travelled on, gaining experience of men ; reading human nature in its every phase ; or "seeing both sides," as he aptly expresses it. His mind expanded with the knowledge he had almost insensibly acquired. His thoughts took a wider range, and his vision took a more comprehensive view of the scenes which were enacting around him. When at Paris, he said, "As the Swedes are making concealed approaches towards despotism, the French, on the other hand, are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. When I consider that these parliaments, the members of which are all created by the court, and the presidents of which can only act by immediate direction, presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who, till of late, received directions from the throne with implicit humility—when this is considered, I cannot help fancying that the genius of Freedom has entered into that kingdom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs more successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will once more be free." Subsequent events proved how truthful was the prophecy. At last this wandering life is at an end ; and in 1756 Goldsmith finds himself once more on the soil of England. What is he to do ?—There must be no more vagabondizing. His flute will not find him a lodging now ; and learned disquisitions will not even procure him a crust. He tries in a rude barn to essay his histrionic powers : he tries to gain admittance to the humble shop of a country apothecary : he is unsuccessful in both instances. London opens wide and chilling upon his view. Wealth and prosperity are on every side : but they are golden fruit, which he may not touch.—A city of comfort and luxuries ? It is a city of tombs !—a city of buried hopes and crushed expectations ! Oh, the solitude of that peopled desert—the stillness of that eternal movement—the silence of that ever-speaking voice ! There are no friendly whisperings falling upon his ear now : no throbbings of belief in indistinctness, that may shine out clear and brightly in the future time. The sun-

shine has all passed away, and the heavy shadow has fallen!

How Goldsmith existed when he first arrived in London, is a gloomy mystery, which none save himself could have solved. It is a void in his life which no biographer can fill up:—"When I lived with the beggars in Axe Lane," were the words in which, to the horror of a fashionable company at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he once commenced some narrative of his struggling days; and it must have been this period to which he alluded. He gained for a time some footing as usher in an academy, but the situation was soon abandoned. He was an assistant to a chemist in Monument Yard; but soon again without occupation. But there is no irresoluteness now. He will work: will labour with his hands or with his brain: he will reject no more golden opportunities: will trifle no more. He is in earnest now. No more loitering in the sunlight.

Fortunately, at this time he met with an old school friend, Dr. Sleigh: and by his assistance, better days seemed about to dawn. Goldsmith was established as a physician in "a humble way" at Bankside, Southwark: but patients were few, and fees were small. Never mind—if he could live, he cared not how violent the struggle:—he cared not how high the ladder, so that his feet were once firmly placed upon the lowest step. Attending the poor, and sympathizing in their misery, he became a favourite with those for whom he prescribed. They knew that he also was like themselves; that though it was only the bond of poverty which bound them together, that their friendship was not the less truthful. Among those of the indigent whom Goldsmith was in the habit of visiting in a professional capacity, was a journeyman printer: his master was in a large way of business, and had relieved the distresses of others; perhaps he might give a helping hand to Goldsmith. Goldsmith sought out the worthy printer, and found that Mr. Samuel Richardson, the great novelist, was his patient's employer. In Mr. Richardson's printing office Goldsmith soon found an engagement as reader and corrector; and now indeed his affairs seemed brightening a little. He made the acquaintance of Dr. Young, author

of the "Night Thoughts," and of Dr. Milner, whose classical academy at Peckham he shortly afterwards superintended. While thus occupied, gratifying the Doctor by the knowledge he displayed, and delighting the pupils by his kind and gentle manners, he was introduced, at a dinner-party, to a friend of Dr. Milner's, a certain Dr. Griffiths, the proprietor of a critical journal, called "The Monthly Review." Dr. Griffiths was pleased with the usher's abilities: he entered into conversation with him privately: found that he was a man of information and ability. Would he favour the proprietors of the Review with a contribution? Oliver was not unwilling. The manuscript was sent. It was approved. It was inserted: and its author was shortly afterwards received into the house of Dr. Griffiths, in Paternoster Row, at a fixed salary, and under engagement to become a regular contributor to the Review for twelve months.

This was the first commencement of Oliver Goldsmith's literary life. It was now that his energies seemed likely to be directed towards one object. It was now that he was started on a career which might lead to wealth and fame. He had been buffeted about so long, that comparative comfort and repose appeared to be awaiting him. But it was far otherwise.

Goldsmith soon ceased to be connected with the "Monthly Review." Five months of drudgery, in which frequent quarrels arose, owing to the ignorant meddling of Griffiths and his wife; five months of literary labour, in which every hour was expected to represent a certain amount of work completed, and Oliver Goldsmith was again upon the world without occupation, and still unknown. His criticisms in the "Monthly Review" were ably written and with impartiality. Seated at his desk he toiled industriously for many hours each day; but every day the task-master became more exacting; every day his interference became more galling, and Oliver was at length compelled to dissolve an agreement from which nothing but bitterness of spirit had arisen. He was now a mere literary hack. "In a garret writing for bread and expecting to be dunned for a milk score," is the account he writes of himself to Ire-

land. The picture was doubtless a faithful one. Literature then offered but few temptations to enter upon its path. The masses had not yet begun to read; and wealth had ceased to be the supporter of letters. "It was in truth," says Mr. Forster, "one of those times of transition which press hardly on all whose lot is cast in them. The patron was gone, and the public had not yet come. The seller of books had as yet exclusive command over the destiny of those who wrote them, and he was difficult of access, without certain prospect of the trade wind hard to move." But Oliver did not despair. He had translated one book, "The Memoirs of a Protestant," and he determined to become the author of another. He would write a work upon the state of European literature. It might perhaps make him famous; at least it would be the means of adding to his pecuniary resources. With a little money in his possession he would endeavour to enter upon some foreign appointment, and leave a land where his labours met with such scanty recompense. Dr. Milner had promised to use his influence; he exerted it successfully; a medical post in India was vacant, and this Oliver was to fill. The emolument was not large, but advantages presented themselves by which the situation could be rendered most lucrative. Oliver was all happiness; everything seemed smiling; but the bright vision soon passed away; all the dazzling dreams of splendour which the poet-mind had seen in the airy future faded into gloom. The appointment was bestowed upon some other applicant, and the poor hack drudged on as before. Disappointment did not however rob him of energy. His golden Indian scheme having failed, his desires became more humble. He would enter the army or navy as a surgeon's mate; Smollett and Grainger had done so before him; he would follow in their steps. But he must pass an examination at Surgeons' Hall, and he could not appear there in the wretched garb which, in his own mean lodgings in Green Arbour Court, seemed so appropriate to the squalor by which he was surrounded. Respectability would be shocked by his rags. Even science would look with suspicion

upon his tatters. He would be prejudged by the trophies of poverty waving around him. Oliver was still occasionally employed by Griffiths, and to him he applied for assistance. Dr. Milner was now dead, or he would doubtless have given his late usher all the aid desired: but Griffiths consented to become security to a tailor for a suit of clothes, and the clothes in due time were sent home to the poor author. With a throbbing heart Goldsmith presented himself at Surgeons' Hall; but whether recent embarrassments preying upon his mind distracted his thoughts from the object on which they should have been bent; or whether his studies had been imperfect, cannot now be known—he was rejected. Yes, the medical knowledge which he had acquired at the University was not sufficient to qualify him for the office of surgeon's mate; he had obtained distinction abroad; he had practised as a physician at home, but the Court of Examiners at Surgeons' Hall declared him incompetent to perform the duties of a surgeon's mate. "Honour to that Court of Examiners," exclaims the most eloquent of his biographers, "honour to that Court of Examiners to the end of time. They found him not qualified to be a surgeon's mate, and left him qualified to heal the wounds and to abridge the sufferings of all the world. They found him querulous with adversity, given up to irresolute fears, too much blinded with failures and sorrows to see the divine uses to which they tended still; and from all this their stern and awful decision drove him resolutely back. While the door of Surgeons' Hall was shut upon him, that day the gate of the Beautiful Mountain was slowly opening. Much of the valley of the shadow he had still indeed to pass; but every outlet save the one was closed upon him; it was idle any longer to struggle against the visions which sprang up in his desolate path, and as he so passed steadily, if not cheerily on, he saw them fade and become impalpable before him."

Returning with a heavy heart to his dreary home, fresh sorrows awaited him. His landlady was in trouble. Her rent was in arrear, and a prison was threatened. Tearfully she told her tale to the quiet lodger who was

ys so gentle and so kind. The is of distress never halted on the shold of Goldsmith's heart; they ghtway entered, and soon the y hand told of the habitation they found. In an instant the newly n clothes were pawned; the harsh tor's debt was discharged, and heart of the poor woman made again. But soon the shadow to fall upon Goldsmith. Griffiths e to him, indignantly demanding ration of the clothes or payment. smith was unable to comply with r request. The publisher wrote 1—accused his debtor of theft, and threatened that a prison should be the punishment for his offence. e down on all sides, the last spar he had been clinging to amid the k of fortune seeming to sink ath his grasp, Oliver now found desolation of his soul made more late. "I know of no misery, Sir," aid to his bitter accuser, "I know o misery but a gaol to which my imprudence and your letter seem oint. I have seen it inevitable e three or four weeks, and, by vens! request it as a favour—as a ur that may prevent something e fatal. I have been some years ggling with a wretched being; all that contempt which indigence gs with it; with all those strong ions which make contempt in- ortable. What then has a gaol is formidable?" Griffiths did not ever allow his debtor to lie idle a prison. He knew that by the ur of the brain a punishment d be inflicted far more torturing he sufferer, and far more profitable himself. Goldsmith was prepared this, and in four weeks, and for nty pounds, he had atoned for his rudent generosity, by writing a *Life Voltaire*, which released him from pecuniary difficulties. And now plied himself again to his work the state of polite learning in ope. He was surrounded on all s by poverty, and "in his wretch- dirty room," says Dr. Percy, visited him in March, 1759, "there but one chair, and when, from ity, this was offered to his visitant, himself was obliged to sit in the low." But he was industrious, rful, and generous. The days e of toil long and wearying, but

in the evening, after dusk, he could steal out for a little walk, or remain in the court beneath his window, merry-making with the little children, giving to them trifling presents, and playing the flute while they danced around him. At last, in the month of April, 1759, appeared "An Enquiry into the present state of Polite Learning in Europe," the book which he had had for so many months in progress. Notwithstanding the imperfections of the work, notwithstanding the unfavourable opinions it expressed respecting the then existing condition of literature as dependent upon the mercenary spirit of the booksellers, the "Enquiry" was well received. Smollett noticed it with some little severity in the "Critical Review," and through Griffiths it was condemned in the "Monthly Review" by a malignant fellow named Kenrick; but the great body of the critics were pleased with the production. Its style was clear and elegant. The book might contain opinions adverse to their own, but it was evidently written with great taste and judgment, by one who showed that he had written with a higher aim than that imposed by mere task-work. The "Enquiry" was not a satisfactory book. It sought to embrace more subjects than Oliver Goldsmith had within his grasp. It was too extensive in its range to be properly comprehended by one whose opportunities for study had been so few, but it bore the stamp of genius; it was the herald of better things, and it procured for its author several engagements on periodical works. The number of weekly publications at this period was enormous. Scarcely a day passed that some fresh literary offering was not made to the public. But the public was chary in its encouragement; and, although at one time not less than fifty-five magazines were published weekly;—their existence was fluctuating and brief. Goldsmith first obtained an engagement upon the "Critical Review," edited by Smollett; afterwards he contributed essays to the "Bee," the "Busybody," the "Lady's Magazine," the "British Magazine," and other ephemeral works.

At the commencement of the year 1760, Mr. John Newbery, the publisher in St. Paul's Churchyard, projected a daily paper; and on the 12th

of January the first number of the "Public Ledger" was produced. It was very unlike the daily newspaper of modern times. A small sheet contained all the news which now occupies ten times the same amount of space. Politics claimed an occasional column. The parliamentary debates were recorded in half a dozen lines. Foreign intelligence was compressed into a paragraph. The gossip of the town, theatrical matters, tales, and essays, filled up the remainder of the paper. To this publication Goldsmith was engaged as a contributor, and on the 24th of January there appeared in it the first of a series of essays upon English manners and peculiarities under the title of "Chinese Letters," afterwards collected and published as the "Citizen of the World." The idea, that of a foreigner describing the habits and the customs of a people among whom he is sojourning, was not new; but the vigour of the description was so truthful, the pictures were drawn with so much completeness, there was so little exaggeration, and such a display of quiet humour and observation throughout, that the "Chinese Letters" soon became the most attractive feature of the paper, and for a long time have taken a well-earned position among the classic works of our language. In these essays Goldsmith assailed, but in no bitter or angry spirit, the various abuses, social and political, which existed in his time. He attacked the cheap morality which sought to hide every transgression against female honour, under the mantle of riches. He pointed out the evils which would inevitably arise from the mismanagement of our colonial possessions. He condemned the injustice of sacrificing so many lives in the war then being carried on between France and England. He laughed sorrowfully at the begging system of extortion prevailing in our cathedrals and abbeys, by which the house of God was made a mere show, and the jingling of silver was heard upon the tombs of the illustrious dead. He laughed at the many absurd fashions in dress, by which young and old alike disfigured themselves. He attacked the quackery then so rife among the professors of medicine, and which then, as now, while pretending to eradicate all human ills, only added others to the already

long catalogue. There was no evil that he did not lay bare, attacked small grievances, and undaunted by others of more formidable appearance. Almost alone in age of indifference, says Mr. Foote, the "Citizen of the World" raised voice against the penal laws, then with wanton severity disgorged the statute book; insisted that the sole means of making death an efficient punishment was to make frequent punishment, and was a society of the crime of disregarding human life and the temptations of misery, by visiting petty thefts with penalties of blood. Buffeted also by misfortune no longer, Goldsmith seemed to be gliding smoothly to comfort and prosperity. His school lodgings in Green Arbour Court exchanged for others of more convenient accommodation in Wine Office Court, and here, at a supper given by him, he first became acquainted with Dr. Johnson. Goldsmith still worked. His pen was always employed on some matter upon what subject, it was always ready. Now he was writing educational works for Newbery; compiling a "History of Mecklenburg"—a "Compendium of Biography"—a "Life of Christ"—"Lives of the great men of the times"—now writing upon the history of poetry, and now attempting to solve the mystery of the Cock Lane Case. But these labours made the hours of relaxation more pleasurable. For society, he passed his evenings with literary friends, whose acquaintance gradually made; and in the sunnier time, removing from the heat and noise of the town, he took shelter in Islington, then quite a rural suburb of the metropolis. Slowly but surely he gained a high position in literature and gathered around him a number of distinguished acquaintances. With Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Edmund Burke he was in terms of the closest friendship; when in 1762, the Literary Club was first established, numbering, in addition to these names, those of Topham, Boscawen, Bennet Langton, Dr. Nugent, Chamier, and Sir John Hall among its original members, Goldsmith's completed the list.

About the middle of the year 1763 appeared a work, entitled "The History of England, in a Series of Letters

from a Nobleman to his Son." It was very successful, and the public voice was unanimous in its expressions of approval. The authorship was ascribed to various noblemen—Lord Chesterfield, Lord Orrery, Lord Lyttleton;—so strong indeed was the presumption in favour of the latter, that in subsequent editions of the work, his name is to be found on the title page. But not to Lord Lyttleton was the world indebted for "one of the most finished and elegant summaries of our history that has been, or is likely to be, written." Its author, living in pleasant but humble lodgings, in Islington, could boast of no aristocratical connections, of no intimacy with the titled great; he was but a poor author with nothing but his talents to gain for him a place of honour and respect, and his name was Oliver Goldsmith. He had adopted an innocent fiction respecting the origin of the book, such as any author is justified in employing; and the experiment proved highly successful. His reputation increased among the booksellers, and among those friends who were acquainted with his secret. The book might well command attention. Although but a mere compilation from the works of Hume, Rapin, Carte, and Kennett, although deficient in information, and containing several minor errors, it was written with clearness and elegance; there was a charm in its fluent unembarrassed style—so free from anything like entanglement or obscurity—that rendered the details of history almost as pleasing as the fairest passages of romance. Goldsmith had not appealed to many authorities; but those from whom he had sought for materials he made himself perfectly familiar with. Free from all party bias, writing in no sectarian spirit, only with truth-conventions swaying his mind, he took his stand upon a gentle mount from which he could view the landscape of the past spread out before him. He did not care to catch a stray glimpse, however beautiful, through the trees. The foliage hanging, however, gracefully around, could not fail, while giving additional beauties to some objects, to shroud others altogether from view. He would take no side-long glances. He wished to comprehend the entire picture presented to his vision; not its subordinate features, but those more

striking objects which gave the prevailing character to the whole. It was the tree he wished to examine; not every separate leaf which waved upon its branches. And it is this spirit pervading the volumes which forms one of their chief attractions.

Goldsmith was gratified by the favour with which his "History" had been received. It gave a higher satisfaction to his mind than a mere ordinary success would have given. It brought back to his soul a whisper which hitherto had been so faint and low as to be scarcely intelligible, that he had powers which no man yet knew of, but with which the world might some day become familiar. It had been a light careless whisper at first, passing away like the sweet breath of the summer breeze, but now it came again and lingered long. Its words were clear and earnest. Often they were uttered; and still they fell more musically upon the ear of Goldsmith. Should their counsel be disregarded? Were they the suggestions of a mocking angel? Oh, no; it was a good spirit which had spoken, and the voice must be obeyed. Goldsmith was a hack no longer; true, he was compelled to write in order to obtain his daily bread,—he still lived by the sweat of his brain. But there were hours of more grateful labour; hours stolen from the tedious time of toil to be devoted to higher purposes. He was now arraying his own thoughts in the vestments of purity and grace. He was replying to the voice which had so kindly spoken to him. But perhaps he has taken too many hours from those demanded by his task-work. Absorbed by the thoughts which had so lately arisen in his mind, he had forgotten the narrow circle by which he was bounded. He had forgotten that the chain of poverty still held him, although its pressure was less severe than before. He must not move onward too far or his motion would be harshly checked. Checked was he now? Yes, Goldsmith was again in distress. Probably the work on which he had been employed had interfered with his ordinary labours, or his expenditure had been more profuse of late; but all in danger of immediate arrest was he, when the friendly Johnson arrived to render some assistance. What could he hope?

Both authors were poor, and time was pressing. Johnson knew not what to recommend. Suddenly his eye fell upon a manuscript lying in the desk; he glanced rapidly over the newly written pages: a few moments sufficed to show him that they held valuable treasures. Hastily he took them from the house, and in a short time came back with sixty pounds which he had obtained for the work of his needy friend. Sixty pounds was at this moment like a fortune to Oliver Goldsmith. It was a small sum, perhaps, for the manuscript, but it was sufficient to release him from present difficulties. He took heart once more, and again he applied himself to similar labour to that which he had just concluded; similar in spirit but not in form, for it was as a poet that he now sought to be recognized; and the appearance of "The Traveller," at the close of 1764, justified his claim. The success of this poem was instantaneous. Four editions were exhausted during about eight months. Dr. Johnson was loud in its praise, and used his utmost exertions to extend the reputation of its author. Other critics spoke in high terms of the new production; and on all sides it was admitted that a worthy successor of Pope and Dryden had arisen. "The Traveller" is not a romantic poem. It does not elevate itself on those stilts which so frequently render littleness more conspicuous. It does not attempt to startle the mind with highly coloured scenes of passion or of dramatic energy. No: it is a poem distinguished by the easy melodious flowing of its verse, its fidelity to nature, and the irresistible appeals which it makes to the feelings dwelling in every breast. "It does not," as Mr. Forster observes, "cry to the moon and the stars for impossible sympathy, or deal with other in fact or imagination than the writer has lived in and known. He has considered, as he says himself of Parnell, the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expression."

"The Traveller" obtained for Goldsmith a large amount of fame. Even among his well-known friends with whom his simple but uncultivated manners were the theme of constant mirth, admiration for his genius insen-

sibly compelled them to treat him with higher respect. "Well," said the sister of Sir Joshua Reynolds, after hearing Dr. Johnson read the poem, "I never again shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly." And his associates at the club were so astonished, that one, whose conversation was so void of brilliancy, and even of thought, should have written such beautiful and impressive lines, that belief in Goldsmith as the author of them was at first very diffident of expression. But the merit of the poet was acknowledged in other quarters. The fame of the author of "The Traveller" reached aristocratical circles; and by the sole passport of his own poetic genius, Goldsmith found himself in the presence of the Earl of Northumberland as an invited guest. The particulars of the interview have been handed down by Sir John Hawkins, who accompanied the poet to the house of the noble. "His lordship," said Goldsmith, in reply to the eager questions of Hawkins, "told me he had read my poem, and was much delighted with it: that he was going to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that, hearing I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness."

"And what did you answer to this gracious offer?"

"Why," replied Goldsmith, "I could say nothing but that I had a brother there a clergyman, who stood in need of help. As for myself, I have no dependence on the promises of great men. I look to the booksellers for support; they are my best friends; and I am not inclined to forsake them for others."

"Thus did this idiot in the affairs of the world," remarks Hawkins, in comment upon this interview, "trifle with his fortune, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him."

Yes! his own fortune seldom intruded upon his thoughts. Riches! Was he not enjoying the full harvest of mental wealth, which had ripened under the genial warmth of his poetic talents? But his poor struggling brother in Ireland had indeed need of assistance. A little time before, Goldsmith had said to this same brother, "You can scarcely conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight

years older than me, yet I dare venture to say if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eye-brows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig, and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance."

Anguish and suffering had changed his form, but his heart remained unchanged. It still clung to the old associations, to those in whose society the morning of his life had been passed. If they were rendered happy, he also should be happy. Goldsmith reaped no special benefit from his interview with the great man; but in order to show his gratitude for the kind offer which had been so generously made, he wrote for the gratification of the Countess of Northumberland, the touching little poem of "The Hermit," which has been considered one of the most beautiful ballads in our language.

Goldsmith having now obtained so wide a celebrity, it was suggested by his friends that by combining the profession of physician with that of author, his circumstances might be materially improved; and accordingly, in all the pomp of a new suit and gold-headed cane, Oliver commenced prescribing again for the sick and afflicted. But his efforts were not attended with success. People were afraid of confiding in a man who might be a very excellent poet, but whose medical knowledge had not been satisfactorily shown; and he soon relinquished his duties in disgust.

On the 27th March, 1766, appeared the "Vicar of Wakefield;" it was the work for which Dr. Johnson had obtained sixty pounds when Goldsmith was in danger of arrest, and half repenting of his purchase, the publisher had allowed it to remain in his desk for more than a year. Now, however, the book made its appearance, and the success which it met with showed how valueless was the critical judgment of the man of business. There was a simple yet touching truthfulness in the language and sentiments of the work which won its way to the hearts of all readers. The characters were real flesh and blood. They claimed admittance into every household; not as visitors resting for a brief

time ere they passed away for ever, but as friends whose abode henceforth was to be with us. They were gladly welcomed everywhere; and when they travelled far into other lands, the same kindly smile was ever ready to receive them. Enshrined in the languages of France, Italy, and Germany, the "Vicar of Wakefield" became the home-guest of a larger number of sympathizing hearts than had perhaps ever before been opened to a stranger. Goethe, then a young dreaming student, read the book with feelings of the most elevated gratification; and in after life, when the memory of many years had intervened, he declared that the "Vicar of Wakefield," in the decisive moment of mental development, had formed his education; and that after a re-perusal of it, he was not a little affected by the remembrance of the effect it had produced upon his mind seventy years before. The reputation it first obtained has only been strengthened by years. The world rolls on, and grows older day by day; but the "Vicar of Wakefield" is ever fresh, ever youthful. Even as it captivated us in youth, so does it captivate us now. We still like to join that little family group around which the mild sunlight ever seems gently playing. Good old Doctor Primrose still draws forth our love by his homely kindness, his pure simple heart, and his quiet humour; and when sorrow falls heavily upon him, we also are unhappy. Then how many times have we laughed at poor Moses; and yet while we laughed we felt sorry too, ah! very sorry, that he was so unfortunate with those spectacles at the fair. Then the sorrows of the poor Olivia, how delicately, how beautifully touched; we cannot read on,—the tear-drop must flow. "We return to the 'Vicar of Wakefield' again and again," says Sir Walter Scott, "and we bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." Who is there that does not echo this blessing? Who is there that does not feel his heart beating with warmer, kinder sympathies, after rising from the perusal of the "Vicar of Wakefield?" Who does not feel that a page in the book of life has been opened out before him, and that it has been illuminated by a light which makes the beautiful more

beautiful, and the truth more dearly loved?

Goldsmith had been successful as a poet, novelist, and historian; and he now determined to direct his labours towards another branch of literature. Passionately fond of the stage, he had formed the acquaintance of several distinguished performers, among whom David Garrick was numbered. But there was great difficulty in obtaining entrance into the theatre. Caprices of managers and actors were not easily overpowered. An author was compelled to write, not according to the suggestions of his own fancy, but according to the whim of those by whom his piece was to be enacted. Accurate measurement must be taken of each peculiarity. The quaint laugh, or the droll look, must be introduced, no matter how inopportune. Nature must be sacrificed to the broad grin. Goldsmith, in the spring of 1767, had completed a comedy, and soon it was submitted to the judgment of Garrick. But the manager of Drury Lane was hard to please. The comedy was good certainly. It showed considerable dramatic power. It was the work of a man of genius. But the public were peculiar in their tastes. Certain characters required alteration before an audience would tolerate them. Certain scenes were too long—others again were too short—the plot was very good, but perhaps a little alteration would improve it—until poor Goldsmith, galled by the reception his production had met with, sent it to the rival theatre, Covent Garden, then under the management of Colman. Here, after a long delay, it was at length put in rehearsal; and on the 29th January, 1768, the comedy of the "Good Natured Man" was represented for the first time. The public taste was then in a vitiated condition. The school of sickly sentimentality was in the ascendant; and any production drawing closely from nature was looked upon as barbarous and unsuitable to the age. The "Good Natured Man," compared with much of the trash of that day, was as the sturdy forest oak to the languid plant of the greenhouse; but its humour was too genuine, its emotions were too vigorous, to command the sympathies of an audience too long accustomed to the glittering paste to recognize the

beauty of the true diamond. pecuniary sense, the comedy was successful, yielding Goldsmith between £300 and £400; but the coldness which it was received on the first night went cruelly to the heart of its author. Friends applauded, and the discourse expressed their approbation; but the piece had not obtained a triumph commensurate with its merits; and Goldsmith, wrought into agony by what he regarded as a failure, endeavoured to hide his emotions under the semblance of mirth. He went to the theatre, chatted and laughed as merry as ever, nay, even sung his favourite about "an old woman tossed blanket seventeen times as high as the moon;" but "all this while," as he afterwards wrote, "I was suffering horrible tortures, and verily believe that I had put a bit into my mouth, that I might not have strangled me on the spot. I felt excessively ill; but I made more than usual to cover all that, and I never perceived my not eating, or my not believing at all imagined to them the anguish of my heart; but when all were gone except Johnson, I burst out a crying, and swore that I never would write again."

The "Good Natured Man" was performed ten times during the season, and was reproduced once or twice during the author's life, and is occasionally acted at the present day. It was one of the revivals which Mr. Macklin meant to produce at Drury Lane Theatre during his brief but able management of that establishment; but circumstances prevented his carrying out his intention. The "Good Natured Man" has never been a popular success. Croker is a character drawn in with a true spirit of comedy; "in the way of wit," it has been remarked, "Wycherley or Congreve have done few things better; and Farquhar could not surpass the heartiness of Goldsmith thrown into the croaking and unctuous enjoyment;" but the play is deficient in that continuous wit without which no dramatic production, however admirable in the close command success upon the stage.

The sum realized by his comedy was so large that Goldsmith saw no probability of future distress. He had many years been toiling up the hill, and the summit now appeared to be within his grasp. He was soon engaged upon a

work. "A History of Rome," for which when complete he was to receive 250 guineas; and his change of residence to a little villa on the Edgware Road, eight miles from London, and the charge in his tailor's account of £8 2s. 7d. for "Tyrian bloom satin grain and garter-blue silk breeches," show that at this period no visions of poverty disturbed his imagination. The dreary scenes he had passed through had not taught him prudence. He was generous to a fault, and whenever money came freely into his hands, it was as freely passed from them. No claimant for charity ever applied to him in vain. His eldest brother died in 1768, and this was the only shadow which for some time came across the path of Goldsmith. He was but now plunging into those embarrassments from which extrication afterwards became impossible. In 1769, the Royal Academy was instituted, Doctor Johnson was appointed professor of Ancient Literature; Oliver Goldsmith was the professor of History. There was no emolument attached to either of these offices, and although Goldsmith wittily said that such honours bestowed upon him were like ruffles to one wanting a shirt, such a mark of distinction could not fail to bring with it feelings of pride and gratification. About this time too, Goldsmith became acquainted with the family of the Hornecks: friends to whom he had been introduced by Reynolds. In this society many happy hours were passed. The Miss Hornecks were beautiful and intelligent girls, and the awkward author met with such a kindly welcome whenever he appeared, that the warmest feelings of friendship soon sprang up between them. A gentle word—a kind glance—were what Goldsmith could never withstand. But now on all sides he was received with these tokens of affection, and bright indeed seemed those brief days of sunshine. Sportive messages passed between Oliver and the fair young ladies, and to Mary, whom he prettily named the Jessamy Bride, the poet soon grew fondly attached. Dying at an advanced age in 1840,—but beautiful even in years—she lived into another generation to bear eloquent testimony of the excellence of that heart which had once yearned so fondly towards her own.

Poor Goldsmith! though his love was silent it was not unseen.

In May 1769, "The History of Rome" was published. It was described as for the use of schools, for which its pleasant style and its compact size rendered it well fitted. Its success was very great. The critics were loud in their praises, and one even expressed regret that the author of one of the best poems that had appeared since the days of Pope should not wholly apply himself to works of imagination. Johnson, who felt the warmest interest in Goldsmith, spoke in commendation of the book with a resoluteness that would have drowned the loudest clamours of disapprobation. "Sir," said the great lexicographer, "Goldsmith's abridgment is better than that of Lucius Florus, or Eutropius; and I will venture to say, that if you compare him with Vertot in the same places of the Roman History, you will find that he excels Vertot. Sir, he has the art of compiling and of saying everything he has to say in a pleasing manner. He is now writing a Natural History, and will make it as entertaining as a Persian Tale." The "Natural History" was another work which Goldsmith had just commenced. It was to be complete in eight volumes, and the author was to receive 100 guineas per volume. Scarcely, however, had he taken up his pen to commence this new labour, when he entered into an agreement to write for £500 a "History of England" in four volumes. In addition to these undertakings, he was engaged upon a "Life of Parnell," and a new poem. No wonder that with the prospect of so much remuneration before his eyes, he should have miscalculated the extent of his own powers; that, reposing too securely in his present strength, he should have made no provision for his future weakness. The wonderful lamp seemed within his grasp; its treasures were inexhaustible. No wonder that the services of honest Filby are now very often in demand, and that an item of sixteen pounds appears in the account of Goldsmith's wardrobe expenses for "half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin—a pair of silk-stockings breeches—and a pair of bloom-coloured ditto." No wonder that with this and other expenses, Goldsmith found embarrassments accumulating, and that he was

compelled to appropriate the proceeds of future labours to the exigencies of the present moment. It was a busy year with him. He had just time to steal away with Johnson to Oxford, where it is said he received the degree of M.B., but in a few days he was back again; the desk demanded his presence; he was still a laggard; he must work long and earnestly before the clouds which seemed to be gathering round him could be dissipated. His poem engaged his attention at intervals. When he could snatch a few moments from other labours he bestowed them upon this more congenial work. It was touched and re-touched; passages were altered and re-constructed, until not a harsh or imperfect line could be found, and on the 26th of May 1770, "The Deserter Village," the object of all this care, was first published. The first edition was sold at once; the second edition was disposed of in a day or two; and the fifth edition was issued in August. Triumph so complete had rarely been seen. The town was delighted with the production, and the critics echoed only the town's delight. The same purity and simplicity in style which had distinguished the "Traveller" and the "Vicar of Wakefield"—the same close study of nature, and the same unpretending but touching pathos which before had gone to all hearts, were now again exhibited. The beautiful but mournful picture of "Sweet Auburn" was graven on every memory; and the poet's wish—that he might die amid the scenes of his early days—was expressed with a plaintive melody that few could read without emotion.

In all my wanderings through this world of
care,

In all my griefs—and God has given my
share—

I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
down,

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by
repose;

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned
skill,

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, of all I saw;
And as a hare, when hounds and horns
pursue,

Flees to the place from whence at first she
flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

The "Deserter Village" resembles in its style the "Traveller;" but, as Campbell remarks, "the field of contemplation in the latter is rather desultory. The other poem has an endearing locality, and introduces us to beings with whom the imagination contracts an intimate friendship. Fiction in poetry is not the reverse of truth, but her soft and enchanting resemblance: and this ideal beauty of nature has been seldom united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups and scenery of the 'Deserter Village.'" There is a finish in the poem—a closeness of expression—a careful pruning of exuberances, which, while it strikes out all extraneous ornaments, leaves a fullness of colouring behind, such as few poets have excelled. "Where is the poetry of which one half is good?" asks Lord Byron. "Is it the *Æneid*?—is it Milton's?—is it Dryden's?—is it any one's, except Pope and Goldsmith's? The 'Deserter Village' does not contain a single bad line." And Sir Walter Scott says, "It would be difficult to point out one among the English poets less likely to be excelled in his own style than the author of the 'Deserter Village.' Possessing much of the compactness of Pope's versification without the monotonous structure of his lines, the poem rises sometimes to the swell and fullness of Dryden without his inflations."

The "Life of Parnell"—a book of which Johnson said "it is poor," not because it is poorly written, but because the author had poor materials, was published immediately after the "Deserter Village," without adding much to its author's fame, or to his finances. Goldsmith had still a large amount of labour unfinished; but the Hornecks are going to Paris, and he cannot resist the temptation of an excursion in such delightful company. Paris, however, has few charms for him now, and the light laughter of the "Jessamy Bride" does not, as before, bring music to his soul. Another sound is ever in his ear: it whispers to him of works uncompleted; of pressing wants; and of long weary hours of toil. He is soon on his way to London again; and while about to quit the shores of France, the intelligence

of his mother's death is brought to him. But his sorrow must be of brief duration ; he must hurry onwards ; and even the tear-drop must not loiter in its progress. He is at his desk once more, and still stronger is the necessity for increased exertion. He is determined to make amends for his late indulgence, and undertakes to abridge his "Roman History" for fifty guineas. A "Life of Lord Bolingbroke" is hastily thrown off, and gratitude claiming a slight amount of his time, he at the commencement of the next year writes to Lord Clare a humorous little poem, in acknowledgment of kindness which that nobleman had repeatedly shown him. This production, entitled the "Haunch of Venison," written during a few stolen hours of leisure, although plain and unpretending in its character, possesses considerable humour, and bears evidence throughout of the exhilaration with which Goldsmith rose from his labour-desk to send forth a few sparkling pleasantries from the stores of his own fancy. With Lord Clare, Goldsmith occasionally passed a few weeks at Gosfield and at Bath ; and that their intimacy was of the most pleasing kind, is shown by the chatty yet respectful tone of familiarity which is displayed in the poem. Rarely, however, could Goldsmith avail himself of friendly invitations into the country ; he was compelled to persevere with his numerous duties ; and the next product of his industry, the "History of England," was published in August, 1771. Like all his task-works, this book, a mere compilation, was characterised by that clear elegant style of which he was so skilful a master. Written in an impartial spirit, the History was however condemned by several critics for many of the opinions it expressed. Goldsmith was indignantly asked whether he wished to become the tool of a minister as well as the drudge of a bookseller ; and he was warned against betraying his country for base and scandalous pay. Goldsmith was too fully conscious of his own integrity to heed such outcries as these, and his innocence of the intentions which had been imputed to him are best answered in his own words :—"I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers for betraying the liberties of the people," said he in a letter to a friend ;

"God knows, I had no thought for or against liberty in my head ; my whole aim being to make up a book of decent size, 'that,' as Squire Richards says, 'would do no harm to nobody.' However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and, consequently, an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you'll say that I am a sore Whig."

Labour industriously as he could, Oliver Goldsmith was unable to extricate himself from the pecuniary embarrassments in which he was involved. He had undertaken too much ; but to relinquish any of his engagements, was now impossible. When only two-thirds of his work upon Natural History was completed, he had received and spent the whole of the remuneration—eight hundred guineas. In this position it became necessary to consider whether any path yet remained open by which the difficulties with which he was surrounded could be removed ; and the stage, seeming to present the most favourable opening, he entered upon it once again. Another comedy was written, and forwarded to Colman ; but all the old difficulties which had obstructed the progress of the "Good Natured Man," again arose. Delay followed upon delay. In January, 1773, Goldsmith wrote imploringly to Colman respecting the new piece ; but the manager, although promising to produce it with all speed, entertained so many grave fears concerning its success, that his apprehensions spread themselves among other members of the company ; four actors threw up their parts, and the author was in despair at the discouraging signs which he saw on every side. Colman had the strangest fears respecting the comedy. His anticipations of failure were so gloomy, that he took no pains to ensure success—not a new scene was painted—not a new dress was manufactured—and four epilogues were written before the capricious manager could find one suited to his taste. At last, on the 15th March, 1773, the comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," was produced ; and a more genuine success never attended the first representation of a new piece. The sentimental Comedy, by the efforts of Cumberland, had lately been reviving, but its death-blow was now struck. Colman was assailed with such a torrent

of witticism from the newspapers for his want of judgment, and for the lugubrious opinions he had uttered respecting Goldsmith's production, that flight for a time into the country became necessary, in order to draw off the attention of the town. Goldsmith met with nothing but congratulations from his friends and from the majority of the critics. Dr. Johnson said, "I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience; that has answered so much the great ends of comedy, making an audience merry;" and "*She Stoops to Conquer*" still deserves equally favourable commendation. The reason is obvious: Goldsmith's wit is healthy and genuine. It is drawn from pure sources; it commands our mirth without invading any other feeling of our hearts; we do not gain one emotion at the sacrifice of another; we laugh heartily and feel no pang; for we know that our laughter has caused no pang to others. "Whether it be enjoyment or mischief going on in one of Goldsmith's comedies," says Mr. Forster, "the predominant impression is hearty, jovial, and sincere; and nobody feels the worse, when Tony, after fearful joltings down Feather-bed Lane, over Up-and-down Hill, and across Heavy-tree Heath, lodges his mother in the horsepond:—the laugh clears the atmosphere all round it."

Jealous of the wide-spread popularity of the author of the new comedy, Kenrick, the malignant writer, who had formerly shown his hostility in the "*Monthly Review*," now wrote a fresh attack upon Goldsmith in the "*London Packet*." Abusive as the literary viper had been before, he now became even more insulting. Some of his scurrilities too were levelled against Miss Horneck: and, unable to bear this outrage upon his feelings, Goldsmith called upon the publisher for the purpose of ascertaining the author of the offensive remarks, and of demanding an apology from him. A struggle arose—blows were struck—an action at law was threatened, but eventually the matter was compromised by Goldsmith paying to the publisher £50, to be appropriated to charitable purposes. Though willing to admit and atone for the want of judgment he had displayed in this occurrence, Goldsmith was not slow to deny in a spirited letter to the

papers that he had attempted to invade the liberty of the press; for that charge had been advanced against him by many of the sterner critics; while the more merrily disposed contented themselves by laughing at the whole occurrence.

"*She Stoops to Conquer*" brought to its author about £500; but this sum was too small to avert those difficulties which drew closer around him day by day. His spirits now lost their elasticity. His mirth was forced and hollow; and though, by mixing more in society, and by attending more frequently at the club, he strove to forget his misery, the attempt only added to the evil which it sought to remove. Dr. Beattie, for a very inferior production, an "*Essay on Truth*," directed against Voltaire and Hume, had been rewarded by an unsolicited pension of £200 per annum: and, it was anticipated that upon representation being made in the proper quarter, a similar favour might be bestowed upon Goldsmith. But no! Immediately after the production of the "*Deserted Village*," its author had been solicited to wield his pen in defence of the Ministry—to become, in fact, the mere hireling advocate of party politics. Liberal remuneration was promised, but Goldsmith shrunk from the self-debasement which the acceptance of such an offer would have caused. He had his reward. The pension was refused! Finishing one volume of the "*Grecian History*," and giving the last touches to his "*Animated Nature*," he next completed a revised edition of his "*Enquiry*," and was still occupied with a third and compressed edition of his "*History of England for school purposes*," a "*Survey of Experimental Philosophy*," and with a translation of "*Scarron's Comic Romance*." He had projected a "*Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*," and his friends had promised to support him as contributors; but the scheme was not favourably received by the booksellers, and was abandoned. And now his health, injured by close application and study, his buoyant nature completely laid low, no stray gleam of happy sunshine came across his path. He who had been formerly so full of ardent hopefulness, now saw nothing but desolation around him; he heard the chill breeze mournfully sighing;

the summer had passed away, and he knew that the leaf was soon to fall. A little of the old spirit was yet to be shown. Strangely had his manners altered; strangely did he seem to those who had so often joined with him in social pleasures and in hearty mirth. Not fully conscious of the cause of this change in his demeanour, for even his most intimate friends were unacquainted with the extent of his difficulties, jokes were freely made upon the unhappy poet; and on one occasion, a series of mock epitaphs were written to his memory. A little poem, called "Retaliation," consisting of a number of sketches of those with whose characters he was most familiar, was Goldsmith's response to his merry assailants. This poem, as Washington Irving remarks, "for its graphic truth, its nice discrimination, its terse good sense, and its shrewd knowledge of the world must have electrified the club almost as much as the first appearance of the "Traveller." "Retaliation" was the last work written by Goldsmith, and it was never completed. Even while the heart was recording its judgment upon a dearly loved friend—Sir Joshua Reynolds—the hand refused its office. A nervous affection, to which Goldsmith had been occasionally subject through life, now attacked him with considerable violence; and the injudicious use of some medicine, in the efficacy of which he was a firm believer, augmented the dangers of his complaint, and for a time precluded the hope of recovery. Skilful treatment, however, restored him in some degree; but he was still very weak and low. He could not sleep. The nights passed wearily, but still no sleep came to soothe his troubled brain. There, in that dark night, when all was still—save his own faint breathing, he looked back across the stormy ocean he had passed over, and the surging echoes of the olden time fell upon his ear. There, amid the scenes of his boyhood, he was still wandering, happy, light-hearted, with the gayest flowers strewn around him. Suddenly the storm-clouds came across the sky, and then all was dark and desolate. And now he cannot see through that dismal gloom: he tries in vain to look forward, but the cloud presses upon his soul, and a voice, gibing and jeering, tortures him with

its ghastly sounds. He starts in horror, and utters a cry of pain.

"Is your mind at ease?" says the kind physician, bending over him.

"No, no; it is not:" and the dying man seeks again for that repose which is denied him. It comes at last—gently, as sweetly as if it were a foretaste of that tranquillity he is afterwards to enjoy. It is only once disturbed. There is a moment of re-awakening agony—a struggle with the bonds by which he is still imprisoned; and, just as the dawn was breaking, on the morning of the 4th of April, 1774, the spirit of Oliver Goldsmith passed from earth. The event cast a shadow over the heart of all the poet's friends. Johnson felt it acutely; Reynolds was too much affected to continue his duties during the day; and Burke burst into tears. Goldsmith had for some years resided in the Temple, and in the Temple Church his body found its last resting place. A public funeral was at first suggested; this was afterwards abandoned; but his friends testified their respect for his memory by erecting, two years afterwards, a monument in Westminster Abbey—Dr. Johnson writing the epitaph.

Goldsmith has long held a high position in English literature; and his reputation will continue to increase while the heart yields to those truthful impulses which he knew so well how to awaken. There is a charm in his graceful words and in his kindly thoughts, which delights while it subdues us. Even from his own weakness he gained strength. It was the strength of truth, which is all-enduring. He had passed through strange vicissitudes—had been cast amongst strange company—had mingled with the desolate and the wandering, but the native purity of his mind remained unchanged. His thoughts had still the same soft light beaming around them. "The wreath of Goldsmith," says Sir Walter Scott, "is unsullied. He wrote to exalt virtue, and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors." This is noble praise; and before this the few slight specks which rest upon his life, must fade for ever. "He was a man of such variety of powers, and of such felicity of performance," says Johnson,

"that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing. Let not his frailties be remembered;—he was a very great man." But we rather say with Washington Irving, "Let them be remembered, since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and familiarly ejaculated, of—*POOR GOLDSMITH.*"

CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON.

CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON was a man of remarkable abilities and character. His "Remains," edited by Mr. John Fowler, of Sheffield, is one of the most beautiful of modern books. It is written in a clear and brilliant style, and the subject matter is of singular and thrilling interest. I scarcely know any book which reads less like a book, and none in which the rosy glow of impassioned speech is better preserved. What Emerson says of Montaigne's Essays may also be said of these "Remains,"—"Cut the words and they would bleed: they are vascular and alive." To this high praise I will add another commendation, viz., that "poor Charles," as Ebenezer Elliott sorrowfully called him, has written his heart in these pages, which literally burn with the fiery life of the man, and reveal the depth and fulness of his affectionate nature, and the lofty chivalry of his spirit. The greater part of the book consists of a series of compositions styled "The Perverjuice Papers," which appeared originally in the "Monthly Repository" then edited by W. J. Fox, and constituted the main attraction of that periodical even in its palmiest days. There is a strange and nameless fascination about them, and a real healthy blood running through the sentences, which we rarely find in literary performances. And it is this fact which constitutes their charm. For Pemberton was not an educated man, in the scholastic sense, nor did he ever receive instruction in rhetoric, or the "art of composition," as it is called; he was self-taught, and his style was his own. He was endowed with keen perceptions, impres-

sionability, and emotiveness, and had the faculty of representing what he saw and felt with startling vividness. His intellect was of a very high order, but it was discursive rather than logical, although he could reason well enough sometimes, as his "Sixpenny-worth of Truth" sufficiently proves. It could not be expected, however, that a man whose whole life was consumed in wanderings—whose foot had trodden upon all the soils of the earth—should have a regularly-developed and well-balanced mind. The only wonder is that, amidst the various vicissitudes of his fortune, he should have done so much for his own culture, and have left so much behind him worthy of preservation.

Along with his other gifts, however, he had genius, which is a thing that cannot be hidden, but permeates through all the doings of its possessor, and crowns him lord, as with a coronet of sunbeams. Hence the mind of Pemberton was always active, open, receptive, reproductive. His sensitiveness was intense; he was *alive* in the universe; and enjoyed and suffered far more keenly than ordinary men. His love of nature amounted absolutely to passion; it was often a fiery whirl of delight, and carried him out of himself. In calmer moments, in the presence of beautiful scenery, his soul seemed to melt away and mingle with the landscape. And then how grateful he was for such pure and deep enjoyment, and how fervently he thanked God that he was capable of it, in the midst of his poverty and distress. It gave zest to life, and sinews to endurance. He used to say, even when he had scarcely shoes to his feet, or bread to eat, that he was a rich man! And rich he certainly was, in all that constitutes the wealth of the soul; in virtue, intelligence, and love. He had a noble and generous heart, and was full of fine impulses. Distress, even when he was distressed, softened him to tears, and always drew relief from his purse, when there was anything in his purse. He could not bear to see any human being suffer, although he could suffer himself, and say nothing. "I had rather bear pain than see it endured," was one of his notable sayings. Hence there are innumerable anecdotes on record of his generous aid to distressed persons, all of which

how the humanity and real kindness of his disposition.

But as nature had given him a decided bias to humane and beneficent deeds, so she had likewise given him a determined hatred, abhorrence, and scorn of whatever was mean, low, and unjust in human transactions. There was no medium in him; his love and hatred were alike intense: he exalted to heaven, or crushed mercilessly to hell. Beautiful it was to be the object of his affection,—to repose in the sunshine of his spirit, and feel the warmth and the glow of his love; and equally terrible to endure his hate, and the withering and passionate storm-bursts of his scorn. To act rightly, nobly, generously! this was Pemberton's test of a man; and whoso acted thus was his friend and brother. To act contrary to this was the one thing on earth which he could not endure. "Away with liars and false-dealing men," he used to say, "we have had enough of them, and the stench of their trail pollutes the earth." Neither could he endure purse-pride, or the contumely which purse-proud men heap upon those who are less fortunate in purse-wealth than themselves. Many a time when it was his best policy and worldly interest to conciliate certain people into whose company he was thrown during his wanderings,—people who could have helped him in getting audiences to attend his lectures—he has stood up, and with dilated nostrils and quivering lips, denounced them with the pride of an archangel. He would be patronized by no one; or this was humiliation: but if a sympathizing person came generously to help him, the grip of his warm hand, and the speechless, yet eloquent, expression of his large dark eyes, attested to his thankfulness and gratitude. People loved him very much, or not at all, for he attracted or repelled with irresistible force all who came within his sphere of his orbit. It has been my fortune to mix largely with his friends, and sometimes with his enemies; and although the latter have spoken of him as an incomprehensible, fierce, strange, and impracticable man, the former have uniformly extolled him as one of the best, noblest, and most gifted of his race.

And it must be borne in mind that those who thus eulogized him were

themselves the flower of the land; men and women of large gifts and attainments, and often of real genius. Amongst them were Justice (then Sergeant) Talfourd, Charles Kemble, Macready, W. J. Fox, Dr. Southwood Smith, R. H. Horne, Ebenezer Elliott, Mr. Adams (Junius Redivivus), and others of less note.

Pemberton was the most open and honest of men. There was no reserve in his nature; what he felt he spoke without regard to conventionality, or prudence. He did not know, indeed, what prudence was, and conventionality was one of the demons which he believed himself commissioned to destroy. It was terrible to listen to the denunciations which he hurled against it. According to his view, it had defaced the holy image of God in the soul; stifled the natural feelings and affections of the heart, and put a mask which was not human upon humanity. He used to complain bitterly in his private hours that there were so few men or women in the world who dared to act the truth. What they felt and believed was not represented by their words and deeds, but was kept back for fear of Mrs. Grundy and conventionality. He longed to get near to men; to be admitted to the asylum of their hearts,—when he thought them worthy at least,—and behold! he found himself a poor stranger at the outer portals. To a man like Pemberton, who longed for sympathy and friendship,—whose whole soul was as transparent as crystal,—who knew no cloaks or disguises, this cold mannerism and reserve were sure to be distressing and painful. But there was no help for it. He could not shape the world to his mind, and his mind would not shape to the world. He had been schooled in adversity, suffering, and wrong, hopeless of redress,—utterly hopeless! and now that he was free, he abhorred and denounced oppression, and with it all the forms which tyrannize over men in society. "Oh! that men would deal sincerely with each other," he used to say, "that they would not sneak, fawn, or lie; there would then be hope for the world." Poor Pemberton! if he could have humoured the world a little more, his lot would have been happier. If he had possessed the smallest portion of prudence, his own fortunes would

never have been reduced so low as they were. He, was an *individual*, and could not amalgamate with elements foreign to his nature, and only sought those that were homogeneous to it.

He certainly lacked balance; there was not enough lumber in his hold; he was, save his main-sheets' rectitude and sincerity, all studding-sails and sky-scrapers. Very few such craft, however, have been launched upon the sea of time. A right royal craft, with starry pennons, sailing gallantly through storms and tempests, but never finding a haven, until he at last found a grave.

From his youth upwards he had manifested the same peculiarities of character which marked his subsequent career. Confiding and generous, he always gave full play to his impulses, and left his actions to explain themselves. His nervous sensibility was excessive, amounting almost to disease, and it occasioned him many a pang which coarser natures would have been spared, and likewise many a rupture which such natures were incapable of feeling. He was proud, too, and insolence met with no mercy at his hands. But there were deep fountains of love in his heart, and he was always ready to forgive injuries. And yet his wild, nomadic life, which had been nurtured and developed in the rudest and fiercest society, amongst storms and battles, was not favourable to the growth of such feelings. His natural temper and disposition were, however, too strong for the crust of his environments, and burst genially and healthily through it. He was fiery and passionate enough, it is true, at times, and his words were bolts which struck remorselessly home; but he was at the bottom as gentle as a woman. He was always fond of children, and they were instinctively drawn to him and loved him. Once, whilst walking with a friend, he saw a mother beating her little girl. He immediately sprang forward, caught the little thing in his arms, and remonstrated with the astonished parent after such a fashion that she presently confessed herself wrong and wept. The child still clung to him, and he had some difficulty in leaving it. He had, amongst other things, asked the woman, "whether there were no love in a mother's heart stronger

than blows whereby to govern fractious child;" and this after led to a long discourse from him the power of kindness. Through whole of his writings it is easy to discern the same spirit, even when wrath is fiercest. And in ordinary conversation, except when he was roused by indignant and irreligious feelings, his words were soft and musical as a lute, and his manner was chaste, gentle, and refined.

It was these qualities which made him welcome to so many homes in England during his life-time, which have flung around his memory now that he is no more—a calm and a sweet incense. Personal qualifications, however, were not the charm which belonged to him; it was his writings the best effort of his genius. It was in the capacity of lecturer, or as he used to call himself "Illustrator of the Human Passions," that he chiefly excelled, and exhibited him indeed in a new position upon a higher platform. Shakespeare was the great master whose character he studied; and perhaps no man entered more profoundly into the meaning, or developed it more successfully in his impersonations. Mr. F. in his brief sketch of the life of Pemberton, which is attached to "Remains," says, "It was on Shakespeare's tragic characters that Pemberton most delighted to discourse; and he lavished all the resources of his art, and all his powers of thought, upon the study of the best of his life. They afforded him an opportunity for the exercise of his faculties of acute perception and searching analysis. The substance of his lectures on Shakespeare, if printed and published, would be a useful, eloquent, and philosophic position of the genius of the man that the world has yet had. But no book has been written by him since which should have appeared on material word he uttered on the subject—it would not have given more than an outline of his design. His language in print, graphic as it is, does not convey his full meaning; it is the vitality which he could infuse into his look, voice, and action. His lectures on Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, and John, were more satisfying to the mind than most theatrical perform-

of these tragedies. His introductory remarks on Hamlet were especially striking, and placed the scenes and circumstances of the opening of the play visibly before the eyes of his hearers. Shylock and Brutus were characters on which he frequently spoke; the contemplation of the latter was pleasing on account of his beautiful goodness; and the former he believed exhibited signs of original virtue which have rarely been acknowledged. His lecture on Hamlet, or on any other character, was not in detail the same at one time as at another; its general outline was the same, but the filling up was from matter generated by his latest thoughts, so that he always approached the subject with freshness of spirit. The illustrations of the Shaksperian lectures were given by him with all the enthusiasm of his nature. Some of the passages of pathos and passion from the great tragedy were acted with a judgment and power rarely equalled; and the scenes were realized to a greater extent than they can often be in a theatre. Although he had the greatest contempt for mere pomposity of delivery, and mechanism of stage trickery, which are so prevalent in representations of tragedy, he frequently spoke in terms of generous praise of such individuals as he knew were capable of the conception and personation of tragic character. On Mr. Macready's abilities as an actor, he frequently and delightedly expatiated; and he regarded that gentleman's performances of Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Brutus, and some other of Shakspeare's characters, as amongst the noblest triumphs of histrionic skill that the world has seen, exhibiting such a combination of art and genius, that he considered him entitled to rank as the greatest of all actors, ancient or modern."

Mr. Fowler's testimony to the great histrionic abilities of Pemberton, is confirmed by some of the highest men connected with literature and the stage. In 1828, Justice Talfourd, author of "Ion," and editor of the "New Monthly Magazine"—saw him perform at the Hereford Theatre—and was so struck with the power and genius which characterized his impersonations, that he wrote an article in his Magazine, entitled "A New Tragic Actor," in which he speaks of him in terms of

warm and generous praise. "We have seen Mr. Pemberton," he says, "not as a lecturer, but as an actor, and having no *personal* knowledge of him, have watched him with all the disinterested severity of practised criticism; and the result is, we think his claims well worthy of a particular introduction to the theatrical public of London. We saw him during the assize week at Hereford, in Hotspur, Sir Peter Teazle, Shylock, and Virginius; for the two first he was entirely unsuited, and left us with a decidedly unfavourable impression. In the second he gave some clever touches, though it was obviously out of his line; and in the two last he exhibited such power of conceiving and expressing tragic passion, as we have rarely seen equalled. His Shylock was altogether more deeply toned than any performance of the character we can call to mind: less various and pointed than Kean's, but more intense in its sorrow and more terrible in its revenge. With him the proposed slaughter of Antonio wore the air not of a murder but of a sacrifice. His joy at the losses of his enemy, his savage determination, and his thirst for vengeance, were tempered and deepened by a solemnity which seemed to belong to the old times of Hebrew austerity and greatness. You might fancy that beneath the gaberdine of the despised usurer, his bosom swelled with the proud recollections of his race, and that by a fraud derived from the necessity of long oppression, he had snatched the judicial balance and knife, in which, with the flesh of the scorners, his wrongs might be weighed and avenged. Others have vindicated for Shylock the affections and the rights of a man, so long denied to his injured nation, but no one has, to our apprehension, so finely asserted the dignity of his ancient line, and the fearful energies of a people who once dispensed the visible judgments of offended Heaven. A little coarseness there sometimes was; now and then an ill-regulated tone which might provoke a momentary disposition to smile; but the next moment a heart-searching look and tone would make one feel that there was true passion far past jesting with.

"In Virginius, the early part was chiefly remarkable for the entire absence of all imitation of Macready's

performance ; so entire that we should guess he never saw it : as it is difficult for us to conceive the possibility of refraining from the involuntary attempt to borrow some traits from a picture so rich, various, and true. Here he played sensibly and feelingly : but we missed that warmth of colouring in which the old Roman father has been wont to live before us. He first struck us powerfully in the closing scene of the third act, where the atrocious claim of Appius is gradually unfolded by the reluctant messenger ; he gave the stifled passion with great effect, and afterwards grew too loud for the area in which we saw him. But his main effect was produced in the scene where Virginius stabs his beloved daughter to preserve her from the grasp of the ravisher. His haggard gaze of despair, when suddenly bereft of all hope by the defeat of his faint-hearted friends, and surrounded by the guard of the Decemvir ; the deadly glare of his eye, and sudden convulsion of his frame when he sees the knife and instantly perceives the use to which it must be applied ; the maze of horror in which he inflicts the fatal wound ; the moment for which he stands stupidly gazing at the bloody instrument, and his fearful awakening to the sense of that revenge for which alone he is to live, were as appalling as any of the mortal horrors which people our darkest remembrances of tragic acting. In the last act, his distraction which was conceived in the true spirit of poetry, was executed finely. His attack on Appius was almost too frightful, and his melting into natural sorrow at the end, though less picturesque than Macready's, had a pathos of its own."

This fine and generous criticism from so admirable a scholar, could not fail to excite a deep interest in the subject of it amongst the theatrical people of London. This indeed was Talfourd's design in writing it ; although he was by no means sure—from the strange eccentricities of Pemberton—that he would succeed upon the London boards. "For," says Talfourd, "he possesses genius with strong peculiarities, which have been confirmed by long habit and unmerited obscurity ; and we cannot tell whether the town will understand him sufficient at first to give him fair play ; but if by some strange inflection he does not make them laugh before he

makes them weep, his peculiar will be consecrated into virtue have not heard him lecture, I understand he has a theory—he illustrates most forcibly—of the nature of every feeling by its private tone ; and we suspect the singularities of voice, to which we alluded, arise from an anxiety to realize his own conception, unless carefully guarded against. Largely allowed for, may be prejudicial to the just appreciation of his merits."

Through Mr. Talfourd's introduction with Charles Kemble,—the man Covent Garden Theatre,—Pemberton appeared at that Theatre in 1829, in *Virginius* and *Shylock*. He did not hit the public taste. The newspaper critics gave the contradictory reports of his performance. Talfourd summed up these reports in another article in the "New Monthly Magazine," in which he showed most of the critics—as usual—did not know what they were talking. The "Spectator" and the "Inquirer," however, spoke very highly of his performances ; and two appeared in the former paper as correspondent, on the Virginian the Shylock, not giving mere reports but entering into particulars, and bearing strong marks of fine and accurate observation, and which, says Talfourd, "cannot be read by an unprejudiced person without a conviction that the subject is a man of genius."

Notwithstanding all this fine appreciation and generous defence of Pemberton by the noble-hearted Talfourd and others, he never again—so far as we have learned—appeared in a London theatre. He had stirred up the theatrical world, however, by his criticism, and had drawn towards him some literary people, who were anxious to aid and honour him. He was frequently engaged at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, where he was enthusiastically received, and his services were of continual requisition in the province. He devoted himself, however, chiefly to lecturing on "social readings," and to delineations of Shakespeare's tragic characters. His "social readings" are thus spoken of by Mr. F. "It is scarcely possible to conceive a more pleasant mode of spending an evening than was experienced by those who enjoyed these rare opportu-

Surrounded by several hundreds of intelligent individuals, he would sit in the midst, and after briefly speaking of the advantages to be derived from reading aloud in social parties, he would read from a book—a tale or essay—on some subject of general interest. The authors from whose works he usually made selections, are those who, to grace and freedom of expression, unite sentiments to which humanity instinctively responds. Whether he read for a long or a short time, his hearers never tired; the ease, elegance, and efficiency of his style completely captivated them. It was delightful to see the care-worn faces in his audiences gradually assume aspects of happiness. Those who had come into the room stiff and formal, relaxed first one limb and then another, until their whole appearance bespoke unconstrained and tranquil enjoyment. Reading never before seemed so capable of being employed as a means of promoting pleasure and goodness. His taste and skill were perhaps seldom shown to greater advantage, than in the manner in which he modulated his voice in these illustrations of social reading. If, for instance, he was reading a tale, he did not act nor narrate it; he simply read it; and yet with every change of scene or circumstance, his voice rose or fell, softened or swelled, as the occasion required.

"The peculiarities of some of the British poets were frequently examined and illustrated by Pemberton. Never were criticisms so *understandable* as those delivered by him; and it was impossible for any persons of ordinary intelligence to hear him without entering into the spirit of his discussions. To many he was the first herald of the sweet influences of poetry. Byron, Elliott, Coleridge, Hemans, and others, living and dead, who stir the blood, quicken the affections, or expand the intellect, by their "might of mind," had in him a worthy expositor. He was happy in dwelling on passages of delicate beauty, or in soaring with conceptions of glorious magnificence. Nothing could be more simply pleasing than his delivery of Mrs. Hemans's lines called the "Better Land;" and nothing more terribly grand, than his manner of giving "Satan's Address to the Sun," from "Paradise Lost." Those who heard him never can forget the

feeling and sublimity with which he poured forth Milton's "Hail! Holy Light!" For mere effect, perhaps, nothing has ever excelled his recitation of the well-known "Alonzo the Brave, and the Fair Imogene." Although the lines are as familiar as household words to most people, and although he used to warn his audience to try to resist his influence, he invariably succeeded in producing palpable manifestations of horror at the appearance of the Spectre in the Marriage Festival. On many occasions a great majority of those present testified their excitement by involuntarily rising from their seats. His relations of humorous stories were also much admired, and often asked for. At his pleasure he could make his audience either laugh or weep. In some of his lectures on poetry, he introduced metrical stories of his own writing. These were always received with enthusiasm, though the name of the author was generally unannounced."

These extracts from the writings or persons who had the advantage of knowing Pemberton, and of hearing him frequently, will illustrate that part of his mind and character which is not represented by his "Remains." He had been an actor in the West Indies, and manager of some theatres there, before he came to England in 1828; and he seems to have devoted himself to his art with all the fervour of his nature. He had undergone a long preparatory discipline, and ought to have been eminently successful as an actor, for he had all the qualifications necessary for this office besides the discipline. A fine voice, of wonderful flexibility and power; fine and accurate conceptions of character, and genius to embody them; a commanding stage presence, and a face capable of expressing the deepest emotions, and the fiercest and darkest as well as the highest and noblest passions. He knew well his own power, and the failure of the London people to appreciate his performances never daunted or discouraged him. He had been used to neglect, to misapprehension, to poverty; and now that the grand vision which London held before his eyes had vanished, he walked back bravely to the old beaten pathway of his life, resolved, perhaps, to swerve from it no more, and certainly resolved to make it as

gladsome and beautiful as he could, by his genius and virtues.

He was deeply interested in the working classes, and sought to raise them by his teachings. Hence he was always ready to lecture at mechanics' institutions, whether they could pay him adequately or not. What they could afford to give, not what he ought to have, was the usual stipulation in these engagements. And wherever he went, he was sure to make friends and give satisfaction. How pleasant it is to think of these social readings at Sheffield, where, like an antique philosopher amongst his scholars and friends, he sat in the midst of his audiences, and taught them how cheaply and easily they might secure delight, instruction, and happiness. He sometimes acted in the theatre at Wisbeach, which was then under the management of Mr. William Robertson; and he gave also lectures there. At such times he was the guest of Mr. James Hill, then a large and prosperous merchant in the town, and subsequently the originator and proprietor of the "Star in the East." Here he has met W. J. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, R. H. Horne, Miss Gillies, and other literary people; and of an evening, in the drawing-room, he was wont to delight them with his adventures by sea and land, his comic tales, and tragic recitations or readings. Mrs. Hill (Dr. Southwood Smith's daughter) told me that the finest thing she ever listened to, was Pemberton's recitation of Tennyson's "Death of the Old Year." He invested the whole poem with a human interest, and flung into it such a depth of pathos, that it was hard to listen without tears. He was a great favourite at Wisbeach, and all the children of Mr. Hill's household loved him much. Long after he had left England for the East, in search of health, I heard them speak of him in such terms of affection and reverence as children are not wont to indulge in. There was a fascination about him, which, to open-hearted and unsophisticated persons, was absolutely irresistible. He left behind him the same impressions and regards at Workso, and was idolized by the most intelligent people of that town. For a man to have known Pemberton, is always, even now, a sufficient introduction to some families resident there. Dr. Heldenmaur, principal and pro-

prietor of the large Pestalozzian establishment, entertained him during his last visit to Workso, more or less, for fourteen days, and he wrote an account of this visit in the "Monthly Repository," Feb. 1837. Those who desire to know what a really beautiful and child-like nature Pemberton had, must read this paper. Fourteen days amongst twenty-six school boys, would have been a sad bore and pain to most men. To Pemberton they were a delight and a rapture. He says he never spent fourteen days consecutively in so much pleasure and happiness. The whole system of instruction pleased him, and the manner in which the boys were treated by the masters, so frankly and freely, made him hope that here at last he had found a nursery of freedom and intelligence. I visited the same establishment for a week, a short time after Pemberton had left it, and can bear testimony to the truth of all that he has said about it. He went from Workso to Wisbeach, and as he entered Mr. Hill's drawing-room, instead of greeting the family there assembled to welcome him, with the ordinary salutations, his first words were, "O friends! I have just come from heaven." It was like the man—free-natured, impulsive and utterly reckless of conventional forms.

Mansfield was another place where he always found a home. Here lived the Misses Williams and their brother, relicts of Rev. Mr. Williams, the friend of Belsham, and editor of his "Remains;" and at their house Pemberton was always welcome. When he was weary of long travel and wandering he used to go there for rest, and for that sweet consolation which is to be found nowhere but in the kind words and offices of beloved friends. His dress was peculiar, and none of the best. He usually wore a sort of blouse, with a girdle round his waist and made a strange figure in the street of that little market town. Yet the ladies were not ashamed to walk out with him, and he loved them for it because he knew what they risked to respectable eyes by so doing. Many times have I too visited the old Presbyterian Rectory, as I call it—the pretty old-fashioned chapel house—where Pemberton spent so many happy days and where I too have spent such, never more to return, alas! And very plea-

nt it was! to hear the noble-hearted
aiden lady—the eldest Miss Williams
-speak of the generous spirit, and
rge gifts, and loving, self-sacrificing
art of her poor dead friend, whom
e and all her family had loved so
avoutly during his lifetime. For
emberton had then ceased his wan-
arings, and lay still in the grave, with
e blessings of innumerable hearts
overing like angels over his ashes.

It was in the year 1833, that he
ommenced writing the "Polverjuice
apers" for the "Monthly Repository."
My knowledge of Pemberton," says
fr. Fox, "commenced in 1833, when I
as editing the 'Monthly Repository,'
nd endeavouring (without the usual
esources for making a periodical pro-
fitable) to establish it as the organ of
hose who aimed at carrying out reform
rinciples to their legitimate conse-
quences in social life. An article
ntitled 'The Fiction,' or the melan-
choly history of Mehetabel Wesley,
aught his attention, and secured at
nce his strongest sympathies. He
mmediately became a contributor—
a gratuitous and generous one, and
continued so to the utmost extent
while his health and avocations per-
mitted. This, with him, was a labour
of love; his heart was in it and his
pride." To his connection with this
work it is owing that we have so much
information of his eventful, but other-
wise unrecorded, life, as is intimated
by the 'Autobiography of Polver-
juice.' How far these papers may be
construed literally, I have no means of
determining. They may certainly be
relied on for what constitutes the life
of the writer. They are a delineation
of the mental and moral being, not less
faithful than vivid; sometimes com-
pleting the conscious picture by the
transparent implication of traits of
which he was unconscious; and fur-
nishing that real biography which we
often desiderate in the most careful
chronology of birth and death, with all
the intermediate external events. Not
only the "Polverjuice" papers, but,
with few exceptions, all Pemberton's
contributions to the "Monthly Repo-
sitory" may be regarded as autobio-
graphical. He wrote for himself; he
was his own book and study. His
observations and experiences became a
part of himself, before he gave them
out to others. His present thoughts

were his past sensations. They were
indelibly burnt into his being. The
vividness with which anything by
which he had been affected returned
upon him, seemed absolutely preterna-
atural. The minutest objects of a scene,
in their dimensions and proportions,
were retained by him with the fidelity
of the daguerreotype. His recollection
was more accurate than most persons'
perception. Some may have known
themselves more philosophically;—no
one ever saw himself more distinctly.
Pemberton should have been pensioned
to complete "Polverjuice." And yet,
perhaps, he has done enough. His
life itself was fragmentary—like the
record. What more would external
facts or appended dates have signified?
The being is there as it is. He is
there, misnomer and all. There was
no real verjuice in his composition;
what he mistook for it was only the
milk of human kindness soured by cir-
cumstances. It is his own fault if the
reader of these disjointed papers does
not know Pemberton. There is enough
to show the fineness of his organiza-
tion, the fervour of his feelings, the
alternate depth and superficiality of
his acquirements, the irregularity of
his development, and the real con-
sistency of the apparent incongruities
of his career."

Thus, at all hands, we find the same
high praise awarded to Pemberton's
character and abilities. As writer,
lecturer, and actor, he was equally
original, and whatever he touched he
exalted and beautified by his genius.
As a man who, that *could* love, did *not*
love "poor Charles?" asks Mr. Fox,
and no further question need be asked,
I think, upon this head.

Amongst his miscellaneous writings,
all more or less autobiographical, are
his "Stray Chapter, with the Episode
of the Dry Font," "Dallada," a beau-
tiful and touching story of a poor slave
girl; "Smuggler, Pirate, and—" a paper
of extraordinary power and interest;
"A Peep into Sherwood Forest," "The
Escape," "Impressment," "Social Evils
and their Remedy," "Classification
of Readers of Shakspeare," "Maccrea-
dy's King John," and other theatrical
criticisms.

The most genial and beautiful of all
these articles is the "Peep into Sher-
wood Forest." It must be read, how-
ever, by sympathizing readers, or it

will lose much of its charm ; for it is a complete abandonment of the writer's spirit to the genius of the place. The unsympathizing reader will find it very extravagant at times, and will be inclined to ask if the man who wrote it was not mad ! But all will acknowledge that there is deep feeling in it—passionate love of nature—and gorgeous, yet most literal, description. Sherwood Forest lives in it, and blooms throughout the sentences. The wild gorse is there ; the magnificent, graceful, and ladylike birches ; the desolate old oaks, “the ruined Palmyra of the forest ;” the holy calm and deep solitude ; the song-birds, the sunshine, and the blue vault of heaven over it all. This paper will show the reader what I mean by Pemberton's intense love of nature, his power of description, his wild painting and utterance. Sherwood Forest was especially dear to him ; and more than once he has *walked* all the way from London to enjoy one quiet happy day in its old sylvan solitudes. At Edwinstone, which I name always the *capital* of Sherwood, Pemberton's name is as familiar to the villagers as household words. His book the “Remains,” is in the Artizan's library of that place, and is as well-read a book as any contained in it. When he paid his last visit to the Forest, he called at the pretty cottage of Mr. Widdison, the sculptor, whose family did not know him personally, although they all loved him for his writings, and from good report. Widdison was, unfortunately, from home, and poor Pemberton left the neighbourhood without recognition. Had he given his name at the cottage door, how it would have delighted his warm heart to have seen the hearty, hospitable reception he would have met with ! How glad he would have been to have made the acquaintance of John Trueman, “the Sherwood entomologist,” and of Christopher Thompson, the artist, and the father of the village—father, that is, in the moral and intellectual sense, for it is mainly indebted to his efforts for its present position and happiness in these respects. Many a time when I have been wandering in the forest, with the three friends above named, have I heard them all express their deep regret and sorrow that Pemberton did not make himself known on the occasion alluded to, and that the

opportunity was thus lost to the ever of giving him a forest welcome.

Besides his prose works, Pemberton has written a few song-poems, and three dramas, viz. :—“Banner,” a tragedy in five acts ; “Two Catharines,” a comedy in five acts ; and “The Podesta,” a tragedy in five acts. There is a good deal of and stage knowledge manifested in the structure of these plays, and dramatic power. But they lack melody ; the lines do not stir thoughts, nor does there run through them the old dramatic *fire*, except occasional passages. Power then I said ; but not vitality, in the epic sense, nor passion. His is too often mere rant, and invective. Yet there are whole full of life, and the interest of the rarely flags. They are so near dramas that we can only regret they are not. “The Banner” is, perhaps the best he has written, although an unequal performance, but it surely *acts*, and, if I mistake not, upon the stage. Some of the characters are finely drawn,—the generous, and fiery *Lanforne*, the broken-hearted *Tedesco*, the *captive*, and *Vanda*. But he has *Mersiglio*, who is a villain and a derider. He cannot enter such a and turn it inside out. There *Iago* power shown in it. It is, in a failure ; for Pemberton was impatient of injustice and wrong ; he could not draw the moral feature of a rascal. Nor was he happy in his poetical efforts, so far as seen, with the exception of three lyrics, which are called “of the Months.” I will quote specimens.

FEBRUARY.—ST. VALENTINE'S

Hark ! hark !—it is there,
On the hedge-rows bare ;
It is there, on the boughs
Of the leafless tree ;

Two winged lovers responding vow
It comes with a chirp and a twitter
Sweet ! be thou mine,
Sweet Valentine !
Sweet ! I am thine,
Sweet Valentine !

From each down-mottled throat, it
dancing to me ;
’Tis love's mellow note, so joyous a

Bright, bright each gleam
Of the joyous dream ;
When love-cherishing Spring
Embowers the grove,
They'll revel in bliss on expanded wing,
And waft through the sky the rich carol of
Sweet ! thou art mine, [love,
Sweet Valentine !
Sweet ! I am thine,
Sweet Valentine !
It will float o'er the vale and come leaping
to me,
With the flower-scented gale, float mellow
and free.

APRIL.—SMILES AND TEARS.

Her cheek is pale, her eyes are wet,
Her voice in murmurings
Grieves lowly to the morn that yet
No sunshine brings.
Why linger ye, O laughing hours ?
Uncurl, ye buds ! unfold, ye flowers !
Sad April sings.

The paleness fleets, the tears are dry,
Her voice with gladness rings ;
The sunshine over earth and sky
Its brightness flings.
Come, revel through my laughing hours,
Ye warbling birds, ye buds, ye flowers !
Glad April sings.

These are the most presentable poems I have seen of Pemberton's, and they are not unworthy of Herrick.

Pemberton's political opinions were most decided ; his sympathies were with the people ; he hated Toryism, and whatever was unjust, either in theory or practice. He has left in the "Remains" an article called "The Nomination," in which these characteristics are clearly manifest : and a more graphic piece of painting does not exist in books. We see too, as I said, how the popular sympathies of Pemberton's mind rush out in the midst of the wild hubbub and confusion which he describes. He is, I fear, a radical to the back-bone. Toryism, in his time, was too "respectable" and unscrupulous for his taste. He loved it not ; nay, he hated it ; because he thought it was the people's foe. Toryism had not yet become liberalized, but wore the old clothes of its early days, and looked at the world through the old yellow spectacles. It is a little better now, having passed through the phases of "Conservatism" and "Peelism" to that of "Disraelism." The Whigs may one day be Radicals, perhaps, and the Tories, Whigs—not a good *metempsychosis*

certainly ; but it will be a sign of the times.

Of Pemberton's religious views there are ample records in his writings. He loved Christianity, but not priestcraft ; the Bible, but not the priests' interpretation of the Bible. In the notes to his rhymed pamphlet, called "Six-penny-worth of Truth, Good Measure," he expresses himself very clearly upon these matters : he says, "Forgiveness of wrongs, and forbearance under insults and injuries, are the most lofty of the Christian virtues, and also the most difficult of practice ; but of all wrongs and insults, those which demand the greatest strength of virtue to endure meekly, are impositions on the intellect—deceptions on the mind—insults on the understanding. To this virtue I have not reached. Other wrongs, other insults, I most sincerely and seriously believe I have sufficient strength to forgive. I am but one ; but I am sure (and I am not aware that this subject has ever been alluded to by any writer or lecturer) I speak the sentiments of tens of thousands, when I say, that the disgust I feel on recollection of the impositions which were attempted and practised with success on my mind in childhood (I escaped in boyhood) and in youth by way of making me what the miserable wretches called religious, is deep, intense, indescribable, immeasurable, and I fear ineradicable. When I took to reading the Bible on my own account, I was not long in discovering that what they palmed on me as the will of God, was no more than the will of the priests. I am but one ;—but I repeat it, there are tens of thousands whose experience on these matters is similar to my own ; and if all who are priest-gulled and priest-ridden in childhood and youth will, in riper years, take up the Bible, and read intently for themselves, taking no heed whatever of the interpretation of the "Fathers"—of the priests, and have the courage to read with a will to understand what God really means there, perhaps every one so reading will rise from his labour bonded to Heaven with this resolve :—'*No mortal man shall ever be my priest !*'"

I have now spoken of Pemberton as a writer, an actor, and a man ; and surely a more brave and valiant character—so truthful, earnest, and manly,—has seldom lived amongst us. He

would speak out the truth that was in him; and never did he compromise his principles to secure his personal ease and comfort. It was to preserve his freedom that he continued a wanderer. He knew that any fixed occupation which he might be qualified for, would entail upon him a respectable dumbness as its price; and he had not lived so long, and learned so much, to close his mouth at last. He was in his way a missionary, now dropping gentle and kind words, like sweet spring flowers, in his wanderings; and now hurling his anathemas against hypocrisy and oppression. He was always on the right side—that of truth, sincerity, justice, and humanity, namely. He pursued his undeviating course in spite of opposition, contumely, scorn, and wrong. In rags, in utter need, he never forgot that he was a man. Neither did he ever repine at his lot. A great, large heart beat lofty music in his bosom, and inspired him with faith, courage, and hope. Always the blue sky, the beautiful landscape—with its farms and villages sleeping in the sunshine, made a sabbath to his soul. If man frowned upon him, nature loved him. Trees, birds, and wild flowers were his friends; and no one ever, I think, had a deeper love for them than he had. All his pleasures were cheap, and lay by the road-side. Little children at play on the village-green, or gathering daisies in the meadows, were a picture to his eye, a poem to his heart. He loved to talk to children, and would listen to their innocent prattle for hours together; so simple, gentle, and affectionate was he. No one who saw him on the grass in such company, could have imagined that there lay slumbering in the depths of his soul a passion and a power so grand and vast as were really there—genius capable of embodying the most terrible tragedy, and of enchaining thereby the minds and making tremble the hearts of thousands. But so it was. Eden and Etna were united in him. Flowers and beauty, wrath and fire.

Honesty and generosity were likewise characteristics of him. Once at Liverpool, he could not pay the expenses of printing the bills which were to announce his lectures there; and he applied for the loan of a few shillings to the editor of the "Liverpool Mercury," who promptly granted his request;

and long afterwards, he suddenly burst into the said editor's office with the money in his hand: "Here it is," he said, "I could easily have sent it by post, but I chose rather to walk thus far (naming a distance of many miles) and bring it myself, that you may see how really I thank you."

Of Pemberton's personal appearance I am not able to speak with certainty, for I never saw him; although I have often been upon his trail, poor fellow! And few things would have delighted me more than to have won his friendship. There is a portrait of him, however, in Mr. Fowler's book, which cannot fail to be a true likeness. Indeed we feel that it is a true one, so thoroughly does it represent the earnest and intellectual nature which he has burnt into his writings. A large, manly, Shakespearian head; strongly-defined features, with an expression of intense and painful earnestness; eyes, full of the fire of genius, large, open, sincere, surmounted by bushy brows; and a mouth in which firmness and tempered scorn are manifest. His whole bearing in his loose and girdled blouse—the neck half exposed by the turned-down collar—is proud and manly. He seems to speak to you there; and you see that he is a man of sorrows.

Pemberton was born at Pontypool, in South Wales, January 23rd, 1790. His father was a Warwickshire man, his mother a Welsh woman, and he was the second of three children. When he was about four or five years of age, his parents, with their family, left Wales for Birmingham. Shortly after, he was placed in a Unitarian charity school in Birmingham, which was under the superintendence of Mr. Daniel Wright, of whom he said, a few weeks before his death, "I owe more to Daniel Wright than I do to any other man on earth, except my father."

At an early age he was taken from school, and apprenticed to his uncle, who was a brass founder, at the corner of Livery Street, Great Charles Street, Birmingham. He hated the counting-house, however, where his work chiefly lay for the present, and detested the worldliness and want of heart which he saw around him. His uncle did not comprehend him, for he was a strange, wild lad, and was too often occupied in learning poetry and dreaming dreams of far-off

lands, when he ought to have been casting up accounts; and this, not from wilfulness, or from any pleasure he took in shirking his duties, but from the necessity of his nature. He could not help himself, and a series of misunderstandings commenced in consequence between him and his uncle, which ended in his running away to Liverpool. The chapters in the "Autobiography," wherein he speaks of these disagreements, and his own feelings under them, are very remarkable, and present as fine an analysis of his own mind at that period as could possibly have been written. He loves his uncle, wishes to please him, tries hard, and alternately fails and succeeds. But the uncle never gave him a kind word, and but seldom an unkind one, although he was far from being a hard-hearted man at bottom. Once Pemberton received from him a piece of money, but no loving expressions accompanied it, and he felt as if he had been a beggar, and the recipient of a cold charity. His poverty, too, afflicted him; he was, as he says, "nobody," and he resolved to be "nobody" no longer. And in a state of morbid feeling he ran away to Liverpool. Here, whilst he and a companion whom he had induced to join him, were admiring the shipping, with their steeple masts, and splendid appointments, he was entrapped by a press gang, and sent to sea. His name was entered on the ship's books as "Charles Reece," and he served in various ships of war for several years, and was engaged in many skirmishes and battles, and passed through many extraordinary adventures, which he has related in a graphic manner in the "Autobiography." Unfortunately, however, he did not finish his history, and there is a gap of twenty years in it, from the end of his seafaring life up to 1828, when he returned to England. All that is known of him during this period is, that he became an actor, and was manager of several theatres in the West Indies. "By this profession he there earned a brilliant reputation," says Mr. Fowler, "with a prospect of great pecuniary success. Untoward circumstances destroyed his hopes. He married a lady of great beauty and talent (Fanny Pritchard was her name, I believe), and he anticipated a life of domestic happiness; but the marriage was not fortunate, and his promised

joy proved his certain misery. They had one son, of whose fate I am ignorant. His desire for change of scenes returned—if it had ever left him—with the departure of his heart's dear hopes. He was without house and without home, and roamed all the world over. He was acquainted with all classes of society, as well as with all coasts of country, and was subjected to all manner of vicissitudes." He became emphatically "a wanderer."

In March, 1829, he appeared, as we have already seen, at Covent Garden Theatre, in the characters of "Virginius" and "Shylock," and spent the intervening time, until 1834, in lecturing in the provinces, and contributing the "Pilverjuice Papers" to the "Monthly Repository," commencing them in 1833. In 1834, he visited Sheffield for the first time, and was received with real enthusiasm. He again lectured there in 1835, at the Mechanics' Institution, and gave a subscription course on Shakespere's characters towards the end of that year. In 1836, he performed "Macbeth" and "Shylock" at the Birmingham Theatre, for the benefit of the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution, and on both occasions that large theatre was filled to overflowing.

About the end of this year his general health became much impaired, and he was induced to visit the south of Europe, to enjoy the advantage of a milder climate. He went to Gibraltar, Malta, and several other places on the coast of the Mediterranean. All the letters he sent home were written in a cheerful tone, and every one of them conveyed an intimation that he believed he was getting better. Several of these communications appeared in the "Sheffield Iris," and greatly delighted his numerous friends and acquaintance. He remained abroad many months, and returned to England early in the summer of 1838. It was soon found that his health was not re-established. He had many engagements offered, and he soon commenced lecturing again; but that which had formerly been his pleasure, was now labour and pain to him. After Birmingham, Wisbeach, and other places, he lectured at Sheffield, where his presence was hailed with enthusiasm. This was in the month of August, 1838. Of his first lecture on this occasion, a correspondent of the "Sheffield

Independent" said, "when he stepped upon the platform there was a tremendous outburst of cheering, which speedily sank into a more subdued manifestation of welcome. What a change had come upon him! He was but the shadow of himself; his manly bearing, and his free action were gone, and in their place were come the stooping gait and the feeble walk. But oh! what a tale of suffering was told when he opened his mouth and spoke. His voice, which had been sweet as the lute, and loud as the trumpet, had become weak, cracked, and discordant. And there was the dreadful cough, that appeared to be everlastingly tearing at his heart-strings! Well, but he did speak; and wonderful to behold, as he gradually advanced he got the mastery of his infirmities. The subject of the evening's lecture was Brutus, in Julius Cæsar. He brought out, one by one, the beauties of his character; and when he made it appear, as it really is, a glorious specimen of the best qualities of human nature, he held it up for admiration and instruction. Pemberton was no longer the man he had been some short time before; he had left all his own weaknesses, and entered fully into the loveliness and truth of Brutus. The illustrated passages were given with the delicacy and power of former times. It was life in death, and showed how the vigorous soul can impart energy to the wasted body."

Before his lectures on Shakspeare's characters, he delivered a course to the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution, descriptive of his travels on the coast of the Mediterranean. On many evenings his bodily weakness was so great that he could not ascend the steps of the lecture platform without crawling up on his hands and knees; and yet his unequalled mental energy and unflinching self-reliance always enabled him to speak with fluency and power. He now frequently spoke of himself as being under the actual stroke of death, and yet his gentleness and cheerfulness never, except in some agonizing moments, forsook him. His Sheffield friends gave him a public dinner, which was very numerously attended; T. A. Ward, Esq., the Town Regent, presided as chairman, and he was supported by Ebenezer Elliott.

Pemberton subsequently lectured in Manchester and Liverpool, on Shake-

spere, to crowded audiences. His Sheffield friends, however, were exceedingly anxious about his health, and set afoot a private subscription to enable him to leave England for Egypt. He went, and remained in Egypt several months, with little or no benefit to his health, and left behind him, in various letters which are appended to his "Remains," the impression which the solemn monuments of that old land made upon his mind. He returned to England to die, spending his last days with his brother, Mr. W. D. Pemberton, of Ludgate Hill, Birmingham. "On the 3rd of March," says Mr. Fowler,—“a bright, sunny spring day—with a full knowledge that his time was come—for he occasionally said to his niece: ‘This is death,’—he died like a child going to sleep, serenely and happily. He was borne to the grave by a few members of the Birmingham Mechanics’ Institution, and lies buried in the Key Hill Cemetery.”

Mr. W. J. Fox delivered an oration on Pemberton's death, in his chapel, South Place, Finsbury, London, when the following lines by Ebenezer Elliott were read, amidst the tears of the congregation:—

POOR CHARLES.

"Shunn'd by the rich, the vain, the dull,

Truth's all-convincing son,
The gentlest of the beautiful,
His painful course hath run;
Content to live, to die resigned;
In meekness proud, of wishes kind,
And duties nobly done.

"A god-like child hath left the earth;
In heaven a child is born!
Cold world! thou couldst not know his worth,

And well he earned thy scorn;
For he believed that all may be,
What martyrs are in spite of thee,
Nor wear thy crown of thorn.

"Smiling, he wreathed it round his brain,
And dared what martyrs dare,
For God, who wastes nor joy nor pain,
Had armed his soul to bear;
But vain his hope to find below
That peace which Heaven alone can know;
He died—to seek it there."

A stone slab, subscribed for by those who loved and honoured him, with an inscription written by W. J. Fox, covers his remains in that Birmingham cemetery; and so, if I were a Catholic, I would say, with all my heart: "God rest his soul!"

JOHANN AUGUST WILHELM
NEANDER.

THE year 1789 was a memorable one, not merely from the stirring events which it produced, but also for the contrary characteristics developed in it. In this year the feelings of the French people, stung by an accumulated mass of suffering and injustice, heaped on them by their *quasi* religious rulers, broke out in a wild, blatant shout of infidelity, at which the walls of the Bastille fell with a terrible crash: and a series of startling exploits followed, of frightful import to kings and priests. This whirlwind of insulted feeling was maddened into a hate against all rule and religious restraint; and the godly looked on it with sad apprehension, expecting that with its overthrow of an imbecile political dynasty, it would cause an irreparable desolation in the sanctuary, would ostracise religion and inaugurate a thoughtless atheism. Nor was such an apprehension altogether ungrounded. It was a year of great promise for the spread of infidelity, not only in France, but throughout the continent of Europe; and the condition of the British dominions, especially of Ireland, contributed largely to the same prospect. But we, regarding that year historically, can moderate such feelings. We can see in it the contemporaneous growth of a power, which, ranging itself side by side with the spreading infidelity, was ever and anon administering to it the sternest of rebukes, and staying in its rampant course, with heaviest bit and bridle. We see in this year an illustration of that law of compensation, which works so constantly and perceptibly in all things human. When the storms of the French Revolution were gathering, when the moral atmosphere was infected with deadly poisons, and black thickening clouds were spread over the political and religious horizons, at this point of time, on the 16th of January, 1789, Johann August Wilhelm Neander was born—a man in whom, more than in any other, was that power which Providence was ordaining should brush away those fuliginous clouds, purge the atmosphere, and throw upon it the reviving rays of the great sun of Christian truth.

The place of his birth was Göttingen,

in the kingdom of Hanover. His parents were Jews of the name of Mendel, by which name, also, the subject of this sketch was known in the earlier years of his life. His father was an opulent merchant in Göttingen, but a series of losses and misfortunes reduced him to very great straits, and while Augustus was but a child he had to remove with his father and his family to Hamburg. The children were five in number—one son studied medicine, but died young; another went to reside in Russia as a merchant; there were two daughters, one of whom became insane, and died before Augustus; the other, Johanna, who was his beloved and affectionate attendant all through his life, and his mourning survivor.

From the earliest blossomings of childhood Augustus was distinguished by a thirst for study. We are told that when he was eight years old, he could learn no more from his private teacher. Just about this time, the story goes, that a kind bookseller in Hamburg "was struck with the frequent visits to his shop of a bashful, ungainly boy, who used to steal in and seize upon some erudite volume that no one else would touch, and utterly lose himself for hours together in study." Now he entered the Johanneum of Hamburg, at which he won the high esteem of the celebrated Gurlitt, the president. The good-will of Gurlitt towards him subsequently proved highly serviceable; and never was it interrupted in its flow. Whilst pursuing his preparatory studies at the Johanneum, he was diligent, thoughtful, and somewhat reserved; timidity may account for the last-named characteristic, or perhaps the prejudices against his race and religion may have kept him aloof from his companions. Thus, while there was no one of whom he could make a confidant, there was all the stronger inducement for constant contemplation and self-association. About the year 1806, however, an incident occurred which served to draw him somewhat away from his retirement, and which yielded to him that sympathy of kindred love, which he had hitherto been unable to discover. We must tell the story, as it had a momentous influence over his future life. There was, in Berlin, a club of literary young men, which comprised

Varnhagen Von Ense, Chamisso, Neumann, Hitzig, Theremin, and subsequently Klaproth, and Neander. The club published a magazine which they called "Musen Almanach," or more familiarly "The Green Book;" to this they all contributed the effusions of their young, ardent, and poetic minds; the magazine elicited a variety of criticism, but it had the good fortune to obtain the commendation of Schlegel.

After the business of the day was over, these young men would spend the half or even the whole of a starry night with Chamisso, who stood sentinel at the Brandenburg, or Potsdam Gate, discussing poetic subjects or laying out plans for study.

Another re-union used to be held among these glowing young literati, called the "Poetical Tea of the Green Book;" this was a tea-drinking, which used to be held at the house of Theremin, or any one of the club who had the means of such accommodation at command. An union with such fine and noble objects in contemplation, it were a pity to disturb, but it became necessary to separate these loving, poetical brothers. Chamisso, who was a lieutenant in the army, was draughted off from Berlin to Hameln, in Hanover; Varnhagen Von Ense and Neumann went to Hamburgh to complete their preparations for the university; shortly after Klaproth went to China. But, before they separated, they struck a permanent bond of union in the formation of a literary society, called, "*ro rov πολυ αστρον*," or the "North Star," a lively and enthusiastic correspondence was carried on between the members of this fraternity, and to this we are indebted for much that we know of Neander at this period of his history. We have said that in the dispersion of the friends, Neumann and Varnhagen Von Ense migrated to Hamburgh, where by some spiritual impulses, Neander and they were attracted into each other's confidence and sympathy. The correspondence of the "North Star" opens a great deal of Neander's character to us. Shortly after the Berliners came to Hamburgh, Neumann thus writes to Chamisso:—"We have become acquainted, among our fellow-students, with an excellent young man, who is in every respect worthy of being admitted into our Society of the North Star. Plato is

his idol—his perpetual watchword. He pores over him day and night; and there are few probably who receive him so completely into the very sanctuary of the soul. It is wonderful how entirely he has done this without any foreign impulse, merely through his own reflection and downright pure study; without knowing much of romantic poetry, he has, so to speak, constructed it for himself, and found the germ thereof in Plato. On the world around he has learned to look with a deep contemplative glance." Attracted by this introduction, Chamisso wrote to Neander to welcome him into the North Star; and a correspondence went on between the two brethren, for two years before they had seen each other. Scarcely any of Chamisso's letters are to be found, but many of Neander's we have read, and in them we can see what mighty intellectual and spiritual struggles were passing within him at this time; they indicate his progress from barren Judaism up to Platonism, and thereby onward to Christianity. Chamisso was enraptured with the prize he had gained in securing Neander as an associate and correspondent; he speaks of him as a first-rate genius, and of his correspondence as being "most admirable letters."

We have just seen Neander immersed in an enthusiastic devotion to Plato. Plato had appealed to his very soul. Plato had anticipated and expressed all his wants. Judaism was cold, dismal, and barren, and could supply him with nothing satisfactory, whom Plato had taught to consider himself in close alliance with the Divine nature. Plato had shown him the necessity of a closer union between earth and heaven, that his present life was one that was to be spent in communion with God, and as a preparation for a higher state of living in God. With such new light and such exalted thoughts within his soul, he bids adieu to Judaism, as something that has waxen old and whose spirit has long since vanished away. He must go onwards and upwards. Plato has given him an impulse whose momentum carries him beyond Plato; the philosopher has expounded his wants without satisfying them, has made him thirst after the water of life without opening to him the crystal

fountains. Now a long painful struggle takes place in his soul. That bread of life, if he is to eat it, must be gotten by the sweat of his soul. He has failed to find it in the religion of his race. The great Grecian could not give it him, he has made him dissatisfied with all religions and has forced him up to the very portals of Christianity. Can it help him towards the light? Plato cannot open its door to him. It is reserved for another to do this for him. While his soul is thus tossed about in painful disquiet, he reads Schleiermacher's celebrated "Discourses on Religion," and the veil is torn off from his mind. The gates are unbarred and the wide beneficent plain of Christianity is thrown open to him, his wondering gaze is riveted, his panting soul is refreshed and satisfied. He becomes a Christian. He has found the Messiah. Heart to heart they are united. A living personal Saviour and healer! What a grand discovery for this panting Platonist! The Christian Faith is his. How real, how deep, how earnest is his faith! 'Tis his by labour, conflict, and pain. How precious his faith! Not a family heir-loom, not a traditional belief, not an hereditary creed shaped and arranged for him centuries ago, not a vapid confession of flippant verbiage! Nay, but an achievement won by his devout spirit and philosophical genius. The result of distracting interior fightings, brought forth by bitter spiritual throes, and clung to with the fondness of a mother for her first-born. He has been feeling his way up to faith, has struggled thither through the dusky twilight of doubt, through the spectral midnight of dark desperation and disbelief, and has caught a glimpse of the morning-star, and the Sun in his strength has now blazed upon him! How sharp has been his contest, every position of his faith has been gained by a fiery fight that has cost him a right eye in his lineal prejudices, a right hand in disengaging himself from the conservatism of his nation; but, as his reward, the "desire of all nations" has come into his soul and compensated for every renunciation.

Early in the year 1806 it was, when he was seventeen years old, that he was baptized into the Christian church; and at this period, it was, that he adopted the name by which he has

since been so well known and loved. *Neander*, how beautifully significant of his new state (*νεν ανθρωπος*), the new man—born again.

His preparatory studies at Ham-burgh were now completed, and he was intent on entering the University, but where were the means to be found? We are told by some that Gurlitt and the Baron Von Stirglitz, a distant relative of his family supplied him with these; by others, that the generous old bookseller was the friend in need; perhaps all helped him together; however, they were raised, and Neander determined to go to Göttingen, but waived his preference for the University of his native city to accompany Neumann and Varnhagen to Halle,—the project was for them all to go round by Hameln, and induce Chamisso to give up his military duties and become their associate in the University; Neumann and Varnhagen went first for this purpose, and it was supposed that they had succeeded in their object, but from some cause or other Chamisso could never join them. The three, however, entered the University of Halle, Neander as a student in law. So little did this enlist the sympathies of his nature, that we soon find him writing to Chamisso to tell him that he had given up the law and had become a student in theology. The University of Halle was at this time one of the most famous in Germany. Wolf, the great Homeric critic and philologist, was there in the zenith of his reputation. Schleiermacher had recently gone there. Steffens, the poet and philosopher, had come thither from Copenhagen. Among the students, the companions of Neander, were Raumer, Bekker, Borckh, and G. F. A. Strauss. Here was the scene, and here was the company that Neander loved; here he was diligent, devout, and enthusiastic. While at Halle, Neander began to study the history of Christianity, especially in its twofold relation—to Judaism on the one hand, and on the other, to the Platonic philosophy. It is mentioned that the first thing which gave him notoriety, was his answering a question of Vater in Church History, that had passed all the rest of the class, and this he did in such a manner as to disclose his deep hidden powers and to win the affections of both professor and students.

Neander's studies, however, at Halle were rudely disturbed by the then raging war. On the 14th October, 1806, Napoleon annihilated the Prussian army at Jena. On the 17th, Marshal Bernadotte took Halle. Shortly afterwards, Napoleon himself entered it, but the haughty and independent bearing of the students led him to shut up the university, and to disperse the students at a short warning. Varnhagen was bold enough to remain in Halle; Neumann and Neander fled to Göttingen; but the flight was nearly fatal to poor Neander. Dr. Gesenius, then a young professor in Göttingen, was returning from Nordhausen, his native place, which the French army had set on fire, to Göttingen, while the soldiers of the shattered Prussian army were returning to their homes: in the general confusion, Gesenius observed two youths on their way from Halle to Göttingen; one of them was ill and destitute, and unable to walk another step: he got a carriage for the unknown young student, and had him conveyed to Göttingen. It was Neander, and this circumstance led to a friendship which lasted for life.

Poor Neander! How deeply he felt the change from the mild influences and genial associations of Halle, to the freezing rationalism which had stiffened Göttingen to its very soul! Nevertheless, he continued there for three years a most diligent student, and did himself confess, that those years of comparative isolation from Christian society were a healthy discipline to his mind, and contributed much to the consolidation of his religious belief and character. One thing connected with Neander's student-life at Göttingen is very certain, viz., the impulse his thoughts and taste received towards the investigation of church history from Planck, who was professor of that subject in the university, and Neander's teacher. When the student-life of Neander terminated, we find him returning to Hamburg, where he intended to reside as a Christian pastor, for which he was qualified. This purpose, however, he never carried into effect, inasmuch as a favourable opening presented itself to him of becoming Lecturer in the University of Heidelberg. Thither, in 1811, he went and commenced his public life by a course of lectures on his favourite

subject, church history. In the following year he published his monograph on the Emperor Julian, and, as a reward for the scholarly and acute excellency of which, he was made Professor Extraordinarius of theology. A year later he received a higher translation still: the King of Prussia was forming a constellation of German scholars in Berlin to give stability and fame to the new university, of that city, he had already installed Schleiermacher, De Wette, and Marheinecke in professorships, and now he assigned them as colleague, the youthful professor of Heidelberg. This was the last move that Neander made, for from 1813 to 1850, he held his position in Berlin with a reputation ever widening, and gathering a respect with which the whole world of letters is still offering, and ever will be anxious to offer, to his name.

Henceforth, what we may popularly call incident begins to diminish in the life of Neander, and deep, earnest, incessant work to commence. His professorship in Berlin was no sinecure. Fifteen lectures a week at least he was in the habit of delivering in the university, embracing all the positions of theology and church history; and never has Berlin had a more exemplary professor, nor were the affections and enthusiasm of its students ever exhibited to a professor more heartily than in the case of Neander. We may gain some insight into his character by hearing what one of his pupils (Herman Rössell, now dead) has said about the Saturday evening entertainments which he used to give to his students. These meetings were called in the university language, "Kränzchen;" from about eight to twelve students used to attend them at Neander's house, each of whom was greeted on arrival with that loving shake of the hand and affectionate inquiry into which the professor seemed desirous of compressing the whole of his sweet benevolence. Neander's study was a regular imbroglia of disorder; chairs, tables, sofa, and even the floor, seemed to be all covered with books and papers: through such confusion the visitors had to make their way as best they could up to the table, and by a little management these incumbrances might be sufficiently pushed on one side to admit the tea-

tray upon the table: one of the students handed the tea round, and the conversation between Neander and his young friends went on without interruption for the evening. We will just state what Rössell says of these "delightful, ever-memorable hours:"—"However different might be the company, Neander remained the same,—always simple, cordial, mild. He entered into the views of every one; in the presence of minds the most rigid and unbending, his affectionate tolerance, his humility, shone only the more brightly. How he could ask, persuade, nay, even beg, when he suspected there were yet doubts and difficulties remaining; how winning was his bending attitude, his tone and look, when he asked, 'Do you not think so? to me at least it appears so; or, do you think differently?' And yet how entirely free from everything which looked like urging his own opinions upon another! If he saw that the inquirer manifested judgment, and an earnest will, he would kindle into a youthful fervour. I remember that he once was engaged in conversation with a student who sat at some distance from him, and little by little he drew his chair nearer, till he found himself close before the speaker. When the point was settled, and the conversation gradually became less animated, he moved himself backwards in the same manner to his place again. Of that stately bearing and outward dignity, and all the substitutes for true, inward dignity, which little minds, and often, alas, even great ones, think they must assume,—of this Neander had just nothing. He sat among us as a father, as an old friend. Rank and circumstance were nothing for him; he spoke with the student as with the professor, and he would not have spoken differently with a prince. He expressed assent and dissent, without respect of person, according to the naked, undisguised truth. For this very reason the youth almost idolized him. Under many a student-coat beat a heart that would have poured out its last drop for Neander. What Neander so finely exhibited in these interviews, the sacred truthfulness of his entire being and life, and the most affectionate regard for the feelings of others,—this was always the soul of his social life. Open-hearted, inoffensive as a child, he

stood before the world, separated only from every rude contact by the breath of heavenliness which surrounded him. With noble natures he thus came into close connection. As if by a magnetic influence, one knew without hearing him speak, what he thought and felt, and was himself attracted by him, and drawn into the peaceful motion of his inward life. And what a heavenly composure descended then upon all his thinking and feeling! Amid the whirling impulses of the times, in the conflict of strangest contradictions, where the noblest feelings of humanity are staggered; where heart and nature are silenced before the brawl and babble of dialectical subtilty, how safe did one feel—how sound in mind and heart—how simple and clear did his soul become in Neander's sacred presence.

"Never shall I forget the impression which his manner towards a blind young man made upon me. He was a poor youth who, because he had not the means of pursuing a liberal course of study, wished to educate himself for the business of teaching. For this purpose he attended Neander's lectures, although he was but poorly acquainted with the ancient languages. Pale and worn, he sat always in the same seat, attentively listening, and repeating over to himself, with silent motion of the lips, those parts which pleased him most. If he found anyone afterwards with whom he could go over again, in his childlike way, what he had heard, he was perfectly happy. He was truly one of those of whom it is written, that they are poor in spirit and of a lowly mind. To see this man sickly and silent, stand before Neander, whom he so heartily revered, but whom he could not see, and to hear the tone in which Neander asked him, 'How do you do?' I was obliged to turn away—the tears started into my eyes. Oh, how many of those forsaken by all the world would be happy, at least for one hour in their solitary life, if they could stand before Neander, and hear him ask them, 'How do you do?' To see and hear him is to believe and know that it will yet be better,—that it will be well. How could one thus blessed by his kind words fail to be reminded of the Heavenly Friend, who says to all that labour and are heavily laden,

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest!"

Leaving the Saturday evening "Kriänzchen," let us look into the public streets of Berlin. There, under the lindens, we see a somewhat oddly-fashioned mortal, with an intense, Hebrew cast of countenance, but lit up with a beautiful Christian expression, clad in a long seedy garb much resembling the long frock worn by the dealers in old clothes in London; this is carelessly buttoned down over a spotted waistcoat, and he wears a pair of outside boots that reach well nigh up to his knees. This ill-conditioned creature seems to be very helpless, for he leans upon the arm of a lady who seems to make it her business to attend to him, which she does most assiduously; as we look on the approaching strollers, the impression is almost ludicrous: the helpless man's gait is much of that kind which we should call waddling, in fact, he seems to be tumbling along rather than walking. In reply to our inquiry as to who this droll looking character is, we are told in a tone that rebukes our levity of thought, that it is no other than Neander, the great university professor,—the leader of mind in Germany,—a man whose thoughts are becoming fast interwoven in the minds of the inquiring youth of Germany, and to whose lecture-room multitudes of students flock, not only from all parts of Germany, but from England, France, and all Europe, and even many from America;—yes, that is Neander, and he is now on his way to the university, and that is Johanna his loving sister on whose arm he is leaning; she is going to see him safe there, and by the time he has finished lecturing, she will be found waiting at the university door, in readiness to see him safe home again. How many have there been who have envied Johanna her office of affection and honour!

If we follow him into the University, we are still somewhat struck with a degree of strangeness in the scene presented to us. Here we have a picture of Neander, drawn by an American visitor at one of his New Testament exegetical lectures. "He was a man whose forehead was hard and high, almost covered by his long black hair; its base was bounded by a massive ridge, jutting far outwards, and sur-

rounded by thick shaggy eyebrows. His eyes so deeply sunken and concealed by his half-closed eyelids, that neither their colour nor their form was discernable. His mouth and nostrils were somewhat rudely shaped, and his complexion was of that dark, dry, and and sallow cast, that mark years of intense study and reflection. His form was thin, bent, and loosely knit, and his carriage and attitude the most careless and graceless possible. He had on a white cravat, and a greyish frock-coat reaching below his knees. Fancy such a man standing on a slightly-elevated platform, and his left arm resting on the corner of a desk four feet high, his left hand shading his eyes from the light, his right hand holding, within three or four inches of his face, a large-typed Greek Testament, from which he never withdraws his intense look: and, further, fancy him with the whole upper half of his person bent over in an angle of nearly 45 degrees, balancing the desk upon its two back legs, and with his left foot kept continually crossed over his right, except when occasionally, either through caprice, or to restore the equilibrium of the desk, he suddenly retracts it, as if about to take a desperate leap, and as suddenly replaces it; and, still further, fancy him perfectly absorbed in his subject, and speaking with a slow, monotonous utterance, interrupted only by a pause, when he has to ask from one of the students a word which he cannot recognise on account of his imperfect sight,—and you have a faithful picture of the most philosophical historian, and perhaps the most profound theologian living, in rapportement with his young disciples. When his instructions are not exegetical and do not require a book, you will have to vary the picture, by imagining him lecturing extemporarily, and all the while engaged in pulling to pieces a quill, previously given him by one of his attendants for this special purpose. I mention these things to interest, but not to divert you. Notwithstanding all his peculiarities, the students seemed to regard him with a reverence approaching to homage, and to catch as a treasure every word that fell from his lips." Another description of Neander in his lecture-room, suggests to us the thought of the Professor spending an hour in abstracted reflection, and of

the "students having stolen in to hear him think aloud." Professor Neander was, throughout the lengthened period of his professorship, a man of mark; the impress of a real great man was deeply graven upon his spirit and life. So conscious were the students who crowded his lecture-room that they were at the feet of one of the greatest of those "born of women," that they have embalmed in their affectionate memories those circumstances which threw around the outer nature of Neander a species of eccentricity. Hence it is that Neander's students love to tell of a constellation of unguainly graces that belonged to him. They have a rich plenty of stories illustrative of his unconscious exploits when his mind was fixed in deep abstraction: such, for instance, of his frequently appearing in his study, and even at the lecture-room but half dressed; of his proneness to go, if left alone, to his old residence, after having removed to another part of the city; of his walking with only one foot on the pavement of the street and then complaining of lameness; and of his continuing to write on his desk; after he had come to the end of his paper. But those who knew the man assure us, that he had not the slightest mark of affectation about him; and that if his outward appearance did at first excite a ludicrous impression, such an impression died instantly when one began to heed what he said; it was extinguished in the deep, truthful, and earnest spirit of the man.

An American student, who had gone to study at Berlin, asked some of Neander's students, which of his courses of lectures would be best for him to attend; and the reply given him was, "Neander is excellent in all departments; but, if you want to know the man, hear him in Ethics or Church History, where his feelings will have scope." And the Transatlantic visitor testifies, that "there was, in the old man before him, ready to gush out at every crevice of the subject, an exhaustless fountain of Christian love. The science of Christian morals, became in his hands an attractive representation of the life, actuated by love, warm, genial, glowing, from a heart which had felt it all. And what interest he thus threw around the history of the church we all know, but none so well

as those who have heard his tones, and seen emotion glow in his countenance and shine through all his uncouth but expressive gestures, making the pen twirl faster in his fingers, and the desk reel more heavily under him." True, afar off from him, and now bodily for ever separated from him, we cannot adequately conceive wherein were the grounds of that intense and burning enthusiasm which Neander's students bore towards him: there it was, however, in them, and at every suitable occasion it showed itself warm and loving. On the 15th January, 1839, when Neander completed his fiftieth year, these young enthusiasts presented him with a bust of himself in Carrara marble. On another birthday, that in 1843 (we believe), "the students testified to him in the strongest manner which the customs of German student-life admit, their esteem and affection, by a torch-light procession. They paused under his window; the band pealing out a lively greeting; they sang in full, deafening chorus, a song in his honour, and then one of their number addressed him, expressing in strong terms their admiration and love. Then they presented him with a silver cup; and, finally, torches were tossed aloft in the fulness of youthful enthusiasm, and the air was rent with cheering.

Our duty to Neander requires of us to leave the applauding students, and briefly to trace him into those other departments of his life-labour in which he still attracts to himself the grateful applause of the whole learned world. We have already seen how he first made himself public as a writer: the monograph on Julian he followed up in the year 1813 by that of St. Bernard: in 1818, he published his "Genetic Development of the Principal Gnostic Systems." In 1821, a monograph on St. Chrysostom. In 1822, his "Memorabilia, Collected from the History of Christianity and the Christian life:"—a sort of popular church history, and in the year 1825 he brought out the first division of his "General History of the Christian Church," which, with the four succeeding divisions, brought down the History to the year A.D. 1294,—the division which was to have followed these and to bring the History down to the time of the Reformation, Neander was not

able to continue "by reason of death." We feel it a serious difficulty to speak worthily of this grand work of Neander. We have no space to review it. To mangle it we have no taste. 'Tis impossible to give even a conspectus of it. We can only utter in this place a few thoughts: to do more than this we are restrained both by the character of our serial, and also by our own modesty. We may just say, that Neander was, of all his contemporaries, the man to write church history. He had a singular and striking adaptation for the service. Himself one of the most illustrious captives to the soul-winning power of Christianity, he could, with intense sympathy of soul, investigate the progress of that power, could penetrate with his spiritual insight the phenomena that he was cast amid of the kingdom of God forming itself out of individuals, and making itself visible and powerful in the collective spiritual life of these persons. For such service we affirm, his Christianised Judaism gave him eminent fitness. So also did the preparations which he had been unconsciously making for this purpose in his early days of Platonic enthusiasm. None but those who know how closely Platonism and Christianity were brought into contact during the infancy of the latter, can properly estimate the importance of an intimate acquaintance with Plato in tracing the early progress of the Christian life and church. Further than this, Neander's boyish studies and his university pursuits, have given him an introduction to fields of learning which he has well and completely traversed, whose products are of indispensable necessity to a just and faithful church historian. We mention but one more point, which in our estimation has made Neander so competent an historian, viz., the character of his philosophy. Neander would have nothing to do with those speculative philosophers who would go the full lengths of constructing history by means of *a priori* ideas. If there was any philosophical system from which he felt bound to keep his distance, it was the unmitigated subjectivity of Hegel. He has kept to what he so often declared should be the highest law in the case, and that is that historical facts are not to be looked at through the dim and borrowed

glasses of the schools, but with a free and unperverted vision.

The aim of Neander in writing his history, is beautifully expressed in the preface to the first volume of his immortal work, he there declares it to be the aim of his life to show the history of the church "as a speaking argument of the divine power of Christianity, as a school for Christian experience, a voice of edification, doctrine, and warning, sounding through all centuries for all who are willing to hear." All his delineations of Christian character, of the church vicissitudes, of the storms and sunshine which have alternated about it, tend to prove that there is a true, real, personal, and living Lord in his church,—that in all ages he has been there, and that it is the same spirit which animates the church now, that used to pervade it in the centuries that are past. The ages that are buried have thus been exhumed by Neander, they have been stript of their grave-clothes, have been brought into fellowship and speaking communion with the living Now, and the combined, the grateful testimony of this mighty witness is to point to every event in the past, or in the still fruitful present, and to say, "it is the Lord."

In executing his great work, Neander exercises real catholicity, truthfulness, and impartiality. Neander kisses the footprints of the Lord, and bows before his spirit wherever he finds him, and he finds him in all ages and among all nations, though it be with widely different displays of his glory. Church history he regards from a central and universal position, and he exhibits it "*sive ira e! studio*," for its own sake, and just as God has allowed it to come to pass. A one-sided apologetic and polemic interest is not suffered to prevail, allowing only a troubled view of the Saviour's majestic person through the coloured spectacles of a particular sect or party, but the spirit of truth is followed without bias under the conviction that the boundless life of the church can be fully represented only through the collective Christianity of all periods, nations, and persons, and with the persuasion that the truth finds its best justification in the simple dispassionate exhibition of its own historical course.

Church history in Neander's hands is not merely the grouping together a series of events, ticketed with dates in a flat paraepgm, but an ingenious inquiry into the state of the times in which any events have taken place, with all other dependent collateral and conditioning circumstances, so as to show how these events have come about, and why their mode of development has been what it is and no other.

A sympathising reader of Neander's church history, will feel that those old dark and buried ages over which Neander's mind revolves, have started forward and become reanimated with a vital spirit; Neander calls up the past from its buried deep and it comes; he invokes the illustrious martyrs, confessors, and heroes, of a slumbering antiquity, and they stand before him and his readers, with their testimony to the everlasting truth of Christianity. The enthusiasm with which Neander studied and wrote church history is caught by the earnest reader, and he is made to feel that the noisy and earnest present in which he lives, is closely connected with the boundless past, and both present and past are uniting to prepare a noble and worthy future for Christianity on the earth.

In treating church history thus truthfully, and with strict critical and scientific instruments, Neander has departed from the plans common to all historians who had preceded him, and has well earned for himself what the German nation, and all scholars have accorded him, the appellation of the "Father of Church History," and showed himself a worthy scientific associate of his friend Niebuhr, alongside whom he now stands in historical immortality.

It was Neander's plan, as he was pursuing his slow and steady path in the cavernous past, to throw off a monograph occasionally on some hero of history he might light upon in his tedious journey. In this way he varied his own labours, and relieved the patience which his readers had to exercise between the successive issues of the parts of his great work. To this plan we owe not merely the works already mentioned, but that on Tertullian, and also the "Planting and Training of the Church by the Apostles;" and not least, his "Life of Jesus," is written in conformity with

this plan. The last work he long meditated to commence. He had the most tender and devout scruples in reference to this, and in his preface quotes the reply of Herder to Lavater, when urged by the latter to a like service, "Who after John would venture to write a life of Christ?" But the appearance of the work of Strauss on the same character in 1835, made it impossible for him any longer to forbear, and in 1837 he published his "Life of Jesus exhibited in its Historical Connection." This work though not professedly an answer to Strauss's book, yet from the manner of its compilation, and the errors which he has laboured so philosophically to expose, Neander presented to the public the best answer that has ever been issued to the theories that Strauss maintains. The comparison of these two books gives one the notion of two heroes fighting side by side—two stalwart chiefs bidding their followers be quiet, so that they themselves may go out, and in view of the opposing armies, settle by their own prowess the question at issue. And verily, this is "Greek meeting Greek," "the tug of war" comes, and with it the trenchant blows with which these champions of laboured scepticism and historical faith imponderate each other; the contest is close, severe, honourable, and creditable to each side; however, the man, whom we believe to have represented the truth, gave error and its champion deadly blows in return for mere abrasures of the skin. Watching the fight throughout, we come away repeating to ourselves the inspiring sentiment,—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal life of God is hers,
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

This conflict with Strauss we believe to be one of the strongest claims which Neander has upon the respect of the learned world. Strauss is a great doubter, but we think Neander was a greater believer. The work of the believer, in our estimation, will do a nobler work—a better and a kindlier service for mankind, than will that of the doubter. Scientific truth will thank Strauss for opening up this controversy, were it only for having brought

out Neander to oppose his theory. To a man who has read Strauss's book with any relish, and is captivated by the depth of learning and the fertility of ingenuity there displayed, it is necessary that he should hear the other side in the arguments of Neander, which, as the Strauss party honourably admit, are the only philosophical reply to the work of their hero.

In addition to the labours of a professor and an active church historian, Neander was occupied as a member of the supreme consistory, which had the direction of the affairs of the church in the Prussian kingdom. In the year 1840, Neander was made a privy councillor, which office he exchanged in the year following for that of superior councillor of consistory. In 1844 he was invested with a high order of knighthood, and the King of Prussia sent to him the order of the Red Eagle.

In the enthusiastic discharge of the duties which so many offices entailed upon him, was Neander occupied till within a few days of his death. His health was never good. The illness which he suffered at Göttingen left him subject to a rheumatic disease. This he restrained, in a great measure, by a most rigidly temperate diet, and the power of an iron will. About two years before his death, he became affected in his eyes, almost to blindness, but still pursued his labours by the help of readers and amanuenses. On the 8th of July, 1850, he was worse than usual, and was urged to postpone his lectures at the university, but could not be prevailed on to do so. He went and lectured, but his voice failed him several times in the course of his lecture. One of the students present, alarmed at such prognostics, said to his neighbour, "This is our dear Neander's last lecture," a prediction which received a sad confirmation. He was helped home from the university, and, on the same evening, he became much worse. The night was one of afflicting pain to him, and of gloomy apprehension to his friends. The next day he touchingly exclaimed, "I shall hardly be able to lecture to-day, shall I?" But he sent an emphatic message to the university, that the suspension of lectures was for that day only, believing that on the next day he should be able to resume his duties. The next

day he would have his reader to attend him; and he showed a lively interest in the newspapers which were read to him. Towards the evening of this day his disorder became more violent, and assumed the symptoms and character of cholera. On Saturday, the 13th, his sufferings were very intense, but even now he would make an attempt to rise from his bed and dress; and only after an affectionate remonstrance from his sister, could he be restrained. Later in the day the physicians, who had given up all hope of saving his life, determined to resort to an extreme method of sustaining him for a few hours. He was taken from the dark room in which he had been confined, to his study, where a bath of herbs and strengthening wine had been prepared for him. New life and intense vigour of body seemed to impenetrate him when he was brought into the scene of his many years' labour, and with earnest effort rising from his seat, he began a regular lecture on New Testament exegesis. His excited brain now pictured before him the meeting of his church history class, and he called for the essay which he had assigned to one of his students. Then he dictated the subjects of the lectures which he proposed to deliver during the ensuing semester. Finally, he began to dictate some passages in church history, beginning precisely at the point where he had left off. He described the characteristics of the so-called "Friends of God," of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. At the close of a section he asked what time it was? They replied, "Half-past nine o'clock." "I am weary; I will now go to sleep," replied the half-dreaming man; and as his friends conducted him to the place of his last repose, he whispered with a voice of mellowing affection, which thrilled through the heart and marrow of all present, "Good night, good night." It was his last good night on earth. He slumbered for four hours, and then gently, and almost imperceptibly, breathed himself into his silent and cold sleep of death.

The obsequies of this distinguished man proved how well his life had been appreciated. The services in connexion with his funeral were commenced by an address by Dr. Sebastian Rauh, giving a graphic and affecting account

of the last illness and death of Neander.

Dr. F. Strauss, one of the royal chaplains in Berlin, an old friend and beloved associate of the departed, delivered an address in the house of mourning over the body, pointing out some of the chief features in the spiritual life of Neander.

Dr. F. W. Krummacher, one of the city ministers of Berlin, spoke the funeral oration at the grave in beautiful strains of subdued grief and poetic affection.

The concluding service was held in the aula of the university, on the day of interment, and consisted of an address to the students, by Dr. Carl Immanuel Nitzsch.

The order of the funeral was sublimely solemn. Wednesday, the 17th of July, 1850, witnessed a funeral spectacle in Berlin, such as is only seen when a mighty man has fallen upon the high places. The only one that, in late years, bore any resemblance to it, was the funeral-day of Schleiermacher. Very early in the morning a crowd collected about the house in Mark Grafen Street. Some hundreds of students assembled at the university and walked in procession to the door of the house. The house was filled with the professors, the clergy, high officers of the government, and students. A vast procession followed the body to the grave, stretching to the length of full two miles. The whole city suspended its business to pay its last homage to such departed excellence. The hearse was surrounded by students carrying lighted candles; students with candles walked ahead of the hearse; in front of the body Neander's bible and his Greek testament were carried. The carriages of the King and Princes of Prussia followed in the procession. At the grave a solemn choral was sung by a thousand voices. After a prayer and a benediction, flowers were strewn upon the coffin in its resting-place, and each one present, after the beautiful German custom, threw a handful of earth into the grave. Thus was the good man honoured in his death and burial.

Neander was never married. His beloved associate through life was his sister Johanna, who was, in domestic matters, his factotum. Perhaps many of the outward oddities observable in

Neander were cherished by his bachelor style and habit of life. Whether he ever had any intention of getting married or not, we know not. Certain it is, it is a matter that had occupied his thoughts, for Dr. Kling says of him that "in the first years of his residence in Berlin, he said to him that he would indeed like a family life, and if the Lord would so order it, would not be disinclined to enter into the state of holy matrimony." Such ordering, however, never took place. His family life was confined to his residence with his sister, who managed every thing domestic, as the head of the house, in all such matters, was as simple and inexperienced as a child. Cheerfully he yielded obedience to all her directions, and only on two points would assert his own authority—he would study more than she thought good for his health, and he would not give her any account of the moneys he spent in charities.

We shall here just note down one or two other features in the life of this great man that have found no fit place in our preceding remarks. All that knew the man, saw and admired the eminent truthfulness and conscientiousness of his entire being. What he was, he was intensely. He found a truth, and his life-labour aimed at embodying that truth in himself. He had duties to do, and he did them with all his heart and soul. He was not a man of blunted stoical apathy, but of extreme tenderness and sensitivity of feeling. Sometimes his belief of truth and obedience to conscience may seem to invert this picture of him. When one of his sisters died, who had long suffered from a dreadful insanity, Neander grieved for her deeply; but suddenly he dried his tears, expressed his firm faith in the wise purpose of God in taking her to himself, and resumed his lectures immediately as if nothing had happened.

How largely catholic was this man's spirit! He was ready to recognize the image and spirit of Christ wherever he found them, even though they were overlaid by much that he must dissent from. He has been rebuked for too great leniency to great errors. But such a failing "leans to virtue's side;" that is far more forgivable in a man than an excessively censorious and condemning spirit;—the latter is a

much easier and much less lovely grace for a man to exercise than the former. Neander would never be a party to hunting down the heterodox; he even withdrew his name and share from the *Evangelische Kirchenzeitung*, rather than be thought to sanction the severe attacks which the editor was making upon Gesenius and Wegscheider; and more than this, he published a protest against the articles which animadverted upon them. In later times, when Strauss's "*Leben Jesu*" appeared, promulgating theories utterly subversive of the historical basis of the gospels, the King of Prussia was designing to suppress the book, but having asked Neander's advice upon the matter, was recommended, not to close the book, but to leave it to Christian scholars to refute by good argument and sound learning. The king took Neander's advice, and in the work of Neander himself, saw the propriety and advantage of his recommendation. "No! it must be put down by the truth." Such reply of Neander deserves to be pondered by all who seek to stay the progress of error and a false philosophy by the power of law.

The true love of the gospel was the mighty influence that lay in the soul of Neander, and was the spring of that wide generosity of thought and catholicity of feeling which we have mentioned. It was to this same source, also, that his broad and streaming benevolence was traced. We could fill a paper by recounting acts of this: one or two we insert. It is a fact that nearly forty ministers have been greatly sustained by his beneficence. Poor students were not only furnished with tickets to his lectures, but were often provided by him in money and clothing. He has been known to part from a new coat himself and resume his old one in favour of some coatless student. All the money he received for his lectures was devoted to some charitable purpose or another. When destitute of money himself, he has even given to a poor sick student one of his most valued books, that he might raise some money on it for his own use, and only those who knew Neander's love for his books could estimate the amount of self-denial which this benevolence cost him.

His kindness projected a union among the students for the care and

comfort of those who were sick, and gave it the copyright of several of his works. This union is now actively at work, under the name of the *Neandersche Krankenverein*.

The benevolences of Dr. Neander flow no longer from his own hand; but to him much of the Christian sympathies and kindnesses that now cheer the sons of sorrow in Germany, are owing. On the day of his interment, his name was engraven on an establishment for the reception and instruction of abandoned children, and many a homeless, parentless child will find home, teaching, and friends in the "*Neander's Haus*."

This good and great man never for one moment forgot his true position as a child in the kingdom of God. When honours and distinctions were thrust upon him, such as might well have turned the brains of many men, he received them all in an equanimity of spirit and a humility of soul that are beautiful and instructive. Just one instance of this we must give. On that occasion, when the students serenaded him, as we have related, Neander was not proudly elated, but was deeply touched. He felt he did not deserve such a greeting. Tears filled his eyes. He approached the window, and begged them not to speak so of him, for he was a poor weak sinner, hoping forgiveness only through the blood of Christ. "Oh! divine love," he exclaimed, "I have never loved thee strongly, deeply, warmly enough!" That Christ, whom he honoured in this exclamation, was ever the being to whom he dedicated all the honours that his fellow-mortals brought to him.

We must now close our sketch. Neander is gone hence. The motto which he used here below is turned round, and he enjoys the perfect gaze. "Now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face." Yes! where he is all difficulties, impediments, and obscurities which narrowed his circle of vision here have vanished. "Face to face." Thus see Neander, De Wette, Schleiermacher, Marheinecke, and every one of the professors who occupied the first chairs in the University of Berlin. They are all gone, and are made perfect. But the influence they have left behind them ceases not. All were stars of the first magnitude; bright as any shone

Neander, and long as learning, hal-
lowed by a deep and unaffected piety,
is prized, long as the church has any
interest in its own history, and long as
live the contributions which Neander
has made to science and religion: so
long will ever-enlarging honours accu-
mulate upon his name. The youth of
Germany—and we may say the stu-
dent-youth of all Europe and America,
have already embalmed this man's
name in their heart of hearts. He is
gone, but his works do follow him.

MIRABEAU.

THE French Revolution brought a
mighty group of characters before the
world. Never before, perhaps, were
so many men of great and various
genius born from the pangs of one civil
commotion. A hundred names lend
or reflect the lustre and splendour of
that age. To most of them has
history, justly or unjustly, assigned a
settled place. The king, and they who
punished the king; the Gironde, and
they who destroyed the Girondins;
the Convention, and they who over-
threw the Convention, are more or less
fixed in positions from which it is little
probable that can ever be removed.
Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti, *Compte*
de Mirabeau, however, still wanders
between sphere and sphere, now
claimed by one party, now rejected by
another,—sometimes alternately, and
sometimes simultaneously, appropri-
ated by both. Like Burke, he is
accused of corrupting his hand with a
bribe; and, like Chatham, of persuad-
ing others to corruption. Opinion has
not yet passed through all its phases
respecting him, for his character re-
mains yet to be painted faithfully
before the world.

Biography, indeed, has never been
just to his achievements or his genius.
In England only one or two works of
unsubstantial authority have pretend-
ed to delineate the epic variety and
brilliance of his life; in France his
tomb has been painted, not with his-
torical frescoes, but with the fantastic
though elaborate compositions of the
unscrupulous caricaturist, or the fac-
tious pamphleteer. Not with the
pretence of accomplishing what more
than half a century has neglected, but
to excite interest in the wild and

stirring record still to be traced of his
career, I may sketch Mirabeau as he
lived and acted, judging of the man
after some sincere and impartial study
of his character.

Some men are ennobled by the
blood which blushes on their "shield-
ed scutcheons." Mirabeau, however,
ennobled his lineage. His was a new
and living fame, deriving no reputation
from the dead, but rather giving it to
them. A Universal Biography might
have noticed his ancestors of the Ri-
quetti family; but they would prob-
ably have remained with no more
than provincial fame, or that narrow
renown which spreads around a monu-
mental tablet, had it not been for him
whom flattery named, "The Hercules
of Liberty." All that history records
of them is, that as Ghibellines they
were, in the thirteenth century, exiled
from Florence, during the ephemeral
domination of the Guelfs. They took
ship, sailed to the south of France,
and settled in the mountain town of
Seyne. There they dwelt, acquiring
the reputation of liberality, and gain-
ing influence by the marriage of a
beautiful daughter of their house with
the powerful count of Provence. In
successive ages they became famous
for acts of valour and devotion, one of
them, as tradition relates, chaining
two mountains together in fulfilment
of a vow at sea. They purchased the
estate of Mirabeau, near Marseilles,
which afterwards gave them a title,—
mingled in the public transactions of
the country,—allied themselves to re-
ligious and political factions,—added a
knight to the order of Malta,—rose to
bequeath the dignity of marquis, and
were, in the early part of the eight-
eenth century, represented by Victor
de Mirabeau, father of Gabriel, whose
rich and lofty eloquence in a later day
stirred the deepest emotions that ever
vibrated in the heart of France.

The Marquis of Mirabeau, por-
trayed in a romance, would appear the
exaggerated creation of a wanton
fancy. He was in his character so
fantastic, in his actions so inexplicable;
obstinate, perverse, querulous, sour
and tyrannical, he professed a love for
all of his race, and was called "The
Friend of Man," yet was another Ish-
mael, at war with all except a woman
of equivocal fame, and the few who
associated in her vice. Believing that

he was born to regenerate France, he sought to model by his own desire the will of every one related to him; and if any rebelled against this despotic influence, a *lettre de cachet* sent them to repent their presumption in a prison. These sealed licences to tyranny he solicited from a government which was easily persuaded to grant them; and it was not until he had filled no less than fifty-four penitential cells with victims, whose only offence had been to excite his displeasure, that the minister refused to extend any further this privilege of cruelty. With his wife Victor carried on a lawsuit for fifteen years, when fortunately she gained a decree of separation, after scandal had been ransacked for mutual disparagement, and the acrimony of recrimination had been exhausted.

Victor de Mirabeau, however, solaced himself with literature and political economy. He wrote profusely, and demanded that every one should read. The man who failed to peruse and applaud his "*Ephémérides*," or his "*Leçons Economiques*," he hated thenceforth with a personal rancour. Feudal principles and philanthropic plans were sought to be combined in an impossible union in a theory whose mysterious immensity he endeavoured to fill with light in eighty volumes of dissertation. All this flood of treatise, of essay, and of commentary, was poured out in a heavy, cloudy style, irradiated in rare periods by flashes of genuine lustre and original and lofty thought. This mountain of books was—in companionship with one, of double size, composed of epistles—various in tone and material—peevish, boastful, whining, or blasphemous, as his humour chanced to be, but all adding new incongruities to confuse an artist who should endeavour to paint a faithful portrait of the man.

At three years old a knight of Malta, at fourteen an ensign in the army, at twenty-two a marquis with an estate, he resolved to devote himself to the propagation of his theories on political economy. At twenty-seven, not from love, but on principle, he led to the altar Marie Geneviève de Vossau, a maiden widow, without beauty, but with splendid rank and fortune, whose first marriage had ended as soon as the church had given it a blessing. Four daughters were the

fruit of this union, with three sons, of whom the eldest died, Gabriel was the second, and Boniface the third.

Soon after his marriage he bought lands at Bignon, and took an hotel in Paris, being the first Riquetti who had lived away from Provence since the Ghibelline exiles had fled from persecution in Italy. On his new estate he resided, perpetually quarrelling with his wife, bitterly engaged with his neighbours, but effusing for ever his prolix disquisitions to charm away dissension from the world! Corruption, meanwhile, at the court of Louis XV., and scepticism disseminated by Voltaire, were completing the demoralization of France. The materials of revolution gathered slowly, and accumulated into a volcano. There were men at work to awake and arouse the heart of the country; yet they were not those destined to preside over that storm the ingredients of which they had themselves compounded. But on the 8th of March, 1749, Madame la Marquis, strolling through the bowery groves and breezy terraces of Bignon, returned hastily to the château, and Gabriel was born. The mother suffered in the depths of agony, but,—perhaps unhappily for her,—she did not die.

The child, in appearance, was only not a monster. With an immense head, two-molar teeth already cut, a twisted foot, and limbs of strange size, this future orator was born tongue-tied. Ugly as nature could make him, he thrived in growth, until at a year old his biographers describe him as "an enormous fellow, whose pastime consisted chiefly in beating his nurse." At three the small-pox, confluent and malignant, reduced him almost to death; and his mother, with blind kindness, anointed his face with some emollient, which, instead of removing the hideous pits, only aggravated them into huge seams and furrows which rendered him an object so frightful that his father compared him to some kindred of the devil.

Victor de Mirabeau, meanwhile, was theorising about the education of his son. So much had he planned and written for enlightening the universal human race, that his mind was rich in ideas for training up him who should extend his name to posterity. Gabriel, he thought, shall not be my son, but

f continued. He would rear him a economical philosopher, that nial wisdom might flow from the s of the Mirabeaus upon at least enerations of France. To secure result he chose as tutor M. on, a sort of familiar of his own, was allowed to know, forced to e, and expected to admire, all his master thought and did. M. on sincerely accepted the charge, learned to love his pupil, and extracted from him a display of apacity. The child exhibited steady application; but brilliant city. About six years old he confirmed by a cardinal, and at stal meeting, in celebration of the , startled and shocked the doctors their disciples, by a too acute

Some catholic Theban red that God never made a con- tion. "What is a contradic- ion?" asked Gabriel. "A stick with one end is a contradiction," replied eologian. "But," cried the boy, t a miracle a stick with only one

s vivacity, however, displayed less pleasantly in a wilful and g behaviour. The marquis his fell into the dangerous error of ndue severity, which only once d him with remorse, and that hen, at ten years old, the child's as a second time perilled by a it fever. After that, however, ul hardened to his son, whose mning characteristics grieved him y because they seemed in oppo- to his own; Gabriel, for example, charity, and gave to the poor,—a ce which Victor's theory con- ed. He once gained a fine hat nning, and turning to an old by- er who had but a poor one, gave him, saying, "Here, take this; I not two heads." To this amiable loved by all who were not bound e him, the Marquis of Mirabeau shed a bitter aversion, and joined his name epithets the most base pprobrious that humanity has ted to fill up the phraseology of and vituperation. Naturally, el grew up with a rough spirit; t fifteen his tutor could no longer d him. He was then removed to tary school, under the Abbé Chog- who promised never to spare the out, worse than this, he was de-

graded by being entered under the false name of Peter Buffiere, his father telling him that he should resume his own when he showed himself deserving of it.

The Abbé Chognart was a stern but not a cruel man. Young Mirabeau's face told him more than the parental libel he had heard. He did not treat him harshly, and he might have been allowed a quiet episode of existence, had not the imprudent but unblameable kindness of his mother interfered. She already felt to her heart the curse of marriage to a bad, selfish man. Allowed for a while to preside over the household at the château, she knew that a woman of much beauty and of profligate character was playing her part at the Parisian hotel. This she suffered in peace until the audacious vice of the Marquis brought home his paramour to Bignon, when her womanly pride rebelled against an affront which it is no wife's duty to endure; and she fled, seeking the protection of the law. This, after a contest of more than fifteen years, which Victor would gladly have ended with a *lettre de cachet*, allowed her a formal separation. While she was at war with the Friend of Man, her son applied to her from school for a supply of money. She sent it to him, and some account of the transaction reached his father's ears. A double bitterness against the youth was engendered in his mind, and he meditated some startling punishment; but a better feeling for once prevailed, and Gabriel, at the age of eighteen, was entered in the army, not under a commission, but as a volunteer attaché. The regiment which was stationed on the Charente, not far from Rochelle, bore a reputation for its rigid discipline; but the young subaltern acquitted himself well for a year, when his father was softened into an expression of grace, and procured him a commission, still, however, under his false name.

The parsimonious economist, nevertheless, refused to supply his son with resources to maintain the station of the family to which it was notorious he belonged. Gabriel, therefore, contracted a few debts, besides losing forty louis at play. A *lettre de cachet* threatened him, and he was rigorously punished. No sooner was this past than a new accident occurred. The

Marquis de Lambert, colonel of the regiment, fell in love with the daughter of an archer at Saintes. Mirabeau saw her, and became his rival. Ugly as he was, the eloquence of his youth and passion won her to his heart, and his superior officer was left to revenge himself by a gross caricature of Gabriel which he circulated through the regiment, and by tyrannizing over him on every visible occasion.

Young Mirabeau's spirit fretted under this despotism. He fled to Paris, placed himself under the protection of his father's friend, the Duc de Nivernois, but was arrested by his brother-in-law, M. de Saillant, and sent back to his regiment to answer for the military offence. His judges, however, only sentenced him to a short confinement, which did not by any means satisfy the vindictive feeling which galled vanity kept burning in the heart of the colonel. He incited Grevin, an agent of the marquis, and a creature of his paramour, who kept charge of Gabriel, to send home daily accounts of him, couched in terms the most disparaging. This wretch libelled the youth to his parent as "a horrible monster," capable of any offence against the laws of God or man. At length the anger fermenting in the heart of Victor de Mirabeau accumulated into a ferocious resolve; and he devised a plan for the slow and cruel torture of his own son.

One morning young Gabriel received a note, which he was directed to present at Rochelle. He did so, and, like the hero in the "Founding of the Bell," discovered that he had borne an order for his own arrest, for he was immediately seized and carried to a fortress in the Isle of Rhé. There he was to be caged and tamed; and if this failed a second scheme was to transport him to Surinam, where fever might cut him off, so that, as his goaler said, "we may never behold him again on the horizon." What, humanity may inquire, could have been the son's reflections when he heard in his prison-chamber that this was the conspiracy between his keeper and his father concerning him?

Fierce in his passions, impetuous in his conduct, Gabriel Mirabeau was yet free from vice, though without one influence likely to encourage him to virtue. Hated by his father, threat-

ened with exile to a putrifying clime, deprived of liberty without offer, and with two of the basest men conspiring against him, what was if this young Mirabeau of twenty with his warm Provençal blood, let for some generous heart with whom mingle its sympathies and its affections, had been hardened into a bigot or corrupted into an atheist, degraded into a slave? The first season of his youth was blackened and embittered by the malignity of a hostile family, or jealous kindred of his father and his father's friend.

In the fortress of Rhé, however, Mirabeau won his keeper's good-will. Scarcely had a week passed without neglect of the marquis's injunctions was allowed to promenade the citadel, and before two months the governor had written to the Friend of Pleas pleading with him for pardon of his son. The Corsican war was raging; it was resolved to send him in some regiment to serve in Corsica, and he was entered as a lieutenant of infantry in the Legation of Lorraine, under the Baron de Menil. That he aided in the subjugation of the Corsicans was after his own reproach upon himself in the National Assembly; but as a man he probably understood little of the political character of the position in which he was employed. Genius he possessed, and a grand soul, but not deep knowledge. He commanded the respect of all, most the love, though his father would not yet permit an interview. "I have written to his brother," you may make him read the *'Economique'* the *'Ephémérides'*. Tell your nephew that wolf's cub," &c. Mirabeau, however, would not study this theoretical economics, which he regarded with contempt, and applied himself to applause in the army. So successful was this effort that, on being presented to the king, he was made captain of dragoons—an honourable position but a sinecure. It allowed him to reside with his friend and uncle Baillé, on the family estate, who busied himself with an immensity of business. "With the permission," says his relative, "of his father, I used my eight months' stock of money in as many weeks, I am well as with him."

At length, after his long probation, Mirabeau was summoned to an interview with his father, that sublime economist, who reared himself upon his eighty volumes, and attributed it to impiety in his son that he did not fall down and "crook the hinges of his knees" in idolatry before such genius. Nevertheless he received him tenderly, and, solicited by M. de Saillant,—Gabriel's noble-hearted sister—permitted him to assume his title of Count of Mirabeau. Then, settling on the estate, he became renowned as a good genius among its inhabitants, relieving their need in a season of scarcity, and presiding over a court of arbitration for the gratuitous adjustment of their quarrels. "He is the demon of the impossible," cried the marquis; but he admired his son, nevertheless.

About this time commenced the long litigation between the Friend of Man and his wife. A great heritage had fallen to her, and she claimed her share—"Separation both of body and property," demanded the Marchioness. "Of body with pleasure," he replied, but not of property, seeing it was for that I married you." She appears then to have concentrated all the virulence of the Marquis upon herself, for during an interval, he applauded and was proud of his son, received him at Paris, took him to court, and heard his praises from every tongue. At length this favour increased more than was pleasing to Mdle. de Pailly, the usurper of his mother's place. When, therefore, a troublesome and dangerous transaction was required to be carried on at Limousin, she persuaded the Marquis to send Gabriel, who acquitted himself well, but found that poison had operated during his absence, for he was coldly received, and gladly went to Provence, where other employment awaited him.

He was now twenty-three, and ordered by his father to choose a wife—rich, noble, worthy to mingle her blood with the blood of the Mirabeaus. He inclined little to marriage, but was accustomed to obedience, and cast his eyes round for a woman to share with him all the joys and all the sorrows of his life.

Marie Emilie de Covet was only daughter of the Marquiss of Marignan, the oldest noble in Provence. She was eighteen years old, short,

brown complexioned, and vulgar in appearance,—until her lineage was discovered and her livres counted, when of course the double crown of beauty and dignity descended at once upon her brow. She was recommended to Gabriel by his father. He asked her hand; her father insulted, and she repelled him. It raised his pride. He resolved to win her; and the fascination of his intellect and his eloquence were victorious for the second time. She married him in June, 1772. Their income consisted of £125 a-year granted by her father, and £250 by his, and in this manner the heirs of the proudest and most opulent of the Provençal noblesse commenced their wedded life. Mirabeau was profuse, and so was his wife, and consequently they were soon in debt—£3,000, having been contracted at the marriage pomp. He retired to an estate which he had no means of rendering productive, sank more deeply into embarrassments, and so disgraced his family, when his father, instead of redeeming what his own miserable parsimony had caused, drew another *lettre de cachet* which compelled the young Count to live in seclusion at Manosque, an insignificant town near his ancestral residence.

The unfortunate couple lived there a year or more. A son was born to them; and Mirabeau there wrote "An Essay on Despotism," worth little, but interesting as the early emanation of his mind, and as a refutation of his libellers' charge, that he hated tyranny only when he could gain by hating. His father's vindictive feeling was now revived; he applied at Paris for an interdict against his son, reducing him to the condition of a minor, and a letter of exile, confining him to the town of Manosque. There, to deepen his misery, his wife intrigued with a cousin, who was betrothed to a daughter of the Marquis of Tourette; the liason was discovered, and the young man made an abject apology, which Mirabeau accepted. The Marquis de Tourette, however, when he heard of the incident, broke off the match between his daughter and the offender, Chevalier de Gassaud. Mirabeau thought this punishment too severe, departed secretly from Manosque, visited the family château, pleaded ardently for the corrupter of his wife, and obtained his pardon. In return-

ing home, however, he met the Baron of Villeneuve Moans, who had once offered a public insult to his sister. He stopped him to demand satisfaction. The baron refused, and Mirabeau, "with face white-hot and set teeth," played a whip about his shoulders until his ire was appeased, or his arm was weary. Then came to the authorities this question: How should a man, forbidden under grievous penalties from passing out of Manosque, be chastising a baron twenty miles from there? How, but by a defiance of the law? The law must revenge itself, therefore; and Mirabeau was dragged from beside his child's sick bed—from the breast of his half-repentant and sorrowful wife, to the castle of If, a fortress on a barren rock, starting like a gloomy vision out of the Mediterranean, within sight of Marseilles.

There, in a turret-cell, by order of his father, Mirabeau wasted himself gazing out through a loophole upon the blue, leaping waves. His wife, whose tears were the ebullition of a transitory impulse, would not share this gloomy seclusion, but retired to her father's castle. Deserted by those who should have been faithful to him, he won to kindness those whose fidelity was pledged to his enemies. The governor of his rock-built prison became his friend, and interceded with his father. Instead of gaining by this, he was dragged from If to the stronghold of Joux, situated near Switzerland, on a vast precipitous cliff, hanging over one of the defiles of the Jura. There, in an aerial solitude, he pined for liberty, and heard that Louis XVI. had been crowned, with all that longing for release which a strong heart feels when it knows that a great drama is opening to the world.

That coronation, pregnant with portentous disasters to France, was auspicious to Mirabeau. People shouted as people ever do, when kings are consecrated in the purple, or witches are burned. Rejoicings took place at Pontarlier, a town about a mile from the castle, where Count St. Mauris, a vain old noble, led the fantastic follies of the day. A chronicle of these doings he anxiously desired, and who so capable of drawing it up as the young recluse of the Jura? So he prevailed on Mirabeau to visit the festal assembly, and

write an account of it, which he did in a very dull style, and sent to be printed at Geneva. It gained him liberty as a ramble as he pleased to Pontarlier where one family of the blue-blooded noblesse remained—the Marquis Mounier, opulent, weak-witted, seventy-five years of age, and his daughter Sophie, an unblown rose, all beauty and passion, and ready to blurt out an answer to the first ardent gaze that was fixed upon her. She had, only seventeen, been betrothed to a naturalist Buffon, and then, like a pretty slave, was sold by her parents to the grey-headed de Mounier. When she conceived new ideas of life, she welcomed the specious and dangerous theory, that marriage ties are binding when they are contracted between lord and servitor; and the ugly but eloquent Mirabeau, conversed long and earnestly with her, and felt a new passion born in her breast, and gave to him a guilty love. His heart was reckless enough to turn. He felt its influence, and made one effort to escape, by secluding himself for two months, and appealing to a long, touching letter, to his wife, that she would join him at the rock, and save him from despair and wrong. Truly, a threat of liberty is not the charm to lure a man back. But Madame, heartless and sordid, refused to leave her feebly flatteries, replying to Mirabeau an insinuation that he was mad.

Sophie's husband was not jealous, but her husband's friend was, a Count Mauris, whom she had repulsed, Mirabeau for the love she gave him. He procured an order from the King of Man for his closer confinement "a cell, not unwholesome, but barred and bolted." The young man at length refused his father's authority, crossed the frontier into Switzerland, and then returned in secret to Pontarlier, where Sophie continued to hold stolen interviews with him. His conduct, however, subjected her to the vindictive antipathy of Count Mauris, whose insults and persecutions drove her at last to fly from the château to Dijon, where her father dwelt. Their ascetic virtue, however, instead of pitying a wretched man, each of whose errors was a card recorded against them, immured him with all the severity of a

eping sentinels at her chamber door. Mirabeau soon discovered her retreat, flew by the same route to join her, was discovered, and arrested at the gates of the town. Persuasive always, he induced the governor to enter him in prison under a fictitious name, and allow him parole. But this gained him no access to Sophie. She was not long in Dijon. The servile doting of her husband forgave all; and while she returned to her Pontarlier prison, Mirabeau escaped from his, and was hunted to and fro by police spies, from Dijon to Verrieres, to Geneva, to Lyons, to Avignon, to Turin, to Verrieres again, and once more to the home of Sophie. All the while had he corresponded with her, and now when, in the habit of a man, she mounted a ladder, scaled the wall of her prison-house, and fell into the arms of her lover, there never was perhaps a guilty wife against whom sinners and Pharisees could less rightly throw a stone.

The fugitives escaped into Holland, took lodgings in Amsterdam, and during 1776, 1777, living poorly, but peacefully, on the earnings of Gabriel's pen. The "Essay on Despotism" was now known to be his; his new writings made him famous as a friend of the revolutionary doctrine, and all he produced sold rapidly. Meanwhile, however, enemies were at work. He was beheaded in effigy at Pontarlier, and sentenced to pay a stupendous fine. "But," says a biographer, "seeing that he had neither money nor chattels, they had best distrain for that." Sophie, too, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment and degradation. They laughed for some time at these glitterings of distant lightning; but the machinations of their persecutors prevailed. They heard that an arrest was to take place on the 15th of May. A flight was prepared. On the very evening both arranged a rendezvous near the town. Mirabeau went first. Scarcely had he struck out on the road, when news flew through Amsterdam that Sophie had been captured at the door of their house. He rushed back, found her about to apply poison to her lips, appealed to her for her own life—for his sake—for the sake of an unborn child—and extorted from her a reluctant promise that she would at least delay to die.

And in this way these unfortunate

exiles—who had met in wretchedness, and lived together in sin—parted with affection, not to meet again for years, and then only when their love was ended, and bitterness had grown up between them. Sophie, whose parents wished to immure her in an asylum for the most abject Magdalens, was taken to a house of correction for women, where she was entered under an assumed name. Mirabeau was hurried to the donjon of Vincennes.

At Vincennes he inhabited a penal cell,—no reading, no writing, no speaking allowed; one hour a day for exercise in the corridor; scanty and coarse food; and no solace except scrawling on a few scraps of paper, with a decoction of tobacco water, the yearnings and anger of his mind. Could he have known, he might have had consolation in the fact that Sophie, under equal restraint, was writing with ink manufactured from nails put in vinegar, fragments as passionate as those of the eloquent and voluptuous Heloise. Mirabeau was happier in his fate than she, for the indulgence of corresponding was given him, and for a while every page he wrote was the utterance of an intense emotion—less pure, perhaps, but not less fond, than those which broke Tasso's heart, longing vainly for his Leonora. At length, however, he roused himself from this miserable reverie, ceased to pule for the wife of his friend whom he had seduced, and employed himself in efforts to procure freedom. Cultivating his mind, too, by classical study, which he developed by translating many ancient writers, and writing, among other things, what his father called an outrageous and seditious folly, on *Lettres de Cachets*. Most of his works during that period are forgotten, and we are willing to forget—but they solaced him in his seclusion. Sophie, meanwhile, was delivered of a daughter, which died soon after, as well as their son, so that the name of Mirabeau threatened to become extinct. These were sorrows to him, but he endured them as all others—raging at first, and speedily calming, until, on the 13th of December, 1780, after a captivity of three years and a half, he once more was set at liberty. Free, but defamed, friendless and poor, he stood in the world, with his intellect and his vigour as his only possessions.

The Marquis and Marchioness, after fourteen years of litigation, were now filling the country with mutual slanders, and Mirabeau sought to effect a reconciliation between them; but that was impossible. His father, indeed, relented so far as to see him, and favoured him for a while, so that perhaps his life might have flowed on smoothly, had not a last episode of his ill-starred love for De Mounier's wife interrupted its tranquillity. Sophie, imprisoned in a convent, was permitted to receive visitors, among whom one was so distinguished by her that Mirabeau's jealousy was stirred; and he wrote hotly, upbraiding her infidelity. She recriminated with bitterness, and the physician of the establishment, desiring to heal this rupture, proposed an interview. It took place secretly: she retired to her cell, and the young Count, disguised as a pedlar, was privately introduced. They met,—not as they had parted, with passionate embraces and vows of mutual love,—but with sarcasms and retorts, ending their long attachment with a quarrel that left them both remorseful and afflicted. He, however, in pursuit of worldly plans, had enough for the occupation of his mind. The Pontarlier edict, for the sake of his position as a citizen, must be reversed, and his wife, to secure the perpetuation of his name, must be restored to him. An imprisonment he paid as the cost of peace and pardon for Sophie and himself—she to die by her own hand, the victim of her parents, of a false and base marriage, and of a passion too fiery to be subdued—he to continue his struggle with the world. His publications now were all eloquent, and some of them startled by their force and originality. But the great earnest of his genius was exhibited when he appealed to the law of France to compel the Countess, his wife, to reside with him. This trial came on on the 20th of March, 1783. Mirabeau pleaded his own cause. The court was crowded so that the windows had to be burst open to prevent suffocation. Old Marignane, the wife's father, was there, and from him the young orator extorted the most splendid testimony to his power. At the commencement of the speech he tittered; at the middle he bent his head; at the end he hid his face and wept, with half the audience. Nor was the

fervent pleading lost upon the judges. They decided against the Countess, and ordered her forthwith to return to her husband—a sentence naturally repudiated by the woman who had seen him satisfied and happy with de Mounier's wife. She refused to comply, and her family, galled by their defeat, revenged themselves by publishing a libellous correspondence of the Friend of Man upon his own son. Again Mirabeau resorted to the law, and in the Grand Chamber of Aix astonished men by the wonderful and overwhelming power of his oratory. A third and a fourth time he spoke, and the last display of eloquence long rang in the ears of every listener. This time he lost his cause: a decree of separation between him and his wife was pronounced, and the cold, fickle, selfish, but wronged and wounded Countess of Mirabeau passes out of our history. A last attempt to reverse the verdict was unsuccessful, and Mirabeau then gave way to every passion that swept like a simoom over the desert which had been made in his heart.

Mirabeau could never have lived with a good wife; he was too grossly a debauchee. The marriage tie was to him a fiction, and when she whom it had bound to him was liberated from his authority, he deluded a young Dutch lady to run away with him to England. He went to London, mingled in good society, familiarised himself with our literature, criticised our manners, and, in some fragments on the state of France, deliberately prophesied the Revolution. His political works drew upon him the attention of many public men, but they were abortive for the practical object of procuring money. Eight months after he came to this country he left it, poor and perplexed, reaching France again early in 1786. For a short while the idea of retirement to Mirabeau Castle, there to dedicate himself to one monumental work for fame, dwelt in his mind, but the horizon of France was growing black about the heads of its oppressors; a reckless speculative mania—the frequent forerunner of commotion, disturbed the public. Necker and Calonne were burying the finances in obscurity and confusion, and Mirabeau joined in agitating with his eloquence the heart of the state—so soon to be torn asunder by a civil war.

Mirabeau, restless and yearning for action, visited Prussia, and spent a considerable period at the Court of Frederick the Great, writing, during an interval, his famous tracts on Finance. But on this part of his history I do not propose to dwell. Little, indeed, can be spared from his French career; for his writings in Prussia, able as they are, little interest the general reader. The time, too, was approaching, when a terrific tempest was to burst over France, and spread the reflections of its power over half the face of Europe.

In 1787, when Mirabeau finally returned to Paris, fiscal confusion was accumulating the ingredients of general disturbance. Through the intricacies of the short period intervening between that and the universal outbreaks, it is impossible to follow him. Intrigues, devices of expedience, frauds, petty inventions to put off the evil day; corruption to conceal abuse; oppression to palliate what was feeble; and timidity to neutralize what was vigorous in the administration; hesitation, without scruple; indecision, without prudence; abject baseness, combined with insolence; and a total disregard of right—such were the means by which king and minister endeavoured to preserve the gorged and rotten government of France. For two years the process of demoralization went on; the Parliament was dissolved, and pamphleteers alone could make themselves heard by France.

But at length a tremendous crisis forced the ministers to summon together the council of the nation. The States-general were assembled. Mirabeau, rejected by the noblesse, was chosen by the third estate for Aix, amid triumphant peals of joy from the people; loud and long-lasting cries for justice in the laws, and blessings on him if he would be the man to raise one voice for right and liberty in the congregation of the Representatives of France. On the 9th of April, 1789, at forty-one years of age, he was elected; his trials were past, his victory was come, and the Revolution was hastened from that hour.

Let us remember what was the state of France then. It was unrepresented, for the elections were controlled; there was no trial by jury; *lettres de cachet* perilled the liberty of every man;

feudal laws of savage tenor remained in operation; the prædial serfs of Champagne and Nivernois were counted with cattle on the estates; the noble and cleric orders paid no taxes; the common people bore all state burdens; general misery prevailed in the country, and unrivalled corruption at the court. The States-general met to reform all this, and give a constitution to France. What that should be no man could conceive; Mirabeau favoured the idea of a limited monarchy, with popular representation, copied from England. When the Assembly met, and he entered, some excitement was produced, and this was soon justified by the orations he uttered, in proposing a name for their conclave. He gave, "The Representatives of the People of France," and spoke twice, now amid a whirlwind of applause, now amid a roar of disapprobation; and his motion was outvoted in favour of another for "National Assembly," by 491 to 90. Soon afterwards occurred the king's arrogant attempt upon them; the famous adjournment to the Tennis Courts, and that glorious answer from the representatives of a people first aspiring to be free—that they sat there by right, and the bayonet alone should drive them out. Then Mirabeau rose at once to the level of that great occasion. He moved, that the person of each deputy was sacred, and that any one, be he who he might, who sought to try, condemn, or punish him for a speech delivered in the Assembly, was guilty of a capital crime.

His speech upon that motion was like a peal of thunder. It was ratified by the assembly, and justly has it been remarked, that on that day absolute monarchy was dethroned in France. From this the orator went on to loftier arguments; daring even to menace the king with a scaffold; defying the clergy, who protested against the legality of the votes, and leading all but the whole of the deputies with him, as vote after vote struck down the divinity of noble and royal right. Such a triumph awoke even his father to an appreciation of his genius; for the Friend of Man, just then on the brink of the grave, broke into tears as he heard of his son's achievements, and solaced the last hours of his life by reading those tremendous orations which thrilled through every heart in France. Mira-

beau, with his many faults, had not the vice of a vindictive disposition. He pardoned all to his father, and more than pardoned, for he loved him piously even to his dying hour. But he could not long yield to regrets, for on the funeral day he heard what astounded him and all the earth, that Paris was in arms, that the Bastille was stormed, that the Assembly had met, and the king was plotting to dissolve them. Away, back to the capital! The president was drily uncoiling some lengthy harangue, which Mirabeau could not listen to at such a time. He started up, interrupted the speaker, and in one brief, but immortal oration, challenged the king, bade the president tell him, that his councillors were inhuman, and that the blood and flames of St. Bartholomew were ushered in amid riot and corruption such as he and they exhibited infamously to the world. Deafening plaudits rang through the hall; and a deputation was just leaving for the palace when they learned that the king was coming alone to consult with them. They received him with silence. He conciliated them by professions; and they escorted him with vivas back to the Tuileries.

Inheriting from his father the title of Marquis, Mirabeau refused to adopt it, since to that of Count was now attached a more splendid renown. Little of the family wealth remained, for economy and philanthropy had dissipated it under the presidency of the Friend of Man. But the resources of the deputy of Aix were not in lands; they were in his eloquence, which now, while the twilight of the Revolution was clearing into its phenomenal and brilliant dawn, won for him hourly new enemies and new applause. Poems and flowers were showered upon his carriage; a perpetual tumult raged in the streets of Paris; and, awakened to the hope of better times, all France was excited to acts of licence and daring. A Jacquerie, by the famished peasantry, swept away the feudal châteaux, and spread the feudal parchments into drums to animate the people to arms; the nobles in the capital laid down, by scores in one day, their immemorial privileges; the clergy resigned their tithes; the king yielded large fragments of his prerogative; a declaration of tolerance in religious matters was made; and amid all this, Mirabeau,

though with the elements of a fortunate revolution gathering, like thunderbolts in his hand, committed unhappy error of sanctioning an absolute *veto* for Louis Seize. By this made tranquillity impossible. Bankruptcy was darkening over France; the income tax which he aided to can only checked the downward course of the state. A new impost gave the people no bread, and a famished nation not to be pacified by recondite devices of finance. Whatever the count desired whether to dethrone Louis, as so historians pretend, and raise the Duke of Orleans in his place; or to modify the principles of the British constitution in France; he probably overestimated his own capacity. Powerful enough he was to excite a revolution, but not to shape its course. By allying himself with Lafayette he checked the movement, or chastened the hopes of those who impelled it forward. Far better was his oratory employed in that reform of the church, which he reclaimed to France millions she had been deprived of, and sought to suppress the religion the scandal that called impiety into being.

To follow closely the career of this great man in the National Assembly, where, many as the *speakers* and *deputies* were, he was the only *orator*, who was to sketch a history of the Revolution, which it is not in our purpose to do. It is enough to note that, during portentous debates which echoed over Europe for years, he led the party of freedom; and was distinguished by philippic after philippic dazzling with its beauty, and overwhelming with force. When he rose every breath was held; he began quietly, slightly stooping, and speaking in a low tone, but by degrees rose to the height of argument, threw back his head, opened his broad chest, dilated his nostrils, and, with lustrous eyes and earnest gesture, poured out in full, mellifluous tones, that exulting and abounding eloquence which generally called forth cheers that shook the roof of the Assembly Hall. It was to this, rather than to his wisdom, that the senate bowed, when they elected him in February, 1791, their president.

Mirabeau was at the helm. The Revolution was pursuing its economic but irresistible course. Grim and bloody maxims had formed the basis

ment of the French law; and, in transmuting these into the principles of a liberal and pious code, a work of demolition was needed. To illuminate and beautify for enlightenment and peace a country so long clouded and disfigured by tyranny, all her talents and her virtues were required. But the rule of the Bourbons was not auspicious to the growth of either; and in a state where to assert the supremacy of right over royalty was held as sacrilege of the most impious kind, little could be hoped from the spontaneous springing up of great qualities in the people. They had been driven mad by oppression, and madly they retaliated on their oppressors. Mirabeau found that, where he had desired to renew on the altars of liberty her sacred and benignant fires, he had kindled the flames of a volcanic revolution. From his Parnassus in the tribune he contemplated the prospect of a free, moral, flourishing, and happy France, reclaimed from famine, slavery, and ruin, by the wise counsels of a philosophic moderation. But when that tremendous convulsion and visitation began, and the country shook as with the precursors of an earthquake which threatened to rock the whole continent from side to side, he shuddered and shrunk from the catastrophe his own genius had aided to precipitate.

It is at this point that historians take different sides by the tomb of Mirabeau. Some drape his urn to preserve it from the shadow of obloquy, and claim for his ashes that reverence which is paid to the memory of incorruptible virtue. Some rake from his dust an example of sordid infamy, second only to the shame of Monk. The occasion was great, and the cause of suspicion is not light or frivolous. One May evening, when he had been terrified by the thunders his own passionate appeals to France had aided to evoke, he rode out of Paris westward, pretending to visit a country house at Clavecey. When out of observation, he changed his route, and took the road to St. Cloud. There, conveniently enough, a person was waiting at a private entrance to hold his horse, and he was admitted into a garden. Its surface sloped up and down into beautiful flowery knolls, with one of superior elevation in the centre. On that stood Marie Antoinette, and

on neighbouring turf swells were several maids-in-waiting. Mirabeau advanced towards the imperial beauty,—her enemy, the enemy of her husband. She received him courteously; they conversed; he kissed her hand at parting, and he said to her, "*Madame, the monarchy is saved!*"

This has given the question to history—whether Mirabeau was honourably persuaded to check the course of the storm; or whether he was bribed. There is no direct evidence to convict, and certainly there is none to clear him. Biographers have suggested the chivalric submission of his heart to the queenly beauty: but, by saving him from the character of a knave they would degrade him to that of a fool—as a fool's chivalry it would certainly have been to betray France for the smile of any woman. Into the conflict on this point however, we cannot digress, and shall only say that there was a suspicious air over the whole transaction, and that not one act of his life—to his wife—to his friends—to his country, stamps him with the dignity of a man whose reputation is too bright for the breath of aspersion.

Not even to Madame de Nehra—the Dutch lady he abducted from her home—was he faithful. He discarded her to intrigue with a low, profligate woman, the wife of his printer; and thus, step by step, he descended from an immoral commencement to the basest debauchery. In all other appetites, however, his moderation was remarkable, since he ate little, drank lightly, was simply clothed, and loved nothing to excess except flowers. Vain he was, but not with the usual vanity of men—of his stature and his title, instead of his genius. But he knew his ugliness, and was jocular upon it. A lady wrote to him for his portrait; "Imagine, madam," he replied, "a tiger, marked with the small-pox, and you have it." Still, he prided especially himself upon his incorruptibility, doubtful as it was, though he justified, and fairly, the acceptance of sums for his expenses. "I am sold, but not paid," said the courtier Rivarol; "I am paid, but not sold," said Mirabeau.

Many anecdotes might be related of him; but now, when he seemed in the perihelion of his career, his life was within six weeks of its close. He bought a villa and a garden at

Arquentil, where he planned a little Eden for his pleasure, and then he abandoned himself to every gross passion of his nature. If he had not, which I am not sure of, sold himself to the court, he had pandered away the last relic of self-respect, and when he spoke to the Assembly that the monarchy should be saved, it was no longer with the authority of a patriot calling up a people to liberty. His moral strength began to fail, so his bodily functions also began to be weary. Long afflicted by many diseases, he decayed rapidly as the spring of 1791 went on, and by an imprudent excess accelerated his end.

On Monday the 28th of March he proceeded towards the Assembly to deliver an elaborate oration on mines. On the way he was forced to rest at the house of a friend; he uttered the speech and staggered from the tribune. On the 1st of April he lay on his death-bed; suffered the most rending pangs; fell into an asphyxia, and only woke to hear some cannon firing in the distance. Quietly he said—"Are those already the Achilles' funeral?" And opening his eyes, and looking upwards, he breathed away his life, leaving a face as with a dream upon it.

All Paris were mourning for his death, even the king-and-court party. But a strong rumour went out that he was poisoned. An examination of the body could not be refused. Forty-four medical men attended the autopsy; they officially reported that his death was natural, but many of them afterwards expressed their conviction that he was poisoned. Two of them said so while the stomach was before them; but they were warned by their master, Professor Sue, who whispered to them—"He was not poisoned. He cannot be poisoned. Understand that, imprudens! Would you have them devour the King, the Queen, the Assembly, and all of us?" It is enough to add, that to our own knowledge the living representatives of Mirabeau, believe he was murdered, which is a circumstance very significant. But, murdered or not, the capital gave him splendid obsequies, and the remains of Mirabeau were laid in the church of St. Geneviève, by the side of those of Descartes, amid the sobbings of an assembled population.

Mirabeau was a politician of com-

manding capacity; he counted and combined the forces of the nation to draw them up against the old fabric of corrupted tyranny which he desired to overthrow. But he did not estimate well the power he evoked, and was terrified by the success of his achievements. He was the greatest orator of his age and country; he wrote with eloquence, but on few subjects above the topics of the pamphleteer; and, leaving out of view the dubious episode of his connection with the court, may be honoured as one who laboured well for the liberties of France. As a man, he was partly to be loved, but much to be despised. Patient with his father, who was inhuman to him, he was generous to his friends, and not implacable to his enemies. The worst phase of his character is that which related him to the female sex. He found little virtue in his own wife, and little respected it in the wives of others. Poisoned morally by an education the most pernicious, he never experienced the delightful serenities of home, or the graceful charms of social life. It is little surprising, therefore, that he fed his most ignoble passions, and resorted, when the common sources of happiness were closed against him, to pleasures of a baser kind. Whether it is our disposition to mollify on this account our judgment of Mirabeau as a man, certainly we cannot admire him for the moral virtue of his nature, though we may allot to him a station of superior glory among the master-spirits of the French revolution.

The common reproach of what we may term scholastic history derogates nothing from the lustre of this man's name. They who justify the excesses of despotism may be expected to denounce the leaders of a liberal revolt. Mirabeau assailed the king, and he may be called a rebel; he assailed the church, and he may be called an accomplice in spoliation; but it is not from those who applaud the crime of power that posterity will accept judgment on the struggles of liberty. If the Revolution which he encouraged was the dissolution of a corrupt society, the tyranny it overthrew was a disruption of every relation between man and man. History, therefore, will preserve a memorial of Mirabeau's infringements of the first social law;

but it will not impute to him as infamy that from his eloquence arose the defence, the consolation, and the revenge of France against a confederated fraud, against a standing conspiracy of oppressors, against a profane and impious usurpation of authority, by men whose names are remembered only as words of malediction in the language of the country they abused, insulted and betrayed.

JOHN STERLING.

A MAN who, so shortly after his death, was privileged with two biographers, and these biographers Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle, certainly demands a few pages of a work devoted chiefly to cotemporary biographical literature. Such a man is John Sterling, who was born in the year 1806, on the 20th day of July, at Kaimes Castle, in Scotland. His father, Edward Sterling, was a man of celebrity like himself, being for many years the chief editor of the *Times* newspaper. Edward Sterling was a soldier in his youth, but at the time we speak of had retired from the army on half pay, and now occupied himself principally in the cultivation of a small farm, which was attached to "the dilapidated baronial residence which he rented," in the isle of Bute. Of a remarkably active and energetic nature, he possessed all the attributes which are essential to the formation of a good journalist; and wearied, with agriculture as he had been with arms, he resolved, in 1811, to make his entrance into the world of literature, and did so by the publication of a pamphlet on "Military Reform." Previous to this event, however,—his farm in Scotland by no means having prospered—he had removed to another residence, this time in Wales—"an eligible cottage," says Carlyle, "without farm attached, in the pleasant little village of Llanbethian, close by Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire." While here, he became adjutant to the Glamorganshire Militia, and it was while here, too,—the success of his pamphlet having urged him to new efforts with the pen—that he wrote, under the signature of *Vetus*, his celebrated letters to the *Times*. In these letters he treated in a masterly and able manner of the principal events

and questions of the day, of the war then raging, and of Wellington and Peel. This correspondence—which, as far as Sterling was concerned, was entirely gratuitous and voluntary—excited a great deal of attention, and led ultimately to his closer connection with the *Times*, upon which journal, from that time till 1840, in which year he finally retired into private life, he continued to be importantly and actively engaged. He was "an impetuous man, full of real energy, and immensely conscious of the same; who transacted everything, not with the minimum of fuss and noise, but with the maximum; a very Captain Whirlwind," says Carlyle. But he was also one of the most remarkable of literary improvisateurs, able to seize instantly, and to treat with an astonishing degree of ability and power, the salient points of any question whatsoever. He often changed his opinions respecting men, but only respecting such as were of doubtful or of secondary worth,—whom it is very difficult to judge effectively, and who are always changing, mutable, and unstable. To men of incontestible worth he remained constantly attached, however much their opinions might oppose his own; and he always supported Wellington and Peel. Carlyle has given a letter, which was written by Sir Robert, at the close of his first administration, to Edward Sterling, thanking him for the disinterested support which he had given to his government, with the reply of the latter. This correspondence was alike honourable to both parties,—to the journalist, who had never seen the man to whose defence he was devoted, and to the minister who had never seen the journalist who had defended his administration with so much vigour. To his constant and immutable admiration of the two personages we have named, Edward Sterling added a hatred, equally immutable and constant, of the *Irish Liberator*; and Wellington, Peel, and O'Connell were among the men whom he ever honoured by regarding invariably either with dislike or attachment. Such was Edward Sterling, the famous "Thunderer" of the *Times*, and the father of the subject of our memoir.

John Sterling, the celebrated son of the foregoing, passed the first three years and a half of his life in Scotland,

"on that wild-wooded, rocky coast, with its gnarled mountains, and green silent valleys, with its seething rainstorms, and many sounding seas," but he did not preserve many recollections of its scenery, nor yet, indeed, of that of the Celtic land in which were passed the succeeding four and half years of his being; and the few impressions which he did retain thereof, began only to take root when dwelling amid the red brick houses of the gay city of Paris, whither his father removed with his family in 1814. He had not been there long, however, before an unexpected and unforetold event, namely, the return of Napoleon from Elba—threw Europe again into confusion, and forced him, with full many a thousand others, to quit the soil of France, and take up his abode in a region of less change and of more peace.

He fixed himself this time, with his family, in London, and for his own part never again removed therefrom. His family had been numerous, but death before long left him but two children,—John and another boy, whose name was Anthony, and who ultimately embraced the military profession. Five times within six years had John to follow the coffins of his brothers, three of whom even died within one twelve months, making upon his mind impressions which were never afterwards effaced, and teaching him sorrow at an early age. As for his school education, it was carried on just how it happened, in the midst of these repeated changes and bereavements. No child ever changed schoolmasters so often as John Sterling. He went from Cowbridge to Paris, from Paris to Blackheath, from Blackheath to Greenwich, from Greenwich to Glasgow, and from thence to Cambridge, passing incessantly from under the direction of one professor to that of another. It was said of him at that time that nothing would be stable in his life, and we find him afterwards going from London to Bordeaux, from Bordeaux to Madeira, from Madeira to Naples, and then wandering through and searching all the corners of old England for a spot in which he could manage to taste of peace, and to win health. Even in infancy, the adventurous and excitable spirit which he inherited from his father, compelled him to be constantly changing his resi-

dence and his preceptors. 'His spirit was as mobile as his life: it was a spirit rapid, prompt, and facile, having many of Edward Sterling's "impetuous, explosive," and improvising qualities, but unable to allow the slow and heavy labours of thought to concentrate its forces of imagination. His sentiments and feelings were equally rapid, generous, and energetic, but without great depth. He was a man of much talent and amiability, but lacking much in strength and force of character. A certain nomadism seemed to envelop his whole life, to direct it and fashion it as it pleased. Even his studies, brilliant as they undoubtedly were, were wanting infinitely in method, unity, and discipline. "He never," says Archdeacon Hare, who was one of his tutors at Cambridge, "was a scholar in the true sense of the word; he was neither an archæologist, nor a philologist, nor by any means what is called 'learned,'" but he made up for at any rate some of these defects by a lively and intelligent comprehension of the ancients. He possessed in a great degree the sentiment of the antique life, and he reproduced it in some of his writings with grace and elegance. Certain of his essays, *Cydon, the Lycian Painted*, for example, have a remarkably fresh and agreeable classical turn, but they want the robust health of antique life—a want in which we perceive the effect of the noise and bustle of contemporary existence which invaded so much more than necessary the life of Sterling.

He was eighteen years of age when he was sent to Cambridge, and Carlyle says of him at this period, "In his ever-changing course, from Reece at Cowbridge, to Trollope in Christ's, which was passed so nomadically under ferules of various colour, the boy had, on the whole, snatched successfully a fair share of what was going. Competent skill in construing Latin; I think also, an elementary knowledge of Greek; add cyphering to a small extent; Euclid, perhaps, in a rather imaginary condition; a swift, but not very legible or handsome penmanship, and the copious, prompt habit of employing it in all manner of unconscious English prose composition, or even, occasionally, in verse itself. This, or something like this, he had gained from his grammar-schools,—this, or some-

thing like this, is the most of what they offer to the poor young souls in general in these indigent times. The express schoolmaster is not equal to much at present, while the *unexpress*, for good or for evil, is so busy with a poor little fellow! Other descriptions of schooling had been infinitely more productive for our young friend than the gerund-grinding one! A voracious reader, I believe, he all along was; had read the whole 'Edinburgh Review,' in those boyish years; and out of the circulating libraries one knows not what cartloads; wading, like Ulysses to his palace, through infinite dung. A voracious observer and participator in all things, he likewise all along was; and had his sights, and reflections, and sorrows, and adventures, from Kaimies Castle onward. *Puer bonæ spei*, as the school albums say,—a boy of whom much may be hoped? Surely, in many senses, yes. A frank veracity is in him; truth and courage, as the basis of all; and of wild gifts and graces, there is abundance. I figure him a brilliant, swift, voluble, affectionate, and pleasant creature; out of whom, if it were not that symptoms of delicate health already show themselves, much might be made. Promotions, at least, especially in this country and epoch of Parliaments, are surely very possible for such a one!"

He continued at Cambridge for about two years, and while there he became the chief of the "Union," a famous debating club, in which Sterling and his companions handled pretty freely the political and ecclesiastical questions of the day, so that he had already breathed largely, when he quitted the University in 1827, of the atmosphere of that liberalism, which was at that time the reigning spirit, not only at Cambridge, but all over Europe and the world.

Handsome in his person; impulsive, generous, energetic, in his nature; possessing, if not genius, at least much talent, and an ardent, enthusiastic, liberal in his political sentiments,—such was Sterling when he bade farewell to Cambridge. He was just twenty-one years of age, and free to enter upon any career whatever. What sort of choice will he decide on making?

There is no problem in these days more difficult to solve, than that of choosing a fit and proper life-profession,

especially for individuals of such a cast of character as Sterling's. How shall we choose a profession and a calling, when we are convinced that we have duties to fulfil in life, but know not exactly what they are, or, when we are doubtful whether there are such things as duties and obligations,—questions, which are put to himself when about to enter life, by every serious young man? Sterling felt this keenly at the time we speak of, when he found himself face to face with the necessity for choosing a profession. Neither the law nor medicine suited his disposition, and trade and commerce required regular and sedentary habits, while Sterling possessed neither, and had, moreover, a fault which is that of many others—he could not by any possibility, be kept calm and quiet. Besides, a feeble and delicate constitution, already touched by consumption, prevented him accepting occupations of too regular a nature. In such a situation there were three ways open to him: either he must plunge into a sea of pleasure, and run the feverish and agitated course of a modern Epicurian; or he must throw himself headlong into public life—political affairs, parliaments, and diplomacy,—or else enter upon the career which is more arduous, more stormy, and more agitated, than any other, namely, that of literature. Sterling, after having made some vain attempts to obtain a diplomatic appointment, and after having become, for a time, the secretary, at a salary of £300 per annum, of a joint-stock company, set on foot by Mr. John Crawford, the well-known orientalist, and having thereby wearied himself with commerce,—chose the latter, and began his novel of "Arthur Coningsby," which was not, however, published till 1832, when its author had made himself a tolerably good name in the world of letters.

His first appearance in print was made in the columns of the "Athenæum;" which journal at that time had only just been started by Mr. J. S. Buckingham. To its conductors he was introduced by some mutual friends; and he contributed to it a variety of historical articles, together with some little allegorical compositions, which, if the age of their author, who was but two-and-twenty when he wrote them, be considered, will be allowed to be remarkable. "First fruits," Carlyle

calls them, "by a young man of twenty-two; crude, imperfect, yet singularly beautiful and attractive; which will testify still what high literary promise there lay in him." Shortly after, we find him purchasing the proprietorship of the "Athenæum," and working there-upon laboriously, in conjunction with his friend and college companion, Mr. (now Professor) Frederic Maurice, as its editor. In the course of a few years, however, it passed out of his hands, and all connection between it and Sterling ceased. Carlyle says of his connection with this journal,—"For the present, it brought him into the thick of London literature, especially of young London literature and speculation; in which turbid exciting element he swam and revelled, nothing loth, for certain months longer—a period short of two years in all. He had lodgings in Regent Street: his father's house, now a flourishing and stirring establishment, in South Place, Knightsbridge, where, under the warmth of increasing revenue and success, miscellaneous cheerful socialities, and abundant speculations, chiefly political, (not John's kind, but that of the "Times" newspaper, and the clubs), were rife, he could visit daily, and yet be master of his own studies and pursuits:—Maurice, Trench, John Mill, Charles Buller: these, and some few others, among a wide circle of a transitory phantasmal character, whom he speedily forgot, and cared not to remember, were much about him: with these, he in all ways employed and disported himself—a first favourite with them all!—no pleasanter companion, I suppose, had any of them:—so frank, open, guileless, fearless, a brother to all worthy souls whatsoever. Come when you might, here is he, open-hearted, rich in cheerful fancies, in grave logic, in all kinds of bright activity. If, perceptibly or imperceptibly, there is a touch of ostentation about him, blame it not; it is so innocent, so good, and child-like. He is still fonder of jingling publicly, and spreading on the table, your big purse of opulence than his own." Open, cordial, generous, and much inclined to be enchanted with the present:—such was Sterling at this epoch. To these qualities, he added a singular activity, an immense ardour for work, and yet, also, an insatiable desire for change. He ran

about, here and there, with the wheels of a railway engine; now rushing to the lakes of Cumberland, to pay a visit to Wordsworth; now to Highgate, to see Coleridge; then to Paris, to see the disciples of Saint Simon, whose school was just then forming, and then returning to London to write an article, for example, on John Kemble, whom he knew, and to whom he cherished an admiration which bordered upon something more than a friendly derider,—or to chat with his friends respecting electoral reform, government liberalism, the hopes of humanity, the approaching extinction and annihilation of superstition. Carlyle continues, respecting his acquaintances during this period, shortly after the passage just quoted,—"An extensive very varied circle of connections was formed round him. Besides his 'Athenæum' work, and evenings in Regent Street, and elsewhere, he makes visits to the Buller's, and converses with established gentlemen with honourable women not a little gay, and welcome with the young of his own age; knows also religiously witty, and other distinguished literary men, and is admiringly known by the more especially by one Susannah Barton, a stately, blooming, black young woman, attractive enough in form and character, full of gayness, of indolent sense and enthusiasm about Sterling's own age, if not a little older." Of this daughter of Benjamin Barton we shall hear again directly.

If ever Sterling was happy, it was at this time; but two circumstances happened, and concluded in a somewhat impressive manner, this delightful period of youth and radicalism. The first alluded to his intimacy with Coleridge and the expedition of General Tolpudden. With the former, Sterling began his acquaintance at this time to be in the habit of visiting often. Coleridge was then living at Highgate-hill, with the Gilman family, pouring forth his oracles into the ears of a band of young and eager listeners. His conversations were celebrated through all England; and, if we judge from certain specimens, well deserved their reputation. They were remarkable in many points more especially for exhibiting, in a high degree, the phenomena of which psychologists have given

name of "The Association of Ideas."

A most remarkable man was Coleridge,—a man who has not as yet been judged of properly,—and one who seemed to have possessed, in a greater degree than any other individual living in England, the sentiment of the supernatural! With him, everything tended towards the invisible; and in spite of his metaphysics and his philosophical studies, there was nothing about him of the rationalist, while his logic hindered more than it aided him. One of Coleridge's misfortunes, was that of having wished to be a metaphysician. Logic, dialectics, and the other talismans of philosophy, enchanted and spell-bound him, enchained his talents, and rendered powerless his wings, to a far greater degree than the fatal habit of devouring opium, which he had contracted at the time we speak of. A singular *mélange* indeed, was Coleridge; possessing a noble soul, a lofty intellect, together with a sad-enough-made character. He was aware, however, of his own moral infirmities, and, when not intoxicated by his own eloquent discourse, he scrupled not to avow them to his hearers. Carlyle quotes a saying of his which shows us this, and gives us at the same time a most sorrowful impression: "Ah! your tea is very cold, Mr. Coleridge," said his hostess, Mrs. Gilman, to him, in Carlyle's hearing once. "It is better than I deserve!" was the reply;—"it is better than I deserve!"

At this epoch, Coleridge was no longer the radical of former days—the dreamer and Utopian inventor of pantisocracy:—all this had long been laid on one side, and he had now fallen into almost the opposite extreme. He was now entirely disembarassed of his scepticism, and "he possessed alone, or nearly alone, in England," says Carlyle, "the secret of believing by the reason that which the understanding had rejected as unbelievable. He could still, after Voltaire and Hume had made all their efforts to abate his courage, stand up and proclaim himself an orthodox Christian, and say to the Church of England, *Esto perpetua*. He was a sublime man, and one who, alone in these gloomy days, had saved the spiritual crown of his humanity; who had been able to escape the revolutionary deluge and the floods of material-

ism, and to preserve his belief in God, in liberty, and immortality. The practical intelligences of the world cared little for him, and looked upon him with disdain as a metaphysical dreamer; but, to the minds of the young generation rising up, Coleridge had a character sublime, and he appeared to them as a sort of magician, wrapped round with mystery and enigmas."

It was near such a man, then, that Sterling came to pass long hours; listening with eager enthusiasm to his revelations of the spiritual world, and his striking views and original thoughts on men and things, and venturing now and then to offer some timid observation or objection;—a difficult thing to do, however, seeing that Coleridge, out of every three hours' conversation, would talk two hours and three quarters! The effect of Sterling's intimacy with such a man may be conceived. Strange and novel doubts came rapidly to fill his mind; and his faith in radicalism and the approaching happiness of the human race, began to waver.

Sterling had acquaintances of all kinds; and, fresh from the mystical discourse of Coleridge, would often visit the Spanish general Torrijos, to converse with him respecting revolutions and constitutions, and to meet the members of the strange circle which was gathered round the general. The present generation remembers little of Torrijos; and in twenty years, perhaps, many of the celebrated men with whom we are to-day brought into close contact will be equally forgotten. Torrijos, however, deserves to be remembered for his misfortunes, and for the lesson which his fate may teach to all young ardent ultra-democrats, and which it taught to Sterling.

Rather more than twenty years ago, the streets of London were often promenaded by sombre personages, of tragic look and mien, and olive complexions, who wore the Spanish cloak or mantilla, and were in all ways to be distinguished from the majority of the individuals who composed the London crowds. They were a multitude of Spaniards, exiled by Trocadero; a wave of that vast multitude of exiles, which at one time or another has landed upon the soil of England, many dethroned monarchs, ruined statesmen, and vanquished partizans;

members of the elder and of the Spanish house of Bourbons, of the family of Orleans, and of that of Bonaparte; with Austrian ministers, Hungarian refugees, Polish generals, revolutionary Italians, and French socialists; with absolutists, constitutionalists, and revolutionists, and members of all the parties of all the civilized nations of the earth! Torrijos was the chief of these unfortunates. To him they looked for succour, and for the procuring of some kind of employment, such as the teaching of the Spanish language to members of English families. Sterling met him first at the house of his friend, Bernard Barton, and was captivated by him instantly. Indeed, the chivalrous instincts, and the proud and haughty politeness of the Spaniards, are qualities which readily gain the hearts of Englishmen in all instances; and, if we imagine added to these, the other and nobler attributes of Torrijos, we shall not wonder that he took by storm the young and warm heart of John Sterling. At this epoch, Torrijos had but one fixed idea; that of finding money, buying arms, gathering round him all the Spanish exiles and young English liberals who were favourable to the expedition, and making with these a descent upon the shores of Spain. He was certain of success! and no objection which one could make to him would he admit to be valid. He had this great fault, in common with all exiles, he believed that in his native country time had stood still since he had been banished therefrom, and that almost every Spanish heart was beating in unison with his own. It is so with all exiles! Happy for them, if they find out not their mistake!

Such however, was the one dream of General Torrijos. He would open, he said, a subscription; all the young English liberals would rally round him, and the destruction of the Spanish monarchy would be immediately accomplished. Sterling entered into his scheme with all the ardour and enthusiasm of his nature, and longed for the means of putting it into execution.

In the meantime, there arrived from the East Indian army a young lieutenant, Irish by birth, and a cousin of John Sterling's, named Robert Boyd. He had received an outrage

of some kind or another in the army, and had therefore abandoned the military profession in disgust. He was master of about £5,000 in ready money, and with this it was his intention to set out, with a few friends, for the Philippines, "there," says Carlyle, "to endeavour to achieve the conquest of the golden fleece." Sterling speedily demonstrated to his cousin that the taking of Troy would be a far preferable enterprise, and induced him to risk the whole of his fortune in the enterprise of Torrijos and his companions. A ship was therefore purchased, together with arms, and fitted out, and Sterling who was to accompany the expedition went to take leave of all his friends leaving Miss Susannah Barton till the last. Her turn did come, however and Carlyle thus relates the talk which hangs thereby.—"You are going then to Spain' (it is Miss Barton who is speaking), 'to rough it amid the storms of war and perilous insurrection; and with that weak health of yours. And we shall never see you again!' Miss Barton, with all her gaiety gone, her dimpling softness became liquid sorrow, her musical ringing voice one wail of woe, 'burst into tears; so I have it on authority here was one possibility about to be strangled that made unexpected noise. Sterling's interview ended in the offer of his hand, and the acceptance of it any sacrifice to get rid of this horrid Spanish business, and to save the health and life of a gifted young man so precious to the world and to another!"

Adieu, then, to the Spanish expedition!—a romantic episode, stained with one sombre spot,—the thoughtlessness of Sterling in making a victim of his own cousin. The remaining history of the affair may be related in a few words. The expedition managed to set sail, in spite of the vigilance of the English government, and arrived in safety at Gibraltar where it was obliged to remain during the whole of 1830. The French Revolution of that year served to reanimate for a moment the already fallen hopes of the brave general. At last, in the year 1832, in spite of the opposition of the governor of Gibraltar, Torrijos, obstinately bent upon the prosecution of his enterprise

ough there was only one English-
Boyd, who was naturally much
ested in the fate of the expedit-
remaining with him, set sail for
n. The result, similar to that
h almost invariably follows every
ct of the kind,—was a military
ation. Some muskets were fired,
men shot, the event was just
ded in the newspapers, and then
silence and oblivion. Sterling,
ver, never forgot the circum-
e. He never mentioned or alluded
but it was always present to his
ory. Repentance sealed his lips,
the musket-shots by which his
n and Torrijos fell, destroyed for
all that remained in him of
alism. "I still hear," he wrote
is brother, "the sound of that
ctetry; it is as though the bullets
tearing my own brain." Just
e this he had concluded and pub-
d "Arthur Coningsby."
en commenced a new period in
history,—the religious period;
h, without lasting any longer
the first, determined the nature
is ulterior thoughts and senti-
s. Let us not be misunderstood
hat we have here said respecting
uration of the religious period
e life of Sterling. He always
been and always remained *reli-*
that is, religion was always his
g sentiment, but as a passion it
e with him no longer than ultra-
alism. He was married, as we
seen, in 1830, and immediately
wards appeared the first symp-
of the disease which subsequently
d fatal. The nature of this disease
e gathered from this extract from
le. "Sterling's bodily disease
the expression, under physical
tions, of the too vehement life,
1, under the moral, the intellec-
and other aspects, incessantly
gled within him. Too vehement;
1 would have required a frame
lk and iron to contain it; in a
though most wiry body of flesh
bone; it incessantly 'wore holes'
so found outlet for itself. He
take no rest, he had never
ed that art; he was, as we often
ached him, fatally incapable of
g still. Rapidity, as of pulsing
as, or of dancing lightnings;
ity in all its forms characterised
This, which was his bane in

many senses, being the origin of his
disorder and of such continual ne-
cessity to move and change, was also
his antidote, as far as antidote there
might be; enabling him to love change,
and to snatch, as few others could
have done, from the waste chaotic
years, all tumbled into ruin by in-
cessant change, what hours and
minutes available turned up. He
had an incredible facility of labour.
He flashed with most piercing glance
into a subject; gathered it up into
organic utterability with truly won-
derful despatch, considering the success
and truth attained; and threw it on
paper with a swift felicity, ingenuity,
brilliancy, and general excellence, of
which, under such conditions of swift-
ness I have never seen a parallel.
Essentially an *improviser* genius; as
his father too was, and of admirable
completeness he too, though under a
very different form."

We have said that the symptoms
of his disease appeared immediately
after his marriage, and as they seemed
to necessitate a change of climate, he
set out soon after for the island of
St. Vincent, in which his family pos-
sessed some property. While there
he was seized with a desire to expiate
the errors of the past, by living in
future an entirely religious life. Meet-
ing with his old tutor, Julius Hare,
on his return to England, he unfolded
to him his wish to enter holy orders.
The archdeacon, who then was rector
of Herstmonceux, encouraged him
therein, and moreover promised that
whenever his own curacy should be-
come vacant, he should have great
pleasure in placing it at the disposal
of his old pupil. A short time after-
wards we find him in reality ordained
deacon, filling his friend Hare's curacy
at Herstmonceux, and devoting all his
energies to the fulfilment of his new
functions. The Apostle Paul was the
model whom he set himself to imitate,*

* "Perhaps it was about this time that
the Rev. Sidney Smith was being pro-
moted to being a canon residentiary of
St. Paul's,—a reverend man, who, with
transcendental candour has avowed that
according to his belief the 'chief end of
man' is not 'to glorify God' in any way,
but to procure a sufficiency of roast mutton
and Madeira. Such a consideration
would not, however, have in the least
daunted Sterling, who entered the church

—a glorious model, but one difficult to follow. He fully appreciated the extent of his new duties, and the manner in which he must attempt to follow his divine Master. He was aware, as he himself expressed it, that there was not a cabin in his parish which ought not to be to him what Jerusalem, Damascus, or Ephesus, were to Paul;—places in which he must use all his powers, placing his whole heart and soul in the great work, in order to attempt to convert, to purify, and to elevate all those who might be placed beneath his influence, making everything—head, heart, body, soul, senses, time, persuasion, and exhortation—subservient to the task. And behold him accordingly going from cabin to cabin, instructing the ignorant, relieving the poor, aiding the unfortunate, raising the hopes of the distressed. “There are many poor people still,” says Mr. Hare, “at Herst-

monceux with no view to promotion, canonical or uncanonical, but with the resolve, so far as might be in the England and Sussex of the nineteenth century, to imitate the Apostle Paul. So, during his eight months of ministration at Herstmonceux, he laboured hard towards that end; ‘he went among the poor, the ignorant, and those that had need of help; zealously forwarded schools; strove with his whole might to aid and instruct whosoever suffered consciously in body, or, still worse, unconsciously in mind.’ ‘How beautiful,’ Carlyle adds, ‘would Sterling be in all this; rushing forwards like a host towards victory; playing and pulsing like sunshine or soft lightning; busy at all hours to perform his part in abundant or superabundant measure.’ Yet he quitted the battle after eight months of it! ‘Work to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work;’—that command was ever present to Sterling; but may he not have forgotten this other consideration, namely, that the millennium, according to the best computers, is still a long way off? Both of these things require to be kept in mind, and Sterling did not, perhaps, think sufficiently of the latter one, of which the man of the world is apt to think too much and too often. What Schiller calls ‘the tranquil rhythm of time’ was too slow for Sterling; he would have had it converted into a brilliant and headlong battle-march! Then the medical man, too, said that his lungs would not admit of more preaching. Enough! Enough!”—*London Literary Journal*

monceux, who still remember Sterling, and that too with feelings of the deepest gratitude; especially an old shoemaker, who was formerly in circumstances of great distress, but is now, thanks to the aid and succours of John Sterling, prosperous and happy.” So we see that this fine fever of religion, all transient as it was, was not by any means without its good effects. What noble “works” did it not cause him to create! Can the finest literary works man ever produced vie with them? This shoemaker, for instance, was he not one of the living works of Sterling, the child at once of his intelligence and charity? But his religious labours were soon interrupted; bad health returned to Sterling, and in February, 1834, after having consulted his physicians, he decided to abandon his new office, “Nevertheless, his ill health was only the ostensible cause of this departure,” says Mr. Hare; and what then was the real cause? Some doubts which he found himself unable to suppress, some dogmas which did not agree with his opinions. He preferred rather to abdicate his functions than to teach doctrines which he could not himself believe, and we think that no lover of the truth will therefore blame him.

He now again resumed his literary career, taking up his residence in various places in and around London. In 1836, however, his old complaint again returned, and his life consisted henceforth of perpetual migrations. About a year before he first met Thomas Carlyle, with whom he ever afterwards was very intimate, ofttime coming to London early in the mornings from Bayswater, or some other residence, and spending entire days in company with the stalwart Scot. At times, when pressed by business affairs, he would force Carlyle to sit beside him in his carriage, would continue his discussions with him amid the roar of the streets of London, descend to transact his business and then resume them on remounting. The subjects of their discussion were of course innumerable, but they oftenest turned upon morals, and matters of theology and metaphysics; and Carlyle tells us that Sterling was always shocked at the metaphysical tamerities of the former, and always asserts

supported the absolute necessity of acknowledging personality in God. In the autumn of 1836 we find him in Bordeaux, in search of health, in some measure he found in the south of France, with its Gascon the Garonne, Garumna river, the Isle, and Montaigne's country." He resided, while there, the house of a great essayist, and many of the ideas associated with the memory of ironists, collecting the while a light materials for his friend's story of the French Revolution."

But by the approach of cholera at Bordeaux, he went next to Paris, and there wrote some of the best of his contributions to "Blackwood's Magazine," whose editor, Professor Wilson, appreciated and loved. Among these contributions to "Ebony" were his two best poems, the "Onyx Ring," a novel, and the poem of "The Sexton's Daughter."

Hardly were these concluded when he left Madeira and returned to London; but he had scarcely touched the native shores before his malady compelled him to take flight anew. He remained first for a few months, however, in a pleasant cottage at Blackheath, and then therein further contributions to "Blackwood," and sundry papers in "London and Westminster Review" and founding in London the "Sterling Club," among the members were Tennyson, Carlyle, John Mill, and other ornaments of the literary circles of the metropolis. He then went to Italy, and re-gained his health amid the marble palaces, the gardens, and the churches of that land. From Rome are dated

some of his admirable letters to his friends and his friends, and there, too, continued writing for the "London Westminster" and for "Blackwood." When he returned from Italy, in the summer of 1839, he settled for a while at Clifton, near Bristol, writing his "Criticism on Carlyle," some of his poems, "The Election," his tragedy of "Strafford," and publishing a volume of collected poems, dedicated to Julius Hare, of which the world took no notice. Poetry, indeed, was once his foible and his penchant, though at the same time his highest such-needed consolation,—and he continued writing it in spite of the repeated warnings of Carlyle, who,

while finding in his friend's verses far more merit than the public seemed disposed to allow to them, failed to see in them any true originality. Sterling did not, however, cease writing verses till he died, and his biographer informs us that, just before his death, he arrived, for the first time, at what he, his biographer, conceived to be veritable originality.

During the next few years he lived chiefly at Falmouth, enjoying the fine scenery of the neighbourhood, and the society of some eminent Quakers residing there. He sometimes passed a few months at Torquay during this period, writing there what is written of his unfinished and fine epic of "Richard Cœur de Lion," and he also, before its expiration, paid a short visit to Naples. In 1843 his mother died at a good old age, and his wife in a few months followed her to the tomb. Edward Sterling, then retired from the editorship of the "Times," struck by this redoubled blow, became infirm; and his son John survived not long his mother and his wife, dying in the middle of 1843, in his own house at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight.

Such is a slight sketch of the life of poor John Sterling. Like all men in our age, particularly men attached specially to the cultivation of the intellect, he was inquiet and tormented. He wandered from system to system, seeking a belief, interrogating all oracles. Lives such as his are always full of perils, and few indeed of those who have felt the same doubts and the same torments, ever managed to escape them. All have committed some intellectual crimes; despair, disdain, contempt, anger, cynicism, and we know not what else, have seized them and made them their victims. But Sterling was a grand exception to this rule: he had the art, the address, the virtue, of escaping every peril in his path. With a singularly practical manipulation, he could utilize his doubts and transform them into elements of piety and religion. He marched slowly and safely by the edge of the abyss, like the Moslem believers over the scythe-edge of Mahomet. The agility which he displayed in leaping over whatever dangerous obstacle might lie before him, was certainly most marvellous. His writings are not the productions of a great intel-

lect, but of a mind transparent, amiable, and pure. That which more especially distinguishes them is the sentiment of profound humility which runs through them. We know that many of the opinions entertained by Sterling were not orthodox, but we know also that the sentiment of Christianity dominated in all his works. If love, and charity, and goodwill towards others are the first and most essential virtues of the Christian, Sterling possessed them in a high degree. He returns always in his writings to the necessity for the love of our neighbour. It is this which forms the grand foundation of his thoughts, and he was accustomed in them to separate men into two classes—those who possessed, and those who lacked the one indispensable virtue.

As a writer, we would divide his writing into two principal classes—the essays inserted in the “Athenæum,” in which he exhibits his first manner, and which are, as it were, imitations and souvenirs of the literature of the ancients; and his contributions to “Blackwood’s” and the “Westminster Review,” in which, although there are traces of modern German philosophy, the spirit of Christianity rules *tout-à-fait*. Those of his writings which we most prefer, are his “Crystals from a Cavern,” and “Sayings and Essayings,” in which he appears to us as a New Novalis, using the microscope to penetrate into the secret recesses of the human soul. As a critic, he had more intelligence than true originality, and one could scarcely perceive in him any decided preference. But his character as a critic and a writer matters little, he was more than either—a Christian and a Man.

FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE illustrious personage, the leading events of whose life we are about to give, finished a career of almost unexampled brilliancy and duration at his residence, Walmer Castle, at twenty minutes past 3 o’clock, on Tuesday, the 14th of Sept. Though in his 83rd year, so well was his health sustained to the very last, that the announcement of the event fell like a thunderbolt upon the nation; for, despite the errors which have now and then clouded the sunshine of his long and successful life,

there lives not an Englishman who does not feel a reverence for the name Wellington. His great and victorious battles, with all the minor points of his personal history, now that he has descended into the grave, will so be before the public, who will pronounce that verdict which time alone mature. Whatever gloom may for a moment have cast its shadow over the brilliancy of his life-march, the end was a calm and unclouded sun—his spirit quietly quitted its wonted tenement—he died full of years and honours, and without a murmur or a struggle—so kind was nature to him in his last moments.

Among the biographers of this remarkable man there exists a difference of opinion as to the exact day and place of his birth; but it appears to be quite certain that it was either on the 20th of April, or the 1st of May, 1769, as the place was Dangan Castle, county of Meath, Ireland, or Merrion Street, Dublin. The Duke himself seems to have favoured the 1st of May. Even his genealogy is dwelt upon with interest and great particularity by a writer in the “Leading Journal,” from whose columns, and other sources, we have drawn largely in the following narrative:—

ARTHUR WELLESLEY was the son of the Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Mornington. By the death of his father in 1781, became dependent from an early age upon the care and providence of his mother, a lady, as it fortunately happened, of talents equal to the task. Under this direction of his studies he was sent to Eton, from which college he was transferred, first to private tuition at Brighton, and subsequently to the military seminary of Angers, in France. For the deficiency of any early promise in the future hero we are not confined to negative evidence alone. His relative inferiority was the subject of some concern to his vigilant mother, and had its influence, as we are led to conclude in the selection of the military profession for one who displayed so little of the family aptitude for elegant scholarship. At Angers, though the young student left no signal reputation behind him, it is clear that his time must have been productively employed. Pigneron, the director of the seminary,

was an engineer of high repute, and the opportunities of acquiring, not only professional knowledge, but a serviceable mastery of the French tongue, were not likely to have been lost on such a mind as that of his pupil. Altogether, six years were consumed in this course of education, which, though partial enough in itself, was so far in advance of the age, that we may conceive the young cadet to have carried with him to his corps a more than average store of professional acquirements. On the 7th of March, 1787, the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, being then in his eighteenth year, received his first commission as an ensign in the 73rd Regiment of Foot. The only point of interest in his position at this instant is the degree of advantage over his contemporaries which might be derived from the family connections above described; and a review of the facts will lead, we think, to the conclusion that, though the young officer commanded sufficient interest to bring his deserts into immediate and favourable notice, he was not so circumstanced as to rely exclusively on such considerations for advancement. A French historian, indeed, has indulged in a sneer at the readiness with which the haughty aristocracy of Britain submitted themselves in after times to the ascendancy of an Irish *parvenu*, but this assumption is as little warrantable as that by which the distinctions of the young cadet are attributed to the nobility of his extraction. The pretensions of Arthur Wellesley were insufficient, even at a somewhat later period, to secure him from failure in that test of social position—the choice of a wife; nor could his opportunities have produced more than commonplace successes to a man of ordinary capacity. On the other hand, they relieved him from those risks of neglect and injustice which must occasionally be fatal even to eminent worth, and they carried him rapidly over those early stages in which, under other circumstances, the fortunes of a life might have been perhaps consumed. He possessed interest enough to make merit available, but not enough to dispense with it.

His promotion was accordingly rapid, but not more so in its first steps than in examples visible at the present day, and much less so than in the case of

some of his contemporaries. He remained a subaltern four years and three months, at the expiration of which period of service he received his captaincy. He entered the army, as we have said, in the 73rd, but in the same year he moved as lieutenant to the 76th, and within the next eighteen months was transferred, still in a subaltern's capacity, to the 41st Foot and the 12th Light Dragoons successively. On the 30th of June, 1791, he was promoted to a captaincy in the 58th, from which corps he exchanged into the 18th Light Dragoons in the October of the following year.

At length he obtained his majority in the 33rd, a regiment which may boast of considerable identification with his renown, for he proceeded in it to his lieutenant-colonelcy and colonelcy, and commanded it personally throughout the early stages of his active career. These rapid exchanges bespeak the operation of somewhat unusual interest in pushing the young officer forward; for in those days a soldier, ordinarily continued in the corps to which he was first gazetted, and to which his hopes, prospects, and connections were mainly confined. So close, indeed, and permanent were the ties thus formed, that when Colonel Wellesley's own comrade and commander, General Harris, was asked to name the title by which he would desire to enter the peerage, he could only refer to the 5th Fusiliers as having been for nearly six-and-twenty years his constant home.

Before the active career of the young officer commenced he was attached as aide-de-camp to the staff of the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and in 1790, having just come of age, he was returned to the Irish parliament for the family borough of Trim. The most eager researches into this period of his career have not elicited anything to prove that he was distinguished from those around him. In one particular, indeed, he shared the failings common to his class and times, after a fashion singularly contrasted with the subsequent developments of his character. Captain Wellesley got seriously into debt. So pressing, in fact, were his obligations, that he accepted temporary relief from a bootmaker in whose house he lodged, and before

quitting England on foreign service, confided the arrangement of his affairs to another Dublin tradesman, whom he empowered for this purpose to receive the disposable portion of his income.

At length, in the month of May, 1794, Arthur Wellesley being then in his 26th year, and in command of the 33rd Regiment—a position which he owed to his brother's liberality—embarked at Cork for service on the continent of Europe; so that his first active duties involved great independent responsibility. The aspect of affairs at that period was unpromising in the extreme. War had been declared about twelve months previously between England and France, and 10,000 British troops, under the command of the Duke of York, had been despatched to aid the operations of the Allied Powers in the Low Countries. It would be difficult to impress an Englishman of the present generation with a true conception of the character and reputation of the British army at that period. Forty years had elapsed since the appearance of any considerable English force on the European continent, and the recollections of the campaigns in question were not calculated to suggest any high opinions of British prowess. In fact, the Duke of Cumberland had been systematically beaten by Marshal Saxe, and the traditions of Marlborough's wars had been obliterated by contests in which the superiority of the French soldiery seemed to be declared. The ascendancy, too, so signally acquired at this time by our navy, tended to confirm the impressions referred to, and it was argued that the ocean had been clearly marked out as the exclusive scene of our preponderance. Throughout a great part of the century these opinions had been rather justified than belied by our own proceedings. We fought many of our colonial battles with mercenaries, and we hired German battalions even to defend our coasts, and protect the established succession of the throne. A new school of war, to which the attention of the reader will be presently directed, was, indeed, forming in the East: but its influence was hardly yet known, and the Duke of York's corps was disembarked at Ostend with, perhaps, less prestige than any division of the allied army. Though the exertions of the royal commander had already been

directed, and with some success, to military reforms, yet the conditions of the service were still miserably bad. The commissariat was wretched, the medical department shamefully ineffective, and rapacity, speculation, and mismanagement prevailed to a most serious extent. Such was the army which Colonel Wellesley proceeded to join. It was no wonder that English as well as Imperialists were worsted by Republican levies, not only numerically superior, but whose system confounded all received tactics as utterly as the campaigns of Charles VIII. in Italy demolished the conceptions of mediæval warfare. The Duke of York was repulsed in a series of engagements which we need not describe, and it was in aid of his discomfited force that Colonel Wellesley carried out the 33rd Regiment to the scene of his first, as well as of his last services—the plains of Belgium.

The first military operation performed by the conqueror of Waterloo was the evacuation of a town in the face of the enemy. The 33rd had been landed at Ostend; but when Lord Moira, who had the chief command of the reinforcements sent out, arrived at that port with the main body, he saw reason for promptly withdrawing the garrison and abandoning the place. Orders were issued accordingly, and though the Republicans, under Pichegru, were at the gates of the town before the English had quitted it, the 33rd was safely embarked. Lord Moira by a flank march effected a timely junction with the Duke of York at Malines. Colonel Wellesley took his corps round by the Scheldt, and landed at Antwerp, whence he moved without delay to the head-quarters of the Duke. This was in July, 1794. The operations which followed, and which terminated in the following spring with the re-embarkation of the British troops at Bremerlehe, a town at the mouth of the Weser, constituted Arthur Wellesley's first campaign. They do not, for the purposes of our memoir, require any circumstantial description. The total force of the Allied Powers was strong, but it was extended over a long line of country, composed of heterogeneous troops, and commanded by generals, not only independent, but suspicious of each other's decisions. In the face of an enemy, first animated

by desperation and then intoxicated by success, there existed no unity of plan or concert of movements. After the defeat sustained by the Austrians at Fleurus, the campaign was resolved into retreat on the part of the Allies, and pursuit of fortune on the part of the French. The Austrians were on the middle Rhine, the British on the Meuse. The route taken by the Duke of York in his successive retirements from one position to another, lay through Breda, Bois le Duc, and Nimègue, at which latter place he maintained himself against the enemy with some credit. Early in December, however, he resigned his command to General Walmoden, and returned to England, leaving the unfortunate division to struggle with even greater difficulties than they had yet experienced. Disengaged by repeated triumphs from their Austrian antagonists, the Republican forces closed in tremendous strength round the English and their comrades. The winter set in with such excessive severity that the rivers were passable for the heaviest class of cannon, provisions were scanty, and little aid was forthcoming from the inhabitants, against either the inclemency of the season or the casualties of war. It was found necessary to retire into Westphalia, and in this retreat, which was commenced on the 15th of January, 1795, the troops are said to have endured for some days privations and sufferings little short of those encountered by the French in the Moscow campaign. So deep was the snow that all traces of roads were lost, waggons laden with sick and wounded were unavoidably abandoned, and to straggle from the column was to perish. The enemy were in hot pursuit, and the population undisguisedly hostile to their nominal allies. At length the Yssel was crossed, and the troops reposed for a while in cantonments along the Ems; but as the French still prepared to push forward, the allied force continued its retreat, and as they entered Westphalia the tardy appearance of a strong Prussian corps secured them from further molestation till the embarkation took place.

Such was the Duke of Wellington's first campaign. Whatever might have been the actual precocity of his talent, there was obviously no room in such operations for the exercise on his part

of anything beyond intrepidity and steadiness, and these qualities, as we learn, were made visibly manifest. His post was that which, in a retreat, is the post of honour—the rearguard. The command of a brigade devolved on him by seniority, and the able dispositions of Colonel Wellesley in checking the enemy or executing an assault, are circumstances of special remark in contemporary accounts of the transactions. In particular, the affairs of Druyten, Meteren, and Geldermansel, are mentioned with some detail, as reflecting considerable credit on the 33rd and its commander. Beyond this point Colonel Wellesley's reputation was not extended, but we may readily imagine how material a portion of his professional character might have been formed in this Dutch campaign. Irrespective of the general uses of adversity, the miscarriages of this ill-starred expedition must have been fraught with invaluable lessons to the future hero. He observed the absolute need of undivided authority in an enemy's presence, and the hopelessness of all such imperfect combinations as state jealousies suggested. We are justified in inferring from his subsequent demonstrations of character, that no error escaped either his notice or his memory. He saw a powerful force frittered away by divisions, and utterly routed by an enemy which, but a few months before, had been scared at the very news of its approach. He saw the indispensability of preserving discipline in a friendly country, and of conciliating the dispositions of a local population, always powerful for good or evil. Though a master hand was wanting at head-quarters, yet Abercromby was present, and the young Picton was making his first essay by the side of his future comrade. Austrian, Prussian, Hanoverian, French, Dutch, and British, were in the field together, and the care exemplified in appointing and provisioning the respective battalions might be serviceably contrasted. Every check, every repulse, every privation, and every loss, brought, we may be sure, its enduring moral to Arthur Wellesley; and although Englishmen may not reflect without emotion on the destinies which were thus perilled in the swamps of Holland, the future General had perhaps little reason to repine at

the rugged tuition of his first campaign.

On the return of the expedition to England, the 33rd was landed at Harwich, and for a short time encamped at Warley, where it soon recovered its effective strength. In the autumn of the same year, Colonel Wellesley conducted his corps to Southampton, where it was embarked on board the outward-bound fleet, under the flag of Admiral Christian. The destination of the force was the West Indies, but through a series of accidents so remarkable as to acquire, in conjunction with subsequent events, a providential character, the orders were ultimately changed, and the services of the young Colonel were employed on a scene far better calculated to develop his military genius. For some time the winds were so adverse that the vessels were unable to quit the port at all, and when they had at length succeeded in putting to sea, they encountered such tempestuous weather as to be finally compelled, after experiencing serious casualties, to return to Portsmouth. Meantime new exigencies had arisen, and in the spring of 1796 the weather-beaten 33rd received directions to embark for Bengal. At this critical period, however, the health of Colonel Wellesley suddenly failed him. Considering that strength of constitution and temperament with which we have since become familiar, it is remarkable to observe how repeatedly the Iron Duke, in earlier days, was attacked, and apparently almost mastered, by debility and sickness. On this present occasion he was actually unable to embark with his regiment, but a favourable change afterwards supervened, and he succeeded in joining the corps at the Cape of Good Hope. The remainder of the voyage was soon completed, and in February, 1797, Arthur Wellesley landed at Calcutta, to commence in earnest that career of service which will reflect such eternal lustre on his name.

The position of the Indian Government relatively to the Home Administration was not, when Colonel Wellesley arrived in those parts, materially different from that which exists at present. The great step of identifying these prodigious acquisitions with the dominions of the British Crown had virtually been taken already; and

Lord Cornwallis, in the last war, had wielded, to Tippoo's cost, the resources of an empire instead of the arms of a Company. A few years earlier India had scarcely been reputed among the fields open to the soldiers of the British army, and regiments were reluctantly despatched to quarters not looked upon at first with any favourable eye. But the scene had been changed by late achievements; and though a command in India was not what it has since become, it was an object of reasonable ambition. Napoleon pretended, even after the victories of Seringapatam and Assaye, to slight the services of a "sepooy general," but Wellesley established for the school, in the eyes of all Europe, a reputation which it has never since lost.

Small as were the anticipations of such active service which the young colonel could have entertained at his first landing in India, a few months saw him in the field with his corps against a resolute and formidable enemy. By a notable instance of fortune, the elder brother of Arthur Wellesley was nominated to the Governor-Generalship of India within a few months after the subject of these memoirs had arrived at Calcutta, and the talents of a most accomplished statesman were thus at hand to develop and reward the genius of the rising soldier. Lord Mornington, like many of his successors, went out in the confident expectation of maintaining peace, but found himself engaged in hostilities against his most ardent desire. At that time the three Presidencies of India shared pretty evenly between them the perils and prospects of active service in the field. Bengal, since the definite submission of Oude, had been comparatively quiet; but it was the Imperial presidency, and its troops were held readily disposable for the exigencies of the others. Bombay vibrated with every convulsion of the Mahratta States, by which it was surrounded; and Madras, in earlier times the leading Government, had recovered much of its importance from the virtual absorption of the Carnatic, the formidable resources and uncertain disposition of the Nizam, and, above all, the menacing attitude of Tippoo Sultan, the adventurer of Mysore. It was against this barbaric chieftain that the spurs of Arthur Wellesley were won.

When the two brothers met at Calcutta, in 1798, the principal risk of war was created by the unruly resentments of Tippoo, who, though he had recently made peace with the Company, the treaty as regarded his stipulations was so essentially of a penal character that his patient acquiescence in its operation was not to be expected, though Lord Mornington, as we have seen, did both desire and anticipate a perpetuation of the truce. Within a very few weeks, however, of his arrival at the seat of his government, he learnt that the Mysore Sultan had been actively intriguing with the French for the purpose of expelling us from the Peninsula. It is more likely, perhaps, that this idea should have been suggested to Tippoo by some one of the many Frenchmen still lurking in India than that the Oriental despot should of himself have desecrated the resources presented to him by the unscrupulous ambition of the Republican Directory. However this may be, he undoubtedly despatched ambassadors with this object to the Mauritius, the nearest French settlement, and these envoys actually disembarked at Mangalore on their return voyage, with a body of European recruits, at the very moment that the new Governor-General on his way to Calcutta touched at Madras. It does not fall within our purpose to discuss the respective cases of the belligerents. It is enough to remark that Tippoo's suspicions of ourselves were most cordially reciprocated, and that this new dynasty of Mysore had been always regarded, both in India and at home, with excessive jealousy and alarm. A war with Tippoo was counted as a life and death struggle, and although the last campaign of Cornwallis had pretty clearly prognosticated the ultimate issue, yet the whole resources of the Indian Government were now summoned as to a deadly strife. Those resolutions nearly affected the rising fortunes of Arthur Wellesley. On landing, as we have seen, at Calcutta in February, 1797, he had been despatched upon an expedition directed against Manilla, but transports sailed slowly in those days, and by the time that the several vessels had arrived at their first rendezvous the alarm had been given at Madras, and they were overtaken by a peremp-

tory recall. Each Presidency mustered its whole strength for the conflict, and as a reinforcement of that most immediately menaced, the 33rd was transferred from Bengal and placed upon the Madras establishment. On this new scene of duty Colonel Wellesley arrived in September, 1798.

At the very moment when Wellesley was ordered to Madras, Bonaparte had actually disembarked a French army on the shores of Egypt, and had put himself in communication with Tippoo—facts quite menacing enough to warrant unusual misgivings. The strength, too, of the Mysore army gave at least 70,000 troops, admirably equipped, and in no contemptible state of discipline, while the Madras muster rolls showed a total of no more than 14,000 of all arms, including less than 4,000 Europeans. In fact, Lord Mornington had been compelled to exchange the scheme of attack originally contemplated for a more cautious and regular exertion of his strength. With these reluctant conclusions, he ordered General Harris, the Commander-in-Chief, to stand on the defensive along the Mysore frontier, and to augment the efficiency of his army by all available means, while he turned his own attention to the native Courts, whose alliance or neutrality it was desirable to secure.

That nothing on his part might be wanting to the success of the enterprise, he had transferred himself and his staff from Calcutta to Madras, and the effects of his policy and his presence were quickly discernible in the impulse communicated to every department of the service, and the restoration of energy and confidence throughout the presidency. These efforts were admirably seconded by the practical exertions of his brother at Wallajahbad. So effectually had Colonel Wellesley employed the three months of his local command, that the division under his charge from being weak and ill provided had become conspicuous for its organization and equipment, and when the whole army presently took the field in unparalleled efficiency, the especial services of Colonel Wellesley in bringing about this result were acknowledged in a general order of the Commander-in-Chief. The whole force now put in motion against the famous Tiger of Mysore comprised

three divisions—that of the Carnatic, 30,000 strong, that of Bombay, two-thirds less numerous, and the contingent of our ally, the Nizam. The latter consisted of the British detachment in the Nizam's service, of a few battalions of his own infantry, including some of M. Raymond's force lately disbanded, and of a large body of cavalry. To complete the efficiency of this powerful division it was resolved to add a King's regiments to its rolls, and at the express wish of the Nizam's Minister, coupled with the prompt approval of General Harris, Colonel Wellesley's corps was selected for this duty, and on him the general command of the whole contingent was suffered to devolve. By these arrangements, which were to the unqualified satisfaction of all parties concerned, Colonel Wellesley assumed a prominent place in the conduct of the war, and enjoyed opportunities of displaying both his special intelligence and his intuitive military powers. Few opportunities, indeed, could be better calculated for the full development of his genius. He held a command sufficiently independent to elicit all his talents; he formed one of the political commission attached to the Commander-in-Chief; and he acted under the eyes of a governor whose acuteness in discerning merit and promptitude in rewarding it were quickened on this occasion by the natural impulses of affection. Nor were there wanting in the same ranks either models of excellence or stout competitors for fame. Besides Harris himself, there were Baird and Cotton, Dallas and Brown, Floyd and Malcolm—soldiers all of them of high distinction and extraordinary renown, who either sought or staked a professional reputation in this memorable war against Tippoo Sultaun.

By the end of February, 1799, the invading forces had penetrated into the dominions of Mysore, though so difficult was the country, and so insufficient, notwithstanding the previous preparations, were the means of transport, that half-a-dozen miles constituted an ordinary day's march, and three weeks were consumed in conveying intelligence from the western division of the army to the eastern. The first movements of Tippoo from his central position had been judiciously directed against the weaker

corps which was advancing from nanore, but in his attempt on little force he was signally repulsed. On which, wheeling to the right, and retracing his steps, he braved himself face to face with the army under General Harris, Malavelly, a place within thirty miles of his capital city, Seringapatam. Desires to engage were promptly granted by the British Commander, who received his attack with the right flank of the army, leaving the left, which was composed of the Nizam's contingent under Colonel Wellesley in charge and turn the flank of the enemy opposed to it. Colonel Wellesley's dispositions for this assault were easily made, and, having been approved by General Harris, were executed with complete success. The commander of the 33rd decided the action. King that if he could break the European regiment the native battalions might be expected to despair. Sultaun directed a column of his best troops against Colonel Wellesley's corps, which reserving its fire till the enemy had closed, delivered a searing volley, charged, and threw the whole column into a disorder, the sabres of the Dragoons were long in converting to a rout. In this essay it was clear that the campaign would turn upon the siege of the capital; and on the 4th of April the army, by the judicious strategy of General Harris, arrived in effective concert before the ramparts of Seringapatam.

Between the camp of the besiegers and the walls of this famous fortress stretched a considerable extent of singular and broken ground, affording excellent cover to the enemy for attacking the British lines with musket and rocket practice. At one extremity was a "tope" or grove called Sultaunpettah tope, composed of many betel trees, and intersected by numerous watercourses for the purpose of irrigation. The first operation of the besiegers was directed to the occupation of a position peculiarly serviceable to the party maintaining it. Accordingly, on the night of the 4th, General Baird was ordered to scour this tope—a commission which he discharged without encountering any opposition. Next morning Tippoo's troops were again seen to collect in great force, on which Ge-

Harris resolved to repeat the attack on the succeeding night, and to retain the position when carried. The duty was intrusted on this occasion to Colonel Wellesley with the 33rd and a native battalion, who was to be supported by another detachment of similar strength under Colonel Shawe. This was the famous affair of which so much has been said, and which, with such various colourings, has been described as the first service of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. On receiving the order, Colonel Wellesley addressed to his commander the following note, remarkable as being the first of that series of despatches which now constitute so extraordinary a monument of his fame :—

"O LIEUTENANT-GENERAL HARRIS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

"Camp, 5th April, 1799.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the favour to meet me this afternoon in front of the lines and show it to me. In the meantime I will order my battalions to be in readiness.

"Upon looking at the tope as I came in just now, it appeared to me that when you get possession of the bank of the nullah you have the tope as a matter of course, as the latter is in the rear of the former. However, you are the best judge, and I shall be ready.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Your most faithful servant,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

This letter has been often appealed to as evidence of that brevity, perspicacity, and decision afterwards recognized as such notable characteristics of the great Duke's style. Without stopping to challenge the criticism, we would rather point to it as signally exemplifying the change which had taken place in the young colonel's official position since we last saw him in the Dutch campaign. Instead of simply conducting a regiment, we now find him, though still only a colonel, in command of a powerful division of an army, influencing the character of its operations, corresponding on terms of freedom with the General-in-Chief, and preserving his despatches for the edification of posterity. Reserving, however, any further comment on these circumstances, we must now state that the attack in question was a

failure. Bewildered in the darkness of the night, and entangled in the difficulties of the tope, the assaulting parties were thrown into confusion, and, although Shawe was enabled to report himself in possession of the post assigned to him, Colonel Wellesley was compelled, as the General records in his private diary, to come, "in a good deal of agitation, to say he had not carried the tope." When daylight broke the attack was renewed with instantaneous success, showing at once what had been the nature of the obstacles on the previous night; but the affair has been frequently quoted as Wellington's "only failure," and the particulars of the occurrence were turned to some account in the jealousies and scandals from which no camp is wholly free. The reader will at once perceive that the circumstances suggest no discussion whatever. A night attack, by the most natural of results, failed of its object, and was successfully executed the next morning as soon as the troops discovered the nature of their duties.

When these advanced posts had fallen into our hands, the last hour of Tippoo's reign might be thought to have struck, and the final results of the expedition to be beyond peril. But there is an aspect of facility about Indian campaigning which is extremely delusive to those unexperienced in its risks. All goes apparently without a check, and all is thought easy and insignificant: but the truth is, that a single check, however slight, will often turn the whole tide of success. It is the characteristic of this warfare that reverses which in other countries would be endured without serious damage are here liable to be fatal. To our check before the little fort of Kalunga, in 1814, we owed probably the duration and losses of the Nepal war, and it has been credibly averred that if the ingenious operations of our officers had failed before the gates of Ghuznee, the disasters of the Cabul retreat would have been anticipated in that first Affghan expedition, which now reads like a triumphal march. It is true that Tippoo's forces proved unequal to encounter in the field even the weakest of the invading armies and that our position before Seringapatam had been taken up without any resistance proportioned to the renown

or resources of our enemy. But the fort was extremely strong, the place unhealthy to the last degree, and any material protraction of the siege would have exhausted the provisions of the army, and given time for the season to do its work.

Wellesley, whose unremitting attention to all the duties of the siege is shown in a multiplicity of despatches, and the value of whose suggestions is proved by their effect upon the operations, received orders to head the reserve in the advanced trenches and to await the success of the storm. The fighting in the batteries had already been desperate and the losses heavy, but 2,500 Europeans still survived to lead the assault, and a chosen column of Sepoys followed them. It was midday on the 4th of May. Colonel Wellesley had received reports of the state of the breach, had revised them in terms exactly like those afterwards used at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, had superintended the final preparations, and was expecting the result from his appointed post. "It was," says one near him, "a moment of agony, and we continued with aching eyes to watch the result, until, after a short and appalling interval, we saw the acclivity of the breach covered with a cloud of crimson." The assault succeeded, and Colonel Wellesley advanced from his position, not to renew a desperate attempt, but to restore some order in the captured city, and to certify the death of our dreaded enemy by discovering his body yet warm and palpitating under a mountain of slain.

Duties little less arduous than those of the actual storm devolved presently upon the troops of the reserve and their commander. The captured city presented a scene of rapine, terror, and confusion, in which not even the conquerors were safe, and the despatches of Colonel Wellesley from within the walls to General Harris, who still remained without, assumed an almost peremptory tone in their demands for positive instructions and summary authority to arrest the evil. The suggestions of the writer were acknowledged by an appointment conferring upon himself the powers required for restoring order. The establishment of a permanent garrison under Colonel Wellesley's immediate command speed-

ily brought the city to its ordinary state of tranquillity and confidence, and his services or his claims were still more conspicuously recognised by his subsequent nomination to the commission instituted for disposing of the conquered territories. Of these one portion was conferred on the Nizam, another offered to the Peishwa, a third retained by ourselves under the provisional government of Colonel Wellesley himself, and the remainder restored to the original proprietors, dispossessed by the usurpation of Tippoo and his father. In these hands it still remains, and the residence of the Court having been again transferred to its ancient capital, Mysore, Seringapatam, the creation of Hyder and Tippoo, and the scene of British triumphs, is now crumbling to ruin from desertion and neglect, and will probably leave as little visible trace as the dynasty which raised it. Such was the end of the famous war in which Arthur Wellesley first won consideration and renown.

Within little more than two years of Colonel Wellesley's first landing at Calcutta he was raised to almost viceroyal command. In July, 1799, he was actual Governor of Seringapatam and Mysore,—that is to say, of territories nearly equivalent to Tippoo's late kingdom; and as General Harris, on returning to the Presidency, had, in obedience to orders, surrendered to him the command in chief of the army of occupation, the civil and military authorities were united in his single person. The use which he made of these discretionary powers and the account to which he turned such extraordinary opportunities of developing, correcting, and maturing his natural talents for organization and command, may be readily conceived. For some months he was now actively engaged in reconstituting the various departments of an administration wholly disorganized by the overthrow of its chief. He selected and appointed officers in every capacity, giving preference to those who had faithfully discharged their duties under the former *régime*; he repaired roads, opened communications, attended to the claims of every class of the population, and executed with admirable sagacity all the functions of a Governor. Of the assiduity and talents which he brought to the performance of his

duties, his correspondence during this period with Colonel Close, the Resident at Mysore, contains copious illustration ; but his services were soon to be again demanded in that capacity which was more peculiarly and memorably his own.

It is a characteristic of Oriental life that a few deeds of daring, and a few turns of fortune will suffice to convert a freebooting adventurer into a popular captain, a mighty chief, and a recognized sovereign. Hyder Ali himself had been little more, and the existing rights of some Princes of India are derived from a similar title. Scarcely had Tippoo's standard been overthrown when it was raised again by a rival, who, but for the opportune antagonism of Wellesley, might have repeated on a larger scale the pretensions and aggressions of the Mysorean usurper. The name of this desperado was Dhoondiah Waugh. Having been unable, even during Tippoo's life, to restrain his predatory propensities, he had been incarcerated in Seringapatam, and was only released at the general deliverance which attended our conquest of the capital. On escaping from his dungeon he betook himself to the district of Bednore, on the Mahratta frontier, collected a numerous force from the disbanded levies of the Sultaun, and proceeded to lay the country under contribution after the usual fashion of such aspirants. On being pursued by a British detachment he crossed the frontier, and ensconced himself in a territory which it was then thought very undesirable to violate. Just at this juncture Colonel Wellesley received an offer which might have exercised considerable influence on his subsequent career. It had been resolved to attempt, though by negotiation rather than force, the reduction of the Dutch settlement at Batavia, and the military command of the expedition was placed by Lord Mornington at the disposal of his brother. As the appointment was eventually declined, little notice would have been due to the incident but for the indirect testimonies which it elicited to Colonel Wellesley's services. Lord Clive, then Governor of Madras, dissuaded, in emphatic terms, the removal of a commander so indispensable to the peace of the Presidency, and Colonel Close alludes to the mere report of the

project with expressions of unfeigned alarm. Wellesley himself remitted the question to the judgment of Lord Clive, not concealing his appreciation of the opportunity, but resolutely postponing all other considerations to those of the public service, and candidly avowing that Dhoondiah's progress was taking a very serious turn indeed. His disinterestedness on this occasion suggested the most advantageous policy he could possibly have adopted, for if Dhoondiah, whose fortunes were watched by a far more powerful foe, had been permitted to gather strength, either our Indian empire must have been crushed in its infancy, or the glories of the Mahratta war must have been gathered by other hands than those of Wellesley.

In point of fact, at the moment of writing the despatches with his conclusions on this critical subject, Colonel Wellesley was in the field on Dhoondiah's track. Towards the end of May, he had put his troops in motion against this rapacious marauder, who, having assumed the title of "King of the Two Worlds," had appeared in imposing force on the borders of Mysore, alarming the well-affected, enlisting the malcontents, and ravaging the whole country before him. There was, indeed, little likelihood that he would affect to make head against Colonel Wellesley's force in open field ; but his troops were almost wholly composed of light cavalry and artillery, extremely difficult to overtake, and the seat of war, which was the "Dooab," or space between two rivers called the "Kistnah" and "Tumbudra," was peculiarly calculated to facilitate his plans. The country was intersected in all directions by rivers, which swelled prodigiously after rains ; it was under no regular government, and had been exhausted by Dhoondiah's previous ravages. The exertions, therefore, of Colonel Wellesley in this, the first campaign which he ever directed in person, were turned to the means of concentrating his detachments in this difficult region, of provisioning his troops, and of either "running down" his adversary by rapid movements, or surprising him by adroit manœuvres. A subject of extreme importance was the disposition likely to be entertained at the Mahratta Court of Poohah, since the instructions of the British commander now em-

powered him to cross the frontier, if necessary, in pursuit of his antagonist—a step which he foresaw might entail a Mahratta war. The Peishwa, however, professed his readiness to co-operate in the campaign; but his contingent was routed by Dhoondiah with such promptitude, that little positive service was experienced from our allies, who would, there was little doubt, have declared against us on any of those reverses rendered so probable by the difficulties of the campaign. For several weeks Dhoondiah, by doubling and countermarching, succeeded in eluding his pursuers, and it seemed doubtful how long the expedition might be protracted, when Colonel Wellesley received an offer from a native to terminate the whole business by a stroke of a poniard. His reply was as follows:—"To offer a public reward by proclamation for a man's life, and to make a secret bargain to have it taken away, are two different things: the one is to be done; the other, in my opinion, cannot, by an officer at the head of his troops." The contest was continued, therefore, on even terms. More than once did the British commander succeed in driving his adversary into a position from which there appeared no escape, but as often did the wily freebooter defeat the imperfect vigilance of our allies, or avail himself of some unforeseen opportunity for eluding his pursuers. At length, on the 10th of September, 1800, after two months of a campaign in which he had extemporized from his own resources all the means of the commissariat and engineer department, and had subsisted his army almost by his own skill, Colonel Wellesley came upon the camp of his enemy. Though the whole force with him at that moment consisted but of four regiments of cavalry, harassed and overworked by constant marching, he at once "made a dash" at his prey, and put his army to the route by a single charge; in encountering which, Dhoondiah fell. The corpse of "his Majesty" being recognized, was lashed to a galloper gun, and carried back to the British camp; but a certain item of the spoil deserves more particular mention:—Among the baggage, was found a boy, about four years old, who proved to be the favourite son of Dhoondiah. Colonel Wellesley took charge of the

child himself, carried him to his own tent, protected him through his boyhood, and, on quitting India, left a sum of money in the hands of a friend to be applied to his use.

The success of the recent campaign, at once terminated all risks, and confirmed Colonel Wellesley in an extraordinary reputation, both with the native courts, and the British Government. The former were peculiarly qualified to appreciate such a victory as he had recently achieved, and the latter could not withhold their testimony to the abilities by which the brother of the Governor-General had justified the appointments conferred upon him. In fact, though still a simple colonel, Arthur Wellesley was already, as he himself expressed it, "at the top of the tree," being entrusted with commissions above his rank, and honoured with the entire confidence of those whom he served.

We have mentioned that among the expeditions projected by the Indian Government was one directed against Batavia. On the intelligence of Napoleon's demonstrations against our eastern possessions this scheme was abandoned, and it was resolved to substitute operations more immediately calculated to impede the advances of the French. With these views a force of about 5,000 troops was collected at Trincomalee, in Ceylon, not with any fixed destination, but for the purpose of being thrown on such points as might be considered most advisable. Of this force Colonel Wellesley received the command, and he repaired accordingly to Trincomalee, from the theatre of his recent services in Mysore. At the time of his arrival it was thought that the Mauritius offered the most promising point of attack, but the young commander soon discovered reasons for discarding this opinion, and had communicated his conclusions to the Governor-General, when he received intelligence which he permitted to decide his movements at once. A despatch from the home government had been forwarded to the Governor-General, directing the immediate preparation of the expedition mentioned above, and containing an authority for the prompt execution of the scheme, if circumstances should so advise, without waiting for instructions from Calcutta. A copy of this despatch had

been left with the Governor of Madras, who transmitted it, without any directions of his own, to Colonel Wellesley at Trincomalee. The situation thus created was one of great delicacy and responsibility. Colonel Wellesley was convinced from the terms of the despatch that the expedition to Egypt must be immediately executed; he was perfectly aware that the troops under his command formed the only force available for the service, and he also knew that the destination now specially ordered had been among those contemplated for his detachment. Before he could receive from Calcutta any instructions founded on the despatch four or five precious weeks would be sacrificed, and the aid of the expiring monsoon would be lost to his voyage. On the other hand, it required extraordinary confidence to assume so important a command, and to anticipate the orders of Government on a point of such serious magnitude. Colonel Wellesley's decision was characteristic. Relying, perhaps, partly on his brother's good opinion, but mainly, as we may fairly conceive, on the zeal for the service which had evidently prompted the resolution, he issued the necessary orders of his own authority, and set sail with the force, under his command for the shores of the Red Sea. Learning, however, from the naval officers that the voyage would not be materially protracted by touching at Bombay, he resolved on adopting that course, for the double purpose of revictualling the transports and of receiving overland orders from the Governor-General, to whom he had immediately forwarded a statement of his intentions. On his arrival at Bombay, he had the mortification to find his proceeding condemned, and himself superseded in his command.

Colonel Wellesley now returned to Mysore, not for a service of inaction or routine, but to plan and conduct the operations of a war so extensive as to demand the highest efforts of professional skill, and so successful as to establish conclusively the supremacy of Britain in the East.

In the ensuing campaign General Wellesley's (such was now his rank) duties consisted in so combining his movements that none of his detachments were taken at a disadvantage, that the peculiar qualities of the Bri-

tish troops might be turned to the best account, and that the difficulties of Indian warfare might be obviated by wary provision, or surmounted by vigorous enterprise. It was now that his contemporaries had the opportunity of observing his singular faculties of foresight, and his extraordinary aptitudes in all departments of his profession. In his affair with Dhoondiah he had accurately noted the characteristics of native warfare, the chief features and serviceable points of the country, the strength of the forts, and the course, depth, and periodical variations of the rivers. From these observations he had conceived his plans of a Mahratta campaign. Selecting a season when the rivers were not fordable, he turned this feature of the country to the advantage of the British by preparing boats and pontoons, with which he knew the enemy would be unprovided. His despatches contain the most minute instructions for the fabrication of these bridges and boats, for the establishment of particular ferries, and for their protection by proper guards. Aware that a native army relied on the superior rapidity of its movements, he had been indefatigable in improving the breed of draught-bullocks by the aid of Tippoo's famous stock; and he had resolved, when occasion came, to discard the traditional rules of marching and halting. The forts, he observed, were strong enough, if well defended, to give serious trouble, and too numerous to be besieged in form. He gave orders, therefore, by way of conveying an adequate idea of British prowess, that one or two of them should be carried by simple escalade, and that an example should be made of the garrison in case of any desperate resistance. These tactics were completely successful. A Mahratta chief wrote to his friend as follows:—"These English are a strange people, and their general a wonderful man. They came in here this morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. Who can withstand them?" The result was that the strongest forts in the country were afterwards taken with little or no loss of life on either side.

Meantime the demonstration of the great Mahratta chiefs grew more and more overtly hostile. For the main

body of Scindiah's troops Lake was finding ample work between Delhi and Agra, but a force, including 10,000 of his disciplined infantry, was hovering over the Deccan; Holkar, though he had hitherto retired before the British, was known to be dangerous, and the Rajah of Berar was more than suspected of sharing their common views. The object, therefore, was first to compel these chieftains to an avowal of their intentions; and next, in the event of the probable result, to bring them to a decisive action. The plenary authority which General Wellesley received on the 26th of June enabled him to cut short the negotiations which had been purposely protracted, and to reduce Scindiah to his proper character. After some wearisome manœuvres, he at length learnt that the enemy was on the north bank of the Godavery, meditating a swoop on Hyderabad. "If the river," he now wrote, "does not become fordable six weeks sooner than usual, I hope to strike a blow against their myriads of horse in a few days." This was on the 30th of August. On the 21st of September, having received more particular information, he concerted measures with Colonel Stevenson that one should take a western route and the other an eastern, and both fall together from opposite quarters on the enemy's camp early on the 24th. The next day the two divisions diverged accordingly, and pursued their respective routes, when, on the 23rd, General Wellesley learnt from his spies that the Mahratta cavalry had moved off, but that the infantry were still encamped at about six miles distance. Pushing on with his Dragoons, he presently descried not only the infantry, but the entire army of the Mahrattas, in the Deccan, numbering at least 50,000 combatants, and strongly posted, with 100 pieces of cannon before the fortified village of Assaye.

At this critical moment of his fortunes, the force which General Wellesley had in hand, including the infantry which was coming up, did not exceed 4,500 men; his few light guns were utterly unable to make head against the tremendous batteries of the Mahrattas; and his draught cattle, notwithstanding the pains he had expended on them, were sinking under the severity of the campaign. His resolu-

tion, however, was taken at once without measuring the relative portion of the two armies, or for Colonel Stevenson to share perils and glories of the field, by instant orders for the attack. To a misapprehension of instructions his precautionary directions foring the most menacing points of Mahratta position were disregarded and the battle was won with a carnage by the bayonet alone, like some of the actions recent with the Sikhs. But it could be more decisive than the obtained, which not only brought Scindiah to terms, but in the estimation of competent to proclaim, beyond reach of challenge, the military supremacy of the British. Taught by our experience and the aid of European officers, natives had gradually brought armies to an apparent equality of our own. The cumbrous and ill-artillery trains, the unwieldy and irregular hordes of our antagonists, had now given place to disciplined battalions formed of the same material as those of the Company and to batteries of deadly steel manned by skilful and devoted men. It now remained to be seen whether the success of the arms depended on any element accessible to native emulation, an enigma was solved, once and for all by Wellesley at Assaye. With almost as numerically disproportionate as those of Clive, he had surpassed the glories of Arcot and Plassey; an enemy far more formidable than Chunda Sahib, or Suraj-a-Daula. With all odds but those of superior spirit against him, he had maintained and confirmed the prestige so anxiously attached to the arms of England; and to this, the first great battle in which he ever commanded, has been plausibly traced the pre-eminence of that ascendancy which we enjoy in India to this very day.

Though it was clear both to the British and Mahrattas, that the whole campaign was virtually decided by the triumph as that of Assaye, yet the native chiefs, who, as Wellesley has occasion described them, were "personified," evinced resolutions of making yet another battle. So it is true, under the combined

of Wellesley and Lake, had received a lesson, which, to the latest days of his life, he never forgot; but the Rajah of Berar was still in the field, and as General Wellesley two months afterwards was on the Mahratta track to compel adherence to the covenanted stipulations, and to clear the country of any dangerous gatherings, he came one evening upon the whole remaining force of the enemy, drawn up in battle array before the village of Argaum, to renew again the experiment of September. Considering that since the last battle the British had been strengthened almost as much as they themselves had been weakened, it was a forlorn hazard, yet a body of Persian cavalry in the Berar service made a desperate charge on the European regiments, and Scindiah's horse-men, who, notwithstanding the recent treaty, were found in the ranks of our adversaries, made a show of supporting the attack. The advance of the British line, however, was not waited for by the main body of the Mahrattas, who, in the hopeless confusion, abandoned their guns and fled, but only to fall, through the long hours of a moonlight night, under the sabres of their pursuers.

With these operations, the capture of some strongholds, and the surprise and destruction of a new competitor for Dhoondiah's fame, ended our first Mahratta war, in which, owing to the genius and energy of our generals, we had prostrated, with incredible rapidity, that redoubtable foe whose enmity had been for years the traditional dread of the Indian Government. The personal contributions of Wellesley towards this consummation were well appreciated by those most intimately concerned. The British inhabitants of Calcutta voted him a valuable sword, the native population of Seringapatam received him with unfeigned congratulations on his return; and, upon his departure from India, which soon followed, the thanks, the addresses, and the offerings of civilians, soldiers, and presidencies poured upon him in quick succession. A yet more remarkable testimony to the value of his services may be gathered from the opinions of that mighty antagonist with whom, at a future day, he was to compete in deadly grapple for the championship of the world. While Wellesley was

clearing the Deccan of England's last enemies, Napoleon was mustering the whole resources of his empire on the heights of Boulogne for a descent on the island of his hate. The flotilla was ready, the camps were formed, and the conveying squadron anxiously expected from the west, when, at this very moment, with a vision of conquest before his eyes, he wavered, as we are now told by his latest biographer, for some weeks together, between the ideas of destroying us by invasion, or attacking us through the side of India, by reviving the Mahratta war.

It was in the month of September, 1805, that Sir Arthur Wellesley—after an absence of nine years, during which his services in the East had earned him a major-generalship, the Knighthood of the Bath, the thanks of the king and parliament, and a confirmed professional reputation—landed once more on the shores of England. Between this period and his departure on those memorable campaigns with which his name will be immortally connected, there elapsed an interval in the Duke's life of nearly three years, which a seat in parliament, an Irish Secretaryship, and a Privy Councillorship enabled him to turn actively to account. His proper talents, however, were not overlooked, and he bore his part in those "notable expeditions" which were then conceived to measure the military power of England. His arrival from India had exactly coincided with the renewal of the war against France by the third European coalition—a compact to which England was a party. Our specific duties in these alliances were usually limited to the supply of ships and money. We swept the ocean with our fleets, and we subsidized the great powers whose forces were actually in the field. As to the British army itself, that had been hitherto reckoned among the contingents of second and third rate states, which might be united, perhaps, for a convenient diversion, but which could make no pretension to service in the great European line of battle. At the beginning of the war these demonstrations had usually been made on the coasts of France, but they were now principally directed against the northern and southern extremities of the continent, and for these reasons:—the dominion, actual or confessed, of

Napoleon, against which the contest was undertaken, embraced all the ports of Europe, from the Texel to Genoa, while his battle array extended along the length of the Rhine. The masses, therefore, of the Austrian and Russian hosts were moved directly against France from the east, and to the minor allies was left the charge of penetrating either upwards from Naples, or downwards from Swedish Pomerania, to the theatre of action. Sometimes detachments from Gibraltar, disembarked in Italy in conjunction with Russians from Corfu and Neapolitans from Calabria, and sometimes we landed in Hanover to compose a joint stock force with Swedes, Norwegians, and Finlanders. One of these latter expeditions fell to the lot of Sir Arthur Wellesley immediately after his return, but with results even fewer than usual. The brigades were put on shore at Bremen, at the close of 1805; but Napoleon in the meantime had done his work so effectually on the Danube that our contingent returned to England after a few weeks' absence without striking a blow. Sir Arthur's next service was one of greater distinction. In 1807, when the British ministry had boldly determined upon anticipating Napoleon at Copenhagen by one of his own strokes of policy, the feelings of the Danes were consulted by the despatch of a force so powerful as to justify a bloodless capitulation, and in this army Sir Arthur Wellesley received a command which brought under his charge the chief military operation of the expedition. While the main body was menacing Copenhagen a demonstration was observed on the part of the Danes against the English rear, and Sir Arthur was detached to disperse their gathering battalions. This service he effectually performed by engaging them in their position of Kioge, and putting them to the rout with the loss of 1,500 prisoners and 14 pieces of cannon. He was afterwards intrusted with the negotiations for the capitulation of the city—a duty which was skilfully discharged. This short episode in his military life has been thrown into shadow by his mightier achievements; but its merits were acknowledged by the special thanks of parliament; and M. Thiers, in his history, introduces Sir Arthur Wellesley to French readers as an officer who had

certainly seen service in India, but who was principally known by his able conduct at Copenhagen.

At length, at the very moment when England seemed to be excluded from all participation in the military contests of the age, and the services of the British soldier appeared likely to be measured by the demands of colonial duty, events brought an opportunity to pass which ultimately resulted in one of the most memorable wars on record that enabled Britain to support a glorious part in what, without figure of rhetoric, we may term the liberation of Europe. The coalition effected against France at the period of Sir Arthur Wellesley's return had been scattered to the winds under the blows of Napoleon. Russia had been partly driven and partly inveigled into a concert of politics with her redoubtable adversary. Austria had been put *hors de combat*; and Prussia was helplessly prostrate. To complete the concern experienced at this prospect of universal dominion, Napoleon had availed himself of the occasion to seize and appropriate the whole of the Spanish Peninsula. Under the pretence of a treaty with Spain for the partition of Portugal he had poured his troops into the former country, overrun the latter, and then repudiated the stipulations of his compact by retaining undivided possession of the prize. A few months later he established himself in similar authority at Madrid, and made open avowal of his intentions by bestowing on his own brother the inheritance of the Spanish Bourbons. Scarcely, however, had his projects been disclosed, when he encountered a tempest of popular opposition; the nations of the Peninsula rose almost as one man; a French army was compelled to capitulate; King Joseph decamped from Madrid, and Marshal Junot was with difficulty enabled to maintain himself in Lisbon. At the intelligence of this unexpected display of vigour, England tendered her substantial sympathies to the Spanish patriots: the overtures of their juntas were favourably received; and at length it was decided by the Portland Ministry, that Portugal would be as good a point as any other on which to throw 10,000 troops, who were waiting at Cork for embarkation on the next "expedition" suggesting itself. The enthusiasm of the British

at this conjuncture was unusual, and there were not wanting arguments to prove that the contemplated expedition differed greatly in its nature from those heretofore recommended to favour. It was urged that the war was now, for the first time, entered by strong popular opinion, that the scene of action, moreover, was a sea-girt territory, giving full scope for the exercise of our naval superiority.

To comprehend the service now indicated to Sir A. Wellesley, it will be necessary to retain constantly in mind the circumstances and persuasions which it was undertaken. The state of the countries which it was proposed to succour was only

marked from the exaggerated description of the Spanish patriots, who represented themselves as irresistible in every strength, and as needing nothing but stores and money to expel the French from the Peninsula. Nothing was ascertained respecting Napoleon's force in these parts; and, although it might reasonably have been deduced, from the continental peace, that the whole hosts of the French were disposable on the one hand, from the contradictory reports of the Spanish envoys themselves, either unity nor intelligence existed on the other, these simple deductions were not drawn. The British Ministry despatched the expedition with no purpose more definite than of aiding in the resistance unexpectedly offered to France on the southern territories. It had not determined whether the landing was to be effected in Portugal or Spain; and with the latter country, at least, we were nominally at war when the armament was decreed. Neither the single appointment which constituted all these deficiencies the want of any general or deliberate plan.

The nomination of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the command was due to the individual sagacity of Castlereagh, whose judgment on this point was considerably in advance of other and higher authorities. This appointment itself, too, was considered to be nugatory; for Sir Arthur was to surrender the command to Harry Burrard, who was intended to make way for Sir Hew Dalrymple, and in the form in which the

expedition shortly afterwards assumed, no fewer than six general officers were placed above him, into whose hands the conduct of the war was ultimately to fall.

True, however, to that spirit of his profession, which forbade him to balance his own feelings against the good of the service or the decisions of Government, Sir Arthur departed on his mission, preceding the expeditionary armament in a fast frigate, for the purpose of obtaining more information than was already possessed respecting the destination to be given to it. With these views, he landed on the coast, and conferred with the juntas directing the affairs of the insurrection. His inquiries soon proved conclusive, if not satisfactory, and he decided with characteristic penetration, that "it was impossible to learn the truth."

After ascertaining and estimating the prospects of the war to the best of his power, Sir Arthur Wellesley decided on disembarking his troops in Mondego Bay, about midway between Oporto and Lisbon—a resolution which he successfully executed at the beginning of August. The force actually landed from the transports amounted to about 9,000 men; but they were presently joined by that of another little expedition, which had been operating in the south of Spain; and Sir Arthur thus found himself at the head of some 14,000 excellent soldiers. Besides these, however, the British Government as the design of liberating the Peninsula, gradually assumed substance and dignity, determined on despatching two others of their corps-errand; one of which, nearly 12,000 strong, under Sir John Moore, was in a state of discipline not inferior to that of Napoleon's best brigades: 30,000 troops, therefore, were eventually to represent the arms of England in this memorable service. But wisdom had to be learnt before Wellesley was placed at their head; and it was with 13,000 only, and a provisional command, that the great captain of the age commenced, on the 9th of August, his first march in the Peninsular war.

The intention of Sir Arthur, who, in the absence of his two seniors, still retained the direction of affairs, was to march on Lisbon by the seacoast in order to draw from the English store-ships those supplies which he had already dis-

covered it was hopeless to expect from the resources of Portugal itself; one of the earliest propositions of the Portuguese commander having suggested that his own troops should be fed from the British commissariat instead of the British troops from his. Reinforced, if the term can be used, at this period with a small detachment of the native army, Sir Arthur now mustered nearly 15,000 sabres and bayonets. To oppose him, Loison had about 7,000 men, Laborde about 5,000, and Junot, at head-quarters, some 10,000 more. Of these commanders, Loison was on the left of the British route, and Laborde in front; nor was Sir Arthur's information accurate enough to enable him to estimate the point or period of their probable junction. As events turned out, his military instinct had divined the course proper to be pursued; for on pressing forward on Laborde, he interposed himself between this general and Loison, and encountered his enemies in detail. Laborde's outposts at Ovidos were promptly driven in on the 15th, and on the 17th Sir Arthur came up with his antagonist on the heights of Rolica, and there gained the first action of the war. The engagement was sustained with great spirit; for Laborde, though outnumbered, availed himself to the utmost of his strength of position; nor was it without serious loss on both sides that he was at length compelled to retire. After this satisfactory essay of arms, Sir Arthur prepared to meet Junot, who would, he was well aware, summon all his strength for the now inevitable encounter, and who had in fact concentrated 16,000 men with 21 guns at Torres Vedras, between Sir Arthur's position and Lisbon. Still moving by the coast, the British commander was fortunately reinforced on his march by one of the detachments despatched from home, to participate in the expedition, and his force was thus augmented to 18,000 effective men. With these means he proposed to turn Junot's position at Torres Vedras, by passing between it and the sea with his advanced guard, while the main body occupied the enemy's attention in front; so that the French general would either be cut off from Lisbon, or driven to a precipitate retreat. These able dispositions, however, were not brought to the test of trial; for at this moment

Sir Harry Burrard arrived off the coast, and, without quitting his ship, or troubling himself to confirm by his own observation the representations of Sir Arthur, counter-ordered the proposed march, and gave directions for halting on the ground then occupied—the hills of Vimiera, until the arrival of the other and larger reinforcement expected from England under Sir John Moore.

Among the facts which Sir Arthur had laboured to impress on his intractable superior, was that of the certainty of immediately receiving the attack which he was declining to give—a conclusion which was promptly verified, by the appearance of Junot in battle array the very next morning. The estimates, therefore, respectively formed by Sir Harry and Sir Arthur concerning the relative capacities of the two armies, were presently to be certified by experience, and the decisive defeat of Junot at every point of his attack, with the loss of 3,000 men and nearly all his artillery, might have been thought decisive of the question in the eyes of impartial observers. Sir Harry, however, was still unconvinced; and, in his firm persuasion of the superiority of the French, refused the permission now earnestly entreated by Sir Arthur to intercept the encumbered brigades of the enemy, and complete his discomfiture, by cutting off his retreat to Torres Vedras. It was on this occasion that Sir Arthur, seeing the sacrifice of an opportunity which might have been turned to the completion of the war, turned round and said to his staff—“Well, then, gentlemen, we may go now and shoot red-legged partridges.”

No sooner had this supersession of Sir Arthur Wellesley occurred, than a second change took place in the command of the English force, and the arrangements of the British Government were notably exemplified, by the arrival on the scene of Sir Hew Dalrymple, who immediately displaced Sir Henry Burrard, as Sir Henry Burrard had displaced Sir Arthur Wellesley. Unfortunately, the new general inclined to the opinions of his second in command, rather than to the more enterprising tactics of the future hero of the Peninsula, and he persisted in the belief that Sir John Moore's corps should be allowed to come up before operations were re-commenced. The best com-

mentary on Sir Arthur's advice, is to be found in the fact that Junot himself presently proposed a suspension of arms, with a view to the complete evacuation of Portugal by the French. A convention, in fact, was concluded on these terms, at Cintra, within a fortnight after the battle; but so adroitly had Junot and his comrades availed themselves of the impressions existing at the British head-quarters that, though beaten in the field, they maintained in the negotiations the ascendancy of the stronger party, and eventually secured conditions far more favourable than they were entitled to demand. It happened that Sir Arthur Wellesley had been made, under Sir Hew Dalrymple's immediate orders, the negotiating officer at the first agreement between the belligerents, and it was his name which appeared at the foot of the instrument. When, therefore, the indignation of Englishmen was, with some justice, roused at this sacrifice of their triumphs, and the convention made the subject of official inquiry, General Wellesley incurred the first shock of public censure. Further investigation, however, not only exculpated him from all responsibility, but brought to light his earnest, though ineffectual endeavours, to procure a different result, and the country was soon satisfied that if the conqueror of Roliga and Vimiera had been undisturbed in his arrangements, the whole French army must have been prisoners of war. Yet, even as things stood, the success achieved was of no ordinary character. The British soldiers had measured their swords against some of the best troops of the Empire, and with signal success. The "Sepoy General" had indisputably shown that his powers were not limited to Oriental campaigns. He had effected the disembarkation of his troops—always a most hazardous feat—without loss, had gained two well-contested battles; and in less than a single month had actually cleared the kingdom of Portugal of its invaders. The army, with its intuitive judgment, had formed a correct appreciation of his services, and the field-officers engaged at Vimiera testified their opinions of their commander by a valuable gift; but it was clear that no place remained for General Wellesley under his new superiors, and he accordingly returned to England, bringing with

him conceptions of Spanish affairs which were but too speedily verified by events. He now resumed his Irish Secretaryship and his seat in Parliament. And while thus engaged, an abrupt change of fortune wholly reversed the relative positions of the French and English in those parts. The successes of the summer and autumn had expelled Napoleon's forces from Portugal, and from nearly nine-tenths of the territory of Spain, the only ground still occupied by the invaders being a portion of the mountain districts behind the Ebro. Thus, after sweeping the whole Peninsula before them by a single march, and establishing themselves at Madrid and Lisbon with less trouble than had been experienced at Brussels or Amsterdam, the French armies found themselves suddenly driven back, by a return tide of conquest, to the very foot of the Pyrenees; and now, in like manner, the English, after gaining possession of Portugal in a month's campaign, and closing round upon their enemies in Spain, as if to complete the victory, were as suddenly hurled back again to the coast, while the Peninsula again passed apparently under the dominion of Napoleon, to be finally rescued by a struggle of ten-fold severity. In the mean time the patriot forces of Spain, though possessed of individual enthusiasm, were badly governed; and Napoleon, with a perfect appreciation of the scene before him, was preparing one of those decisive blows which none better than he knew how to deal. The army behind the Ebro had been rapidly reinforced to the amount of 150,000 men; and at the beginning of November, the Emperor arrived in person to assume the command. At this conjuncture Sir John Moore, who, it will be remembered, had brought the last and largest detachment to the army of Portugal, and who had remained in that country while the other generals had repaired to England pending the inquiry into the convention of Cintra, was directed to take the command of 21,000 men from the army of Portugal, to unite with a corps of 7,000 more despatched to Corunna, under Sir David Baird, and to co-operate with the Spanish forces beleaguering the French, as we have described, in the south-eastern angle of the Peninsula. In pursuance of these instruc-

tions, Sir John Moore, by a series of movements which we are not called upon in this place to criticize, succeeded in collecting at Salamanca by the end of November the troops under his own command, while Sir David Baird's corps had penetrated as far as Astorga. But the opportunity of favourable action, if ever it had really existed, was now past. Suddenly advancing with an imposing force of the finest troops of the empire, Napoleon had burst through the weak lines of his opponents, had crushed their armies to the right and left by a succession of irresistible blows, was scouring with his cavalry the plains of Leon and Castile, forced the Somosierra pass on the 30th of November, and four days afterwards was in undisputed possession of Madrid. Meantime Sir John Moore, misled by false intelligence, disturbed by the importunities of our own Minister at Aranjuez, disheartened by his observation of Spanish politics, and despairing of any substantial success against an enemy of whose strength he was now aware, determined, after long hesitation, on advancing into the country, with the hope of some advantage against the corps of Soult, isolated, as he thought, at Saldanha. The result of this movement was to bring Napoleon from Madrid in such force as to compel the rapid retreat of the English to Corunna, under circumstances which we need not recount; and thus by the commencement of the year 1809, Spain was again occupied by the French, while the English army, so recently victorious in Portugal, was saving itself by sea without having struck a blow, except in self-defence at its embarkation.

Napoleon, before Moore's corps had actually left Corunna, conceived the war at an end, and, in issuing instructions to his marshals, anticipated, with no unreasonable confidence, the complete subjugation of the Peninsula. Excepting, indeed, some isolated districts in the south-east, the only parts now in possession of the Spaniards or their allies were Andalusia, which had been saved by the precipitate recall of Napoleon to the north—and Portugal, which, still in arms against the French, was nominally occupied by a British corps of 10,000 men, left there under Sir John Cradock at the time of General Moore's departure with the bulk of the army for Spain,

England was now at the commencement of her greatest war, and the eyes of the nation were at once instinctively turned on Sir Arthur Wellesley as the general to conduct it. Independently of the proofs he had already given of his quality at Roliga, and Vimiera, this enterprising and sagacious soldier stood almost alone in his confidence respecting the undertaking on hand. Arguing from the military position of Portugal, as flanking the long territory of Spain, from the natural features of the country (which he had already studied), and from the means of reinforcement and retreat securely provided by the sea, he stoutly declared his opinion that Portugal was tenable against the French, even if actual possessors of Spain, and that it offered ample opportunities of influencing the great result of the war. With these views he recommended that the Portuguese army should be organized at its full strength; that it should be in part taken into British pay and under the direction of British officers, and that a force of not less than 30,000 English troops should be despatched to keep this army together. So provided, he undertook the management of the war, and such were his resources, his tenacity, and his skill, that though 280,000 French soldiers were closing round Portugal as he landed at Lisbon, and though difficulties of the most arduous kind awaited him in his task, he neither flinched nor failed until he had led his little army in triumph, not only from the Tagus to the Ebro, but across the Pyrenees into France, and returned himself by Calais to England, after witnessing the downfall of the French capital.

Yet, so perilous was the conjuncture when the weight of affairs was thus thrown upon his shoulders, that a few weeks' more delay must have destroyed every prospect of success. Not only was Soult collecting himself for a swoop on the towers of Lisbon, but the Portuguese themselves were distrustful of our support, and the English troops, while daily preparing for embarkation, were compelled to assume a defensive attitude against those whose cause they were maintaining. But such was the prestige already attached to Wellesley's name, that his arrival in the Tagus changed every feature in the scene. No longer suspicious of our

intentions, the Portuguese government gave prompt effect to the suggestions of the English commander; levies were decreed and organized, provisions collected, depôts established, and a spirit of confidence again pervaded the country, which was unqualified on this occasion by that jealous distrust which had formerly neutralized its effects. The command in chief of the native army was intrusted to an English officer of great distinction—General Beresford,—and no time was lost in once more testing the efficiency of the British arms.

Soult, having left Ney to control the north, was at Oporto with 24,000 men, preparing to cross the Douro and descend upon Lisbon, while Victor and Lapisse, with 30,000 more, were to co-operate in the attack from the contiguous provinces of Estramadura and Leon.

The British force under Sir Arthur Wellesley's command amounted at this time to about 20,000 men, to which about 15,000 Portuguese, in a respectable state of organization, were added by the exertions of Beresford. Of these, about 24,000 were now led against Soult, who, though not inferior in strength, no sooner ascertained the advance of the English commander than he arranged for a retreat by detaching Loison with 6,000 men to dislodge a Portuguese post in his left rear. Sir Arthur's intention was to envelope, if possible, the French corps, by pushing forward a strong force upon its left, and then intercepting its retreat towards Ney's position, while the main body assaulted Soult in his quarters at Oporto. The former of these operations he intrusted to Beresford, the latter he directed in person. On the 12th of May the troops reached the southern bank of the Douro, the waters of which, 300 yards in width, rolled between them and their adversaries. In anticipation of the attack, Soult had destroyed the floating-bridge, had collected all the boats on the opposite side, and there, with his forces well in hand for action or retreat, was looking from the window of his lodging enjoying the presumed discomfiture of his opponent. To attempt such a passage as this in face of one of the ablest marshals of France, was, indeed, an audacious stroke, but it was not beyond the daring of that genius which

M. Thiers describes as calculated only for the stolid operations of defensive war. Availing himself of a point where the river, by a bend in its course, was not easily visible from the town, Sir Arthur determined on transporting, if possible, a few troops to the northern bank, and occupying an unfinished stone building, which he perceived was capable of affording temporary cover. The means were soon supplied by the activity of Colonel Waters—an officer whose habitual audacity rendered him one of the heroes of this memorable war. Crossing in a skiff to the opposite bank, he returned with two or three boats, and, in a few minutes, a company of the Buffs was established in the building. Reinforcements quickly followed, but not without discovery. The alarm was given, and presently the edifice was enveloped by the eager battalions of the French. The British, however, held their ground; a passage was effected at other points during the struggle; the French, after an ineffectual resistance, were fain to abandon the city in precipitation, and Sir Arthur, after this unexampled feat of arms, sat down that evening to the dinner which had been prepared for Soult.

This brilliant operation being effected, Sir Arthur was now at liberty to turn to the main project of the campaign—that to which, in fact, the attack upon Soult had been subsidiary—the defeat of Victor in Estremadura; and, as the force under this marshal's command was not greater than that which had been so decisively defeated at Oporto, some confidence might naturally be entertained in calculating upon the result. But at this time the various difficulties of the English commander began to disclose themselves. The troops were suffering severely from sickness, at least 4,000 being in hospital, while supplies of all kinds were miserably deficient, through the imperfections of the commissariat. The soldiers were nearly barefooted, their pay was largely in arrear, and the military chest was empty. In addition to this, although the real weakness of the Spanish armies was not yet fully known, it was clearly discernible that the character of their commanders would preclude any effective concert in the joint operations of the allied force. Cuesta would take no advice,

and insisted on the adoption of his own schemes with such obstinacy that Sir Arthur was compelled to frame his plans accordingly. Instead, therefore, of circumventing Victor as he had intended, he advanced into Spain at the beginning of July, to effect a junction with Cuesta and feel his way towards Madrid. The armies, when united, formed a mass of 78,000 combatants; but of these 56,000 were Spanish, and for the brunt of war Sir Arthur could only reckon on his 22,000 British troops, Beresford's Portuguese having been despatched to the north of Portugal. On the other side, Victor's force had been strengthened by the succours which Joseph Bonaparte, alarmed for the safety of Madrid, had hastily concentrated at Toledo; and when the two armies at length confronted each other at Talavera, it was found that 55,000 excellent French troops were arrayed against Sir Arthur and his ally, while nearly as many more were descending from the north on the line of the British communications along the valley of the Tagus. On the 28th of July, the British commander, after making the best dispositions in his power, received the attack of the French, directed by Joseph Bonaparte in person, with Victor and Jourdan at his side, and after an engagement of great severity, in which the Spaniards were virtually inactive, he remained master of the field against double his numbers, having repulsed the enemy at all points with heavy loss, and having captured several hundred prisoners and seventeen pieces of cannon in this the first great pitched battle between the French and English in the Peninsula.

In this well-fought field of Talavera the French had thrown, for the first time, their whole disposable force upon the British army without success, and Sir Arthur Wellesley inferred with a justifiable confidence that the relative superiority of his troops to those of the Emperor was practically decided. Jomini, the French military historian, confesses almost as much, and the opinions of Napoleon himself, as visible in his correspondence, underwent from that moment a serious change. Yet at home, the people, wholly unaccustomed to the contingences of a real war, and the opposition, unscrupulously employing the delusions of the people,

combined in decrying the victory, denouncing the successful general, and despairing of the whole enterprise. The city of London even recorded on a petition its discontent with the "rashness, ostentation, and useless valour" of that commander whom M. Thiers depicts as endowed solely with the sluggish and phlegmatic tenacity of his countrymen; and, though ministers succeeded in procuring an acknowledgment of the services performed, and a warrant for persisting in the effort, both they and the British general were sadly cramped in the means of action. Sir Arthur Wellesley became, indeed, "Baron Douro, of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the county of Somerset," but the Government was afraid to maintain his effective means, even at the moderate amount for which he had stipulated, and they gave him plainly to understand that the responsibility of the war must rest upon his own shoulders. He accepted it, and, in full reliance on his own resources and the tried valour of his troops, awaited the shock which was at hand.

The battle of Talavera acted on the Emperor Napoleon exactly like the battle of Vimiera. His best soldiers had failed against those led by the "Sepoy General," and he became seriously alarmed for his conquest of Spain. After Vimiera he rushed, at the head of his guards, through Somosierra to Madrid; and now, after Talavera, he prepared a still more redoubtable invasion. Relieved from his continental liabilities, by the campaigns of Aspern and Wagram, and from nearer apprehensions by the discomfiture of our expedition to Walcharen, he poured his now disposable legions in extraordinary numbers through the passes of the Pyrenees. Nine powerful corps, mustering fully 280,000 effective men, under Marshals Victor, Ney, Soult, Mortier, and Massena, with a crowd of aspiring general, besides, represented the force definitely charged with the final subjugation of the Peninsula. To meet the shock of this stupendous array, Wellington had the 20,000 troops of Talavera augmented, besides other reinforcements, by that memorable brigade which, under the name of the Light Division, became afterwards the admiration of both armies. In addition, he had Beres-

ford's Portuguese levies, now 30,000 strong, well-disciplined, and capable, as events showed, of becoming first-rate soldiers, making a total of some 55,000 disposable troops, independent of garrisons and detachments. All hopes of effectual co-operation from Spain had now vanished, and it was under such circumstances, with forces full of spirit, but numerically weak, without any assurance of sympathy at home, without money or supplies on the spot, and in the face of Napoleon's best marshal, with 80,000 troops in line, and 40,000 in reserve, that Wellington entered on the campaign of 1810—a campaign pronounced by military critics to be inferior to none in his whole career.

Withdrawing, after the victory of Talavera, from the concentrating forces of the enemy attracted by his advance, he had at first taken post on the Guadiana, until, wearied out by Spanish insincerity and perverseness, he moved his army to the Mondego, preparatory to those encounters which he foresaw the defence of Portugal must presently bring to pass. Already had he divined by his own sagacity the character and necessities of the coming campaign. Massena, as the best representative of the Emperor himself, having under his orders, Ney, Regnier, and Junot, was gathering his forces on the north-eastern frontier of Portugal to fulfil his master's commands "by sweeping the English leopard into the sea." Against such hosts as he brought to the assault a defensive attitude was all that could be maintained, and Wellington's eye had detected the true mode of operation. He proposed to make the immediate district of Lisbon perform that service for Portugal which Portugal itself performed for the Peninsula at large, by furnishing an impregnable fastness and a secure retreat. By carrying lines of fortification from the Atlantic coast, through Torres Vedras, to the bank of the Tagus a little above Lisbon, he succeeded in constructing an artificial stronghold within which his retiring forces would be inaccessible, and from which, as opportunities invited, he might issue at will. These provisions, silently and unobtrusively made, he calmly took post on the Coa, and awaited the assault. Hesitating or undecided, from some motive or other, Massena for weeks delayed the blow,

till at length, after feeling the mettle of the Light Division on the Coa, he put his army in motion after the British commander, who slowly retired to his defences. Deeming, however, that a passage of arms would tend both to inspirit his own troops in what seemed like a retreat, and to teach Massena the true quality of the antagonist before him, he deliberately halted at Busaco, and offered battle. Unable to refuse the challenge, the French marshal directed his bravest troops against the British position, but they were foiled with immense loss at every point of the attack; and Wellington proved, by one of his most brilliant victories, that his retreat partook neither of discomfiture nor fear. Rapidly recovering himself, however, Massena followed on his formidable foe, and was dreaming of little less than a second evacuation of Portugal, when to his astonishment and dismay, he found himself abruptly arrested in his course by the tremendous lines of Torres Vedras.

These prodigious intrenchments comprised a triple line of fortifications one within the other, the innermost being intended to cover the embarkation of the troops in the last resort. The main strength of the works had been thrown on the second line, at which it had been intended to make the final stand, but even the outer barrier was found in effect to be so formidable as to deter the enemy from all hopes of a successful assault. Thus checked in mid career, the French marshal chafed and fumed in front of these impregnable lines, afraid to attack, yet unwilling to retire. For a whole month did he lie here inactive, tenacious of his purpose, though aware of his defeat, and eagerly watching for the first advantage which the chances of war or the mistakes of the British general might offer him. Meantime, however, while Wellington's concentrated forces were enjoying, through his sage provisions, the utmost comfort and abundance within their lines, the French army was gradually reduced to the last extremities of destitution and disease, and Massena at length broke up in despair, to commence a retreat which was never afterwards exchanged for an advance. Confident in hope and spirit, and overjoyed to see retiring before them one of those real Imperial armies which had swept the continent

from the Rhine to the Vistula, the British troops issued from their works in hot pursuit, and, though the extraordinary genius of the French commander preserved his forces from what, in ordinary cases, would have been the ruin of a rout, yet his sufferings were so extreme and his losses so heavy that he carried to the frontier scarcely one-half of the force with which he had plunged blindly into Portugal. Following up his wary enemy with a caution which no success was permitted to disturb, Wellington presently availed himself of his position to attempt the recovery of Almeida, a fortress which, with Ciudad Rodrigo, forms the key of north-eastern Portugal, and which had been taken by Massena in his advance. Anxious to preserve this important place, the French marshal turned with his whole force upon the foe, but Wellington met him at Fuentes d'Onoro, repulsed his attempts in a sanguinary engagement, and Almeida fell.

As at this point the tide of French conquest had been actually turned, and the British army, so lightly held by Napoleon, was now manifestly chasing his eagles from the field, it might have been presumed that popularity and support would have rewarded the unexampled successes of the English general. Yet it was not so. The reverses experienced during the same period in Spain were loudly appealed to as neutralizing the triumphs in Portugal, and at no moment was there a more vehement denunciation of the whole Peninsula war. Though Cadiz resolutely held out, and Graham, indeed, on the heights of Barossa, had emulated the glories of Busaco, yet even the strong fortress of Badajoz had now fallen before the vigorous audacity of Soult; and Suchet, a rising general of extraordinary abilities, was effecting by the reduction of hitherto impregnable strongholds the complete conquest of Catalonia and Valencia. Eagerly turning these disasters to account, and inspired by the accession of the Prince Regent to power, the Opposition in the British parliament so pressed the Ministry, that at the very moment when Wellington, after his unrivalled strategy, was on the track of his retreating foe, he could scarcely count for common support on the Government he was serving. He was represented in England, as his

letters show us, to be "in a scrape," and he fought with the consciousness that all his reverses would be magnified and all his successes denied. Yet he failed neither in heart nor hand. He had verified all his own assertions respecting the defensibility of Portugal. His army had become a perfect model in discipline and daring, he was driving before him 80,000 of the best troops of the Empire, and he relied on the resources of his own genius for compensating those disadvantages to which he foresaw he must be still exposed. Such was the campaign of 1810,—better conceived and worse appreciated than any which we shall have to record.

As the maintenance of Portugal was subsidiary to the great object of the war,—the deliverance of the Peninsula from French domination,—Wellington of course proceeded, after successfully repulsing the invaders from Portuguese soil, to assume the offensive, by carrying his arms into Spain. Thus, after defeating Junot, he had been induced to try the battle of Talavera; and now, after expelling Massena, he betook himself to similar designs, with this difference—that instead of operating by the valley of the Tagus against Madrid, he now moved to the valley of the Guadiana for the purpose of recovering Badajoz, a fortress, like that of Ciudad Rodrigo, so critically situated on the frontier, that with these two places in the enemy's hands, as they now were, it became hazardous either to quit Portugal or to penetrate into Spain. At this point, therefore, were now to commence the famous sieges of the Peninsula—sieges which will always reflect immortal honour on the troops engaged, and which will always attract the interest of the English reader; but which must, nevertheless, be appealed to as illustrations of the straits to which an army may be led by want of military experience in the government at home. By this time the repeated victories of Wellington and his colleagues had raised the renown of British soldiers to at least an equality with that of Napoleon's veterans, and the incomparable efficiency, in particular, of the Light Division was acknowledged to be without a parallel in any European service. But in those departments of the army where excellence is less the result of

tive ability, the forces under Wellington were still greatly surpassed by trained legions of the Emperor. Napoleon had devoted his whole life to the organization of the parks and trains which attend the march of an army in the field, the British troops had only the most imperfect resources on which to rely. The Engineer corps, though admirable in quality, was so deficient in numbers that commissions were placed at the free disposal of bridge mathematicians. The siege works were weak and worthless against the solid ramparts of Peninsular fortifications, the intrenching tools were ill made that they snapped in the hands of the workmen, and the art of mining and mining was so little known that this branch of the siege duties was neglected on by draughts from the regiments of the line, imperfectly and rarely instructed for the purpose. Accordingly, these results can only be explained by long foresight, patient waiting, and costly provision; it was not in the power of a single mind, however capacious, to effect an instantaneous reform, and Wellington was compelled to supply the deficiencies with the best blood of his troops.

The position taken up by Wellington as he transferred his operations from the south to the north frontier of Portugal was at Fuente Guinaldo, a locality possessing some advantageous features in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo. His thoughts being occupied by the means of gaining border fortresses, he had promptly ordered Rodrigo from Badajoz, and arranged his plans with a double prospect of success. Knowing that Ciudad Rodrigo was inadequately provisioned, conceived hopes of blockading it by submission from his post at Fuente Guinaldo, since in the presence of this place no supplies could be thrown into the town unless escorted by a convoy sent to the army under his command. Therefore, the French marshal expected to abandon Rodrigo to its fate, or must go through the difficult operation of concentrating all his forces to form the convoy required. Marmont rejected the latter alternative, and united his army with that of Dorsenne in order to the relief of Rodrigo with immense train of stores and 60,000 fighting men. By this extraordinary attempt not only was the place pro-

visioned, but Wellington himself was brought into a situation of some peril, for after successfully repulsing an attempt of the French in the memorable combat of El Bodon he found himself the next day, with only 15,000 men actually at his disposal, exposed to the attack of the entire French army. Fortunately Marmont was unaware of the chance thus offered him, and while he was occupying himself in evolutions and displays Wellington collected his troops and stood once more in security on his position. This movement, however, of the French commander, destroyed all hopes of reducing Rodrigo by blockade, and the British general recurred accordingly to the alternative he had been contemplating of an assault by force.

To comprehend the difficulties of this enterprise, it must be remembered that the superiority of strength was indisputably with the French whenever they concentrated their forces, and that it was certain such concentration would be attempted, at any risk, to save such a place as Rodrigo. Wellington, therefore, had to prepare, with such secrecy as to elude the suspicions of his enemy, the enormous mass of materials required for such a siege as that he projected. As the town stood on the opposite or Spanish bank of the river Agueda, and as the approaches were commanded by the guns of the garrison, it became necessary to construct a temporary bridge. Moreover, the heavy battering train, which alone required 5,000 bullocks to draw it, had to be brought up secretly to the spot, though it was a work almost of impossibility to get a score of cattle together. But these difficulties were surmounted by the inventive genius of the British commander. Preparing his battering train at Lisbon, he shipped it at that port as if for Cadiz, transhipped it into smaller craft at sea, and then brought it up the stream of the Douro. In the next place he succeeded, beyond the hopes of his engineers, in rendering the Douro navigable for a space of forty miles beyond the limit previously presumed, and at length he collected the whole necessary materials in the rear of his army without any knowledge on the part of his antagonist. He was now to reap the reward of his precaution and skill. Towards the close of the year the French armies

having—conformably to directions of the Emperor, framed entirely on the supposition that Wellington had no heavy artillery—been dispersed in cantonments, the British general suddenly threw his bridge across the Agueda, and besieged Ciudad Rodrigo in force. Ten days only elapsed between the investment and the storm. On the 8th of January, 1812, the Agueda was crossed, and on the 19th the British were in the city. The loss of life greatly exceeded the limits assigned to such expenditure in the scientific calculations of military engineers; but the enterprise was undertaken in the face of a superior force, which could at once have defeated it by appearing on the scene of action; and so effectually was Marmont baffled by the vigour of the British that the place had fallen before his army was collected for its relief. The repetition of such a stroke at Badajoz, which was now Wellington's aim, presented still greater difficulties, for the vigilance of the French was alarmed, the garrison of the place had been reconstituted by equal draughts from the various armies in order to interest each marshal personally in its relief, and Soult in Andalusia, like Marmont in Castile, possessed a force competent to overwhelm any covering army which Wellington could detach. Yet on the 7th of April Badajoz likewise fell, and after opening a new campaign with these famous demonstrations of his own sagacity and the courage of his troops, he prepared for a third time to advance definitely from Portugal into Spain.

Though the forces of Napoleon in the Peninsula were presently to be somewhat weakened by the requirements of the Russian war, yet at the moment when these strongholds were wrenched from their grasp the ascendancy of the Emperor was yet uncontested, and from the Niemen to the Atlantic there was literally no resistance to his universal dominion save by this army, which was clinging with invincible tenacity to the rocks of Portugal, at the western extremity of Europe. From these well defended lines, however, they were now to emerge, and while Hill, by his surprise of Gerard at Arroyo Molinos and his brilliant capture of the forts at the bridge of Almaraz, was alarming the French for the safety of Andalusia, Wellington

began his march to the Pyrenees. On this occasion he was at first unimpeded. So established was the reputation of the troops and their general that Marmont retired as he advanced, and Salamanca, after four years of oppressive occupation, was evacuated before the liberating army. But the hosts into which Wellington had thus boldly plunged with 40,000 troops still numbered fully 270,000 soldiers, and though these forces were divided by distance and jealousies, Marmont had no difficulty in collecting an army numerically superior to that of his antagonist. Returning, therefore, to the contest, and hovering about the English general for the opportunity of pouncing at an advantage upon his troops, he gave promise of a decisive battle, and, after some days of elaborate manœuvring, the opposing armies found themselves confronted, on the 22nd of July, in the vicinity of Salamanca. It was a trial of strategy, but in strategy as well as vigour the French marshal was surpassed by his redoubtable adversary. Seizing with intuitive genius an occasion which Marmont offered, Wellington fell upon his army and routed it so completely that half of its effective force was destroyed in the engagement. So decisively had the blow been dealt, and so skilfully had it been directed, that, as Napoleon had long foretold of such an event, it paralysed the entire French force in Spain, and reduced it to the relative position so long maintained by the English—that of tenacious defence. The only two considerable armies now remaining were those of Suchet, in the east, and Soult in the south. Suchet, on hearing of Marmont's defeat, proposed that the French should make a Portugal of their own in Catalonia, and defend themselves in its fastnesses till aid could arrive from the Pyrenees; while Soult advocated with equal warmth a retirement into Andalusia and a concentration behind the Guadiana. There was little time for deliberation, for Wellington was hot upon his prey, but as King Joseph decamped from his capital he sent orders to Soult to evacuate Andalusia; and the victorious army of the British, after thus, by a single blow, clearing half Spain of its invaders, made its triumphant entry into Madrid.

Wellington was now in possession

of the capital of Spain. He had succeeded in delivering that blow which had so long been meditated, and had signalized the growing ascendancy of his army by the total defeat of his chief opponent in open field. But his work was far from finished; and while all around was rejoicing and triumph, his forecast was anxiously revolving the imminent contingencies of the war. In one sense, indeed, the recent victory had increased rather than lessened the dangers of his position, for it had driven his adversaries by force of common peril into a temporary concert, and Wellington well knew that any such concert would reduce him again to the defensive. Marshal Soult, it was true, had evacuated Andalusia, and King Joseph Madrid; but their forces had been carried to Suchet's quarters in Valencia, where they would thus form an overpowering concentration of strength; and in like manner, though Marmont's army had been shorn of half its numbers, it was rapidly recovering itself under Clauzel by the absorption of all the detachments which had been operating in the north. Wellington saw, therefore, that he must prepare himself for a still more decisive struggle, if not for another retreat: and conceiving it most important to disembarass his rear, he turned round upon Clauzel with the intention of crushing him before he could be fully reinforced, and thus establishing himself securely on the line of the Douro to wait the advance of King Joseph from the east.

With these views, after leaving a strong garrison at Madrid, he put his army in motion, drove Clauzel before him from Valladolid, and on the 18th of September appeared before Burgos. This place, though not a fortification of the first rank, had been recently strengthened by the orders of Napoleon, whose sagacity had divined the use to which its defences might possibly be turned. It lay in the great road to Bayonne, and was now one of the chief depôts retained by the French in the Peninsula, for the campaign had stripped them of Rodrigo, Badajoz, Madrid, Salamanca, and Seville. It became, therefore, of great importance to effect its reduction, and Wellington sat down before it with a force which, although theoretically unequal to the work, might, perhaps, from past recol-

lections, have warranted some expectations of success. But our Peninsular sieges supply, as we have said, rather warnings than examples. Badajoz and Rodrigo were only won by a profuse expenditure of life, and Burgos, though attacked with equal intrepidity, was not won at all. After consuming no less than five weeks before its walls, Wellington gave reluctant orders for raising the siege and retiring. It was, indeed, time, for the northern army, now under the command of Souham, mustered 44,000 men in his rear, and Soult and Joseph were advancing with fully 70,000 more upon the Tagus. To oppose these forces Wellington had only 33,000 troops, Spaniards included, under his immediate command; while Hill, with the garrison of Madrid, could only muster some 20,000 to resist the advance of Soult. The British commander determined, therefore, on recalling Hill from Madrid and resuming his former position on the Agueda—a resolution which he successfully executed in the face of the difficulties around him, though the suffering and discouragement of the troops during this unwelcome retreat were extremely severe. A detailed criticism of these operations would be beyond our province. It is enough to say that the French made a successful defence, and we have no occasion to begrudge them the single achievement against the English arms which could be contributed to the historic gallery of Versailles by the whole Peninsular war.

Several circumstances now combined to promise a decisive turn in the operations of the war. The initiative, once taken by Wellington, had been never lost, and although he had retrograded from Burgos, it was without any discomfiture at the hands of the enemy. The reinforcements despatched from England, though proportioned neither to the needs of the war nor the resources of the country, were considerable, and the effective strength of the army—a term which excludes the Spanish contingents—reached to full 70,000 men. On the other hand, the reverses of Napoleon in the Russian campaign had not only reduced his forces in the Peninsula, but had rendered it improbable that they could be succoured on any emergency with the same promptitude as before. Above all, Wellington himself was now un-

fettered in his command; for if the direction in chief of the Spanish armies brought but little direct accession of strength, it at any rate relieved him from the necessity of concerting operations with generals on whose discretion he had found it impossible to rely. These considerations, coupled with an instinctive confidence in his dispositions for the campaign, and an irresistible presage of the success which at length awaited his patience, so inspired the British commander, that, on putting his troops once more in motion for Spain, he rose in his stirrups as the frontier was passed, and waving his hat, exclaimed prophetically, "Farewell Portugal!" Events soon verified the finality of this adieu, for a few short months carried the "Sepoy General" in triumph to Paris.

Hitherto, as we have seen, the offensive movements of Wellington from his Portuguese strong-hold had been usually directed against Madrid by one of the two great roads of Salamanca or Talavera, and the French had been studiously led to anticipate similar dispositions on the present occasion. Under such impressions they collected their main strength on the north bank of the Douro, to defend that river to the last, intending, as Wellington moved upon Salamanca, to fall on his left flank by the bridges of Toro and Zamora. The British general, however, had conceived a very different plan of operations. Availing himself of preparations carefully made and information anxiously collected, he moved the left wing of his army through a province hitherto untraversed to the north bank of the Douro, and then, after demonstrations at Salamanca, suddenly joining it with the remainder of the army, he took the French defences in reverse, and showed himself in irresistible force on the line of their communications. The effect was decisive. Constantly menaced by the British left, which was kept steadily in advance, Joseph evacuated one position after another without hazarding an engagement, blew up the castle of Burgos in the precipitancy of his retreat, and only took post at Vittoria to experience the most conclusive defeat ever sustained by the French arms since the battle of Blenheim. His entire army was routed, with inconsiderable slaughter, but with irrecoverable

discomfiture. All the plunder of the Peninsula fell into the hands of the victors. Jourdan's *bâton* and Joseph's travelling carriage became the trophies of the British general, and the walls of Apsley House display to this hour in their most precious ornaments the spoils of this memorable battle. The occasion was improved as skilfully as it had been created. Pressing on his retiring foe, Wellington drove him into the recesses of the Pyrenees, and, surrounding the frontier fortresses of St Sebastian and Pampluna, prepared to maintain the mountain passes against a renewed invasion. His anticipations of the future proved correct. Detaching what force he could spare from his own emergencies, Napoleon sent Soult again with plenary powers to retrieve the credit and fortunes of the army. Impressed with the peril of the crisis, and not disguising the abilities of the commander opposed to him, this able "Lieutenant of the Emperor" collected his whole strength, and suddenly poured with impetuous valour through the passes of the Pyrenees on the isolated posts of his antagonist. But at Maya and Sorauven the French were once more repulsed by the vigorous determination of the British; St. Sebastian, after a sanguinary siege, was carried by storm, and on the 9th of November, four months after the battle of Vittoria, Wellington slept, for the last time during the war, on the territory of the Peninsula. The Bidassoa and the Nivelle were successfully crossed in despite of all the resistance which Soult could oppose, and the British army, which five years before, amid the menacing hosts of the enemy and the ill-boding omens of its friends, had maintained a precarious footing on the crags of Portugal, now bivouacked in uncontested triumph on the soil of France. With these strokes the mighty game had at length been won; for, though Soult clung with convulsive tenacity to every defensible point, the result of the struggle was now beyond the reach of fortune. Not only was Wellington advancing in irresistible strength, but Napoleon himself had succumbed to his more immediate antagonists; and the French marshals, discovering themselves without authority or support, desisted from hostilities which had become both gratuitous and hopeless.

terminated, with unexampled England and its army, the Peninsular War—a struggle with ambiguous views and with doubtful expectations, ended by a triumphant conclusion extraordinary genius of a single man. We are not imputing any pro-heroism to the conquerors or chief. None knew better than Wellington that war was not romance, but a process obeying the same rules uniformly determine the success of national undertakings. It is untrue, as we have been deceived that Wellington, with a heterogeneous force rarely exceeding 50,000 troops, and frequently far exceeding this disproportionate number, did first repel, then attack, and finally vanquish, a host of foes numbering from 200,000 to 350,000 of the soldiers of the French Emperor by its most renowned commander; and such a feat of arms does not appear to savour of the heroic or the natural. But the game was not a reality on the cards. The resources of the French were not only available for a concentrated effort, but the jealousies of the several provinces, and the caprices of their sovereign, precluded any systematic co-operation between them, the necessities of subsistence in a hostile country effectually destroyed the assemblage for any extended period of a larger force. The British commander had no ability to encounter. The sieges of Talavera and Salamanca showed Wellington that his army was not, under proper precautions, to be attacked in the field; experience taught him the limit of reinforcement from France. In the next place, arrangements and responsibilities of the French were greatly augmented by their own system of tactics. He determined enmity of the Spaniards. Relying, according to Napoleon's principle, for the support of the people on the war itself, they were led to alienate the people of the country by ruthless plunder, and to fortify every post of every dépôt. As the guerilla practiced strength their communications were intercepted in every direction, and they commanded not an

inch of territory beyond their immediate quarters. If they quitted a province, they lost it; if they evacuated a post for a moment, it was seized by enemies who were powerless against them in open field, but who hung with invincible hostility on their flanks and rear. On the other hand, Wellington commanded a compact army in a central position, from which he could operate in any direction at pleasure. Having conclusively proved, against even the tenacity and genius of Massena, that his own post was impregnable, he could strike at will to the right or the left; he could menace Soult in Andalusia, or Clausel in Galicia, or alarm King Joseph for his throne by marching upon Madrid. He was independent of the necessities which so crippled his antagonists. The sea was his own, and every port between Lisbon and Santander could be turned into a base of operations and an unfailing source of supplies. He knew that at the worst he could hold Portugal against all the might of France, and that there lay obedient to his baton an army competent to seize and improve every opportunity which time might bring—opportunities which could hardly be lacking under a system so hollow and unsubstantial as that on which Napoleon's power was reared. These are the conditions, explanatory in some degree of the result of the war; but they are in no wise disparaging to those extraordinary talents which conducted it to its conclusion.

But for Wellington these chances would have been wholly unimproved and lost. It is his transcendent merit that he described these promising circumstances when they were hidden from most and denied by all. He first detected the capabilities of Portugal as a defensive position; he first indicated the weak points of his antagonists; he first inspired confidence in his soldiers. To realize the favourable chances of the war, it was required that no act of imprudence should compromise the safety of that army on which all depended; that no means should be spared to maintain its efficiency and to create subsidiary force in the levies of the country; that temptations should be resisted, obloquy disregarded, and provocations passed by. All this Wellington did, and did too, not only without support, but in despite of discouragement.

agement. He never could persuade his countrymen of their real duties or prospects. They were extravagantly elated at his first success, and proportionately desponding afterwards. He could never teach them to look into the future or to believe in the value of a victory which fell short of a conquest. For a long time it may be said that he conducted the war on his own responsibility alone, for the Ministry, even when favourably disposed, were unable to send him adequate succours, and there was an Opposition ever ready to prophesy and denounce calamities which they were doing their best to occasion. On the spot, too, he was calumniated and thwarted in every possible way by the very people whose cause he was sustaining. The Spanish Generals encumbered his movements, while the Spanish Government, under the dictation of the populace of Cadiz, violated every engagement with him as soon as it was made. Yet, under all these circumstances, he persevered. He alone, at an early period, detected the essential unsoundness of the French power, and reiterated his assurances of eventual success. He argued with his own Government, temporized with his Spanish colleagues, and even convinced the patriot mob. By incessant exertions and extraordinary skill he raised a body of militia-men and recruits into an army unparalleled for its excellence, and by a succession of victories he at length taught his discontented countrymen to know their own military capacities and to believe in the fortune of their arms. It was this gradual creation of means and power which communicated so distinctive a character to the war. Sir Arthur Wellesley originally sailed with a handful of troops on an "expedition" to Portugal. He returned the commander of such a British army as had never before been seen, and the conqueror in such a war as had never before been maintained. Single-handed, England had encountered and defeated those redoubtable legions of France, before which Continental Europe had hitherto succumbed. She had become a principal in the great European struggle, and, by the talents and fortune of her great commander, had entitled herself to no second place in the councils of the world. It is as well,

perhaps, that our subject demands no special notice of that invincible army by which these feats were wrought. When the war was at last concluded by the ruin of the belligerents, it had penetrated the French territory as far as Bordeaux. There it was broken up. Its famous regiments, some were carried across the Atlantic to be launched heedlessly against the redoubts of New Orleans, some shipped off to perish in the rice swamps of Antigua, and some retained to participate in one more battle for victory. But from this point its renown lives in history alone; its merits never met the recognition which was their due, and our own generation has witnessed the tardy acknowledgment, by a piece of riband and a medal of deeds which forty years before proved the salvation of Europe and the immortal glory of Britain.

During the memorable events which we have been describing the character and position of Wellington had risen to a signal pitch of reputation and esteem. A successful soldier and popular commander he had been accounted from the beginning, but he was now recognized as something infinitely more. By degrees the Spanish war had become a conspicuous element in the mighty European struggle; as it was the only war, indeed, in which an ascendant was permanently maintained over the star of Napoleon. All eyes were therefore turned upon the general enjoying such an exclusive privilege of genius or fortune. None were his merits limited to the field of battle alone. He was the wise adviser of Spanish and Portuguese statesmen, and whatever administrative successes awaited their efforts were due to no counsels but his. His clear vision and steady judgment disentangled all the intricacies of democratic intrigues or courtly corruptions and detected at once the path of wisdom and policy. It was impossible, too, that his views should be confined to the Peninsula. In those days politics wore a cosmopolitan character. There was but one great question before the eyes of the world—European freedom or European servitude—the "French Empire" on one side and coalition of adversaries or victims on the other. Wellington's eye was cast over the plains of Germany, over the

of Russia, on the shores of the ; and the islands of the Mediter-
n. His sagacity estimated every
nation at its true import, and
ured the effects of every expedi-
while his victories served to check
ndency or animate resistance in
ries far removed from the scene
operations. The battle of Sala-
a was celebrated by the retiring
ans with rejoicings which fell
ously on the ears of their pur-
and the triumph of Vittoria de-
ned the wavering policy of Aus-
against the tottering fortunes of
leon. These circumstances lent a
t to the words of Wellington
as had rarely been before exp-
ed either by statesman or soldier.
l points relating to the one great
em of the day his opinion was
usly asked and respectfully re-
l—and not by his own Govern-
alone, but by all Cabinets con-
d in the prosecution of the pending
gle. When, therefore, the disso-
of Napoleon's empire compelled
organization of France, the Duke
llington was promptly despatched
ris as the person most competent
rise and instruct the new Admi-
nistration—four days only elapsing
en his departure from the head
e army and his appearance as
h Ambassador at the Tuileries.
n a week, again, of this time he
recipitately recalled to Madrid,
e only individual who by his
ience, knowledge, and influence
compose the differences between
panish people and their malicious
eign; and before six months had
l he was on his way to Vienna
representative of his country in
reat congress of nations which
o determine the settlement of the
. These practical testimonies to
enown throw wholly into the
those incidental honours and
ations by which national acknow-
ments are conveyed, and it is al-
superfluous to add that all the
and distinctions at the command
owns and Cabinets were show-
upon the liberator of the Penin-
and the conqueror of Napoleon.
era had made him a baron and a
unt; Ciudad Rodrigo an earl, Sa-
aca a marquis, and Vittoria a
; and as these honours had all
ulated in his absence, his suc-

cessive patents were read together in
a single day, as he took his seat for
the first time, and with the highest
rank, among the peers of England.

But his military services were not
yet quite concluded—they were to ter-
minate in a more brilliant though not
more substantial triumph than had
been won on the fields of Spain. While
the allied Sovereigns were wrangling
over the trophies of their success, their
terrible antagonist reappeared once
more. Napoleon was again in Paris,
and, aided by the devotion of his ad-
herents, the military capacities of the
nation, and the numbers of veteran
soldiers who at the peace had been
released from imprisonment, he speed-
ily advanced at the head of an army
as formidable as that of Austerlitz or
Friedland. At the first rumours of
war the contingent of England had
been intrusted to Wellington, who
occupied in Belgium the post of hon-
our and peril. Of all the mighty re-
inforcements announced none but a
Prussian corps was at hand, when,
without warning given, the French
Emperor fell headlong on his enemies
at Ligny and Quatre Bras. The Duke
had sketched out a scheme of hostili-
ties with his usual decision, and was
prepared to take the field with his
usual confidence, but the loss of that
army which “could go anywhere and
do anything” was now grievously felt.
The troops of Napoleon were the very
finest of the Empire—the true repre-
sentatives of the Grand Army; but
Wellington's motley force comprised
only 33,000 British, and of these only a
portion was contributed by the re-
doubtable old regiments of the Penin-
sula. Nevertheless, with these in the
front line, and with Brunswickers, Bel-
gians, Dutch, and Germans in support,
the British general awaited at Water-
loo the impetuous onset of Napoleon,
at length won that crowning victory
which is even yet familiar to the minds
of Englishmen. That this final con-
quest added much more than bril-
liancy to the honours of Wellington is
what cannot be said. The campaign
was not long enough for strategy, nor
was the battle fought by manœuvres;
but whatever could be done by a gen-
eral was done by England's Duke, and
this distinct, and, as it were, personal
conflict between the two great com-
manders of the age, naturally invested

the conqueror with a peculiar lustre of renown.

Thus far we have chiefly reviewed the incidents of the life of the great Duke as a soldier and commander, using for the most part the words of an able writer in the "Times." We now pass to a period of his history entirely new, and enter upon the consideration of his character, ability, and principles as a politician and civilian, in which capacities he has been scarcely less distinguished than as the greatest general of his age and country. In these new phases of his character and aspects of his career, as much for the sake of variety as from preference, we give the portrait drawn by the "Illustrated London News."

Very rarely in the history of mankind has it fallen to the lot of those who have distinguished themselves as conquerors or generals to exercise control over the civil affairs of the countries they may have conquered, served, or saved. Alexander and Cæsar are examples in the ancient world; Napoleon among contemporaries: for, although he lived to accomplish wonders in the internal organization of France, his loudest complaint, and his strongest plea, with posterity, was, that he was, in a manner, forced into perpetual war, was suddenly arrested in his career as a ruler, and that had he been spared to "fulfil his mission," he would have developed still grander plans.

The Duke of Wellington was favoured, in this respect, more than any other great commander, of past or present times. After a military career of unparalleled glory—the time occupied in his achievements, and the greatness of the interests at stake, being considered—fortune reserved for him a civil career, which, if it was less brilliant in its incidents, was certainly of scarcely less importance to the welfare of his country. After nearly twenty years of war, in which conquest seemed an inevitable result of his appearance in the field, it was his lot to pass through more than five-and-thirty years of civil activity; during the greater part of which period he was the most prominent and influential among our statesmen, as in the former part of his life he had been the foremost man in an age productive to a marvel in military talent.

The Duke of Wellington commenced

his political career under circumstances at once favourable and unfavourable. With the *prestige* of his conquests around him; with the vivid remembrance in men's minds of the scene that had attended his entrance into the House of Lords when the eulogistic gratitude of his countrymen, expressed through the Speaker of the House of Commons, furnished the noblest justification that could be offered for the diadem heaped on him by the Crown, these brilliant accessories, and still in the full vigour of early life, that the Duke of Wellington should have lived to fulfil all the expectations that had been formed for him, from his conduct in India, entrusted with the civil administration of conquered provinces, as well as those who had perused his Peninsular despatches—not yet communicated to the world—this might have been upon but as the natural consequence of great services and a grand reputation. Yet, flattering and favourable as were the circumstances under which the Duke entered the political arena, there were other and hidden causes which silently and secretly to undermine his great influence to destroy, in the apprehension of a great majority of his countrymen, the brilliant *prestige* derived from his military services.

It is one of the necessary and untoward consequences of our constitutional system of government, that public men are not always esteemed in proportion to their actual personal merits; to say, according to their intelligence, sagacity, and general popularity; but that they stand or fall by the public esteem, by the opinion which they may entertain on disputed questions, and the degree to which they may oppose or supply the wishes of the people. It is not necessary to moralise on this no fact—its notoriety is sufficient. Some of the most eminent of British statesmen during the present century have vividly exemplified the power of popular will in this respect. Sir Robert Peel, while he stood forth as the champion of defunct Toryism, was held as an object of antagonism to the people; Lord Brougham, while Henry Brougham and the eloquent champion of popular rights, was

other hand, a popular idol. When Sir Robert Peel discovered that the tendency of the age was adverse to his earlier creed, and boldly resolved to meet the wants and wishes of the nation, the popular antagonism became converted into enthusiastic admiration; while Lord Brougham, in consequence of the obtrusive propagandism of his late reactionary opinions, has lost his popularity, and been ranked with the enemies of the people.

During a part of his long career, the Duke of Wellington was subjected to similar vicissitudes—was alternately the object of popular disparagement (to use the mildest term), and of popular respect. It is well to know that public men in England are so constituted that, without hardening their hearts towards their countrymen, when they believe them to be ungrateful, they can maintain their equilibrium alike amidst adulation and censure, popularity and unpopularity, love and hatred. It was the natural privilege and advantage of Wellington that he was physically and mentally so organised as to be, we will not say insensible, but impervious to all such influences. His common sense protected and shielded him alike against flattery and odium. He best knew, better than his eulogists, in what he had really done good and served his country; so that he could afford to weigh and test the praises awarded for his deeds; and equally, when later in life the current turned against him, he was the fitting judge of his own motives and principles of action. His adamant nature stood by him through all trials; and when at last, his conduct proved that, in obstructing the public will, he had not acted from pure obstinacy, but rather from his own ideas of his duty and of the philosophy of statesmanship; and when he once more received the long-suspended ovations of his countrymen, he showed himself as little moved in the one case as he had been in the other.

The political life of the Duke of Wellington began inauspiciously. The great enemy of England being laid low, the empire began to feel the reaction consequent on a long period of mad excitement. Enormous debts had been contracted; an artificial prosperity had long subsisted, which was now to decay; the nation had ridden on the

high tide of enthusiasm till the prosaic facts of life were disagreeable, if not intolerable; war prices, scarcely felt during the war, became unbearable in a time of peace; an active, energetic, and most able Opposition in both houses of Parliament was engaged in both Houses of Parliament was engaged in arousing the attention of the public at large to the enormous abuses that had crept into public affairs during a succession of corrupt, not to say profligate, Administrations, fostered and shielded in the shadow cast on domestic Government by the events on the Continent. The ancient spirit of the British people—their love of self-government (not stifled by the disastrous result of the attempts of the French in the same direction) was once more aroused; and once more they sought, though for long in vain, to realise the practical blessings of the theoretical liberty guaranteed by the Constitution; in fine, the nation was being prepared for one of those great convulsive throes—one of those impulsive movements which, at various times, have characterised its history, and in the course of which, as experience showed, the people would be prepared to sweep away any obstructions, whether of Reputations, of Men, or of Institutions, that could stand in the way of the accomplishment of their righteous will. Now the Duke of Wellington, by the constitution of his mind, by his hereditary associations, by his personal preferences, by his military habits, and, let us add, by his conscientious convictions, was utterly and sternly opposed to all this new and agitating spirit of inquiry and reform. He looked upon the measures proposed, and on the instruments of the movement, with equal scorn. His fixed ideas led him to resist Catholic Emancipation, Fiscal Reduction, Parliamentary Reform—every proposition, in short, that was advocated by Grey, Brougham, Tierney—nay, in some instances, even by that brilliant champion of his own peculiar party—Canning. He ever worshipped a political god, Terminus. Not greater was his dislike to the measures than his contempt for the press, that most potent yet developing agent in their accomplishment. He had suffered so much in Portugal and Spain from “those rascally newspapers,” as he termed

them, that he forgot the vast difference between a journalist who, in his avidity for news, betrayed to the enemy the positions or plans of the British forces abroad, and the organ of the public wishes at home, engaged in a legitimate crusade against corruption and administrative tyranny. All these things considered, one cannot marvel that the Duke of Wellington should have stood in imminent danger of seeing his popularity wane, or that in the course of a few years he should have become, in the popular mind so identified with the hated system of Government, that no small portion of the hatred it excited should have been concentrated on himself.

It was not, however, until some time after the great events of 1815 that the Duke of Wellington began to take any prominent part in Home politics. He attended with tolerable regularity in Parliament, and voted with the Tory Ministry of the day, but rarely took any part in the debates. In 1818 he was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, an office which he continued to fill until several years after a great schism arose in the Tory party. In 1819 the Duke made a speech in the House of Lords, which is worthy of notice, as embodying one of a series of energetic protests against Catholic Emancipation. It is due, however, to the political memory of the Duke, to say that he never took a religious or sectarian, but always what may fairly be called a statesmanlike view of that question. Nearly a quarter of a century before he had sat in the Irish Parliament, and soon after the commencement of the present century he had first been appointed to the office of Secretary for Ireland. An Irishman by birth, he had thus enjoyed many opportunities of studying the Catholic question in its bearings on State policy. At the same time, he always proclaimed the great principle that difference of religion was no disqualification for the public service; and although he then opposed not only Mr. Pitt's transmitted scheme of Emancipation, but also the suggested increase of the grant to Maynooth, he did so avowedly not in animosity towards his Catholic countrymen, but because, on political grounds, he dreaded an increase to the political power of the Catholic Church. In the speech in 1819, already referred

to, the same view is taken; and it is also remarkable for that frankness and plain speaking which characterized the Duke's speeches when he became a more important political character. He did not disguise that the Protestant religion was hateful in Ireland, as having been imposed by the sword; and he assumed as a matter of course, that the Catholics would use any power conceded to them in the recovery not only of their lost possessions, but also of the alienated possessions of the Church. Still he did not object to emancipation, if adequate political securities could be procured; but he frankly confessed his conviction that such securities were impossible. It is curious to notice, that the Duke, at this early period, touched on one point which has much occupied men's minds at the present time—that of a veto in the British Crown on the appointment of Catholic Bishops. At that date, the Pope had willingly yielded this concession on his part, reserving only to himself the spiritual ordination; but the Irish had expressed the strongest disapproval of this scheme as an attack on their national independence. Under these circumstances, the Duke thought it was impossible at that date to concede Emancipation consistently with the security of the Protestant Church; but, at the same time, he set an example to the Eldons and Percivals of looking at the subject from a political rather than from a religious point of view. Nine years after, and within a very few months of his standing forward as the agent of Emancipation, the Duke repented his belief in the impossibility of its being granted.

We now leap to the year 1823, when we find the Duke of Wellington once more engaged in the service of his country abroad. It was no new position for him to be engaged as a diplomatist and plenipotentiary; he had already manifested an extraordinary capacity for those functions, although his calibre was too large to permit his being employed in the ordinary functions of an ambassador, except on very important occasions. One of the first acts of Mr. Canning on his being appointed Foreign Secretary, in 1823, was to nominate the Duke of Wellington as Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Verona. It was well that a man of his stamp was so sent, for when the

Duke reached Paris on his way, instead of finding that the relative positions of Russia and Turkey would be the object of the consultations of that Congress, it appeared that the great object of the Allied Sovereigns was to determine the conditions of an intervention in the domestic affairs of Spain. The Duke of Wellington immediately communicated this intelligence to Mr. Canning, demanding instructions. Mr. Canning's reply was prompt and decisive. He said, that, if France attempted an interference in Spain, whether by arms or by threats, the Duke was frankly and peremptorily to declare that to any such interference, come what might, his Majesty the King would not be a party. Acting on these instructions, the Duke opposed the project; and when the other powers resolved on isolating themselves from Spain, the Duke of Wellington refused to withdraw our Ambassador, but left him there, in the hope that he might, by his good offices, abate the annoyance and irritation occasioned to the proud Spanish people by the conduct of the Holy Alliance. Subsequently, Mr. Canning requested the Duke of Wellington to become the medium of a special communication which he desired to address to the Spanish Government; and in selecting the Duke of Wellington he wished to pay a compliment to him personally, and at the same time to increase the probability of his wishes being acceded to, from their being conveyed through one who had rendered such great services to the Spanish nation.

In the year 1826, the Duke of Wellington again figured in a diplomatic capacity. The embassy to St. Petersburg is usually held to confer a mark of great honour. The Duke was sent thither, and his appointment tallied in date with the arrival of the allied army in Paris. The Emperor of Russia seized on the occasion to pay the Duke of Wellington a very distinguished compliment. He addressed to him an autograph letter, announcing that, in consideration of his great qualities as a soldier and a civilian, and of the distinguished services he had rendered to Europe, the Smolensks regiment of infantry, which had been organized by Peter the Great, and which was held to be one of the crack regiments of the Russian line, would thenceforth be

called the Duke of Wellington's regiment. This regiment was one of those which had been under the Duke's general command as the Generalissimo of the allied forces.

The office of Commander-in-chief fell into the gift of the ministry on the death of the Duke of York. It was immediately conferred, with the unanimous approval of the nation, on the Duke of Wellington.

We now approach an era in the Duke's life when he may be said to have first entered on his period of unpopularity. Among the Tories, as politicians, there was one man who was the object of popular sympathy—not more on account of his genius, for statesmanship, and the fascination of his oratory, than for the enlarged and liberal character of his views on the subject of Catholic Emancipation and foreign policy. Canning was now to receive, at the hands of his sovereign, the reward of his brilliant career. On the retirement of the Earl of Liverpool, early in the year 1827, King George IV. desired Mr. Canning to form an administration. The public were surprised, but much pleased, at this recognition of the claims of genius over those of rank or routine. But the chief members of the late administration, having all along differed from Canning on the great question of Catholic emancipation chose to assume that he would propose a measure on the subject; and, without allowing the new ministers the time necessary for negotiation or explanation, six of them simultaneously gave in their resignations. Of these the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel were the most important. They were immediately charged with personal and ignoble motives; more especially the Duke of Wellington was considered to have shown a marked hostility to the new Premier, because he not only resigned his office as Master-General of the Ordnance, but also the Command-in-Chief, which political etiquette permitted to be held by an adversary of the government of the day.

A fierce controversy arose at once as to the motives of the seceding ministers—a controversy which was renewed about six years ago by Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli, when their object was to damage the character of Sir Robert Peel. The

public at large are now better instructed in political affairs than they then were; and they know how comparatively little purely personal motives influence the political combinations of public men.

Without attempting here to settle the general conditions of such a controversy, we give the correspondence that took place between the Duke and Mr. Canning, with some subsequent observations by the former in explanation of his conduct. Mr. Canning opened the correspondence with the following letter:—

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Foreign Office, April 10, 6 P.M., 1827.

MY DEAR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,—The King has at an audience, from which I have just returned, been graciously pleased to signify to me his Majesty's commands to lay before his Majesty, with as little loss of time as possible, a plan of arrangement for the reconstruction of the administration. In executing these commands, it will be as much my own wish as it is my duty to his Majesty to adhere to the principles upon which Lord Liverpool's Government has so long acted together. I need not add how essentially the accomplishment must depend upon your Grace's continuing a member of the Cabinet.

Ever, my dear Duke of Wellington, your Grace's sincere and faithful servant,

GEORGE CANNING.

The Duke of Wellington replied with something less than his usual straightforward frankness:—

TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

London, April 10, 1827.

MY DEAR MR. CANNING,—I have received your letter of this evening, informing me that the King had desired you to lay before his Majesty a plan for the reconstruction of the administration; and that, in executing these commands, it was your wish to adhere to the principles on which Lord Liverpool's Government had so long acted together. I anxiously desire to be able to serve his Majesty, as I have done hitherto in his cabinet, with the same colleagues. But, before I can give an answer to your obliging proposition, I should wish to know who the person is you intend to propose to his Majesty as the head of the Government.

Ever, my dear Mr. Canning,

Yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

The sneer implied in this question provoked the following reply:—

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Foreign Office, April 11,

MY DEAR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,—I believed it to be so generally understood that the King usually intrusts the direction of an administration to the person whom it is his Majesty's gracious will to place at the head of it; that it occurred to me, when I communicated your Grace yesterday the command I had just received from his Majesty, that, in the present instance, his Majesty does not intend to depart from the usual course of proceeding on such occasions. I am sorry to have spent some hours this answer to your letter; but, from the nature of the subject, I did not like to forward it without previously submitting it (together with your Grace's letter) to his Majesty.

Ever, my dear Duke of Wellington, your Grace's sincere and faithful servant,

GEORGE CANNING.

On the evening of the same day the Duke responded finally thus to Mr. Canning:—

London, April 11,

MY DEAR MR. CANNING,—I have received your letter of this day, and I understand the one of yesterday as you explained it to me. I understand from yourself that you had in connection another arrangement, and I believe that the practice to which I refer has been so invariable as to me to affix a meaning to your letter in its words, in my opinion, did not. I trust that you will have experienced inconvenience from the delay in answer, which I assure you has been occasioned by my desire to discover a mode by which I could continue with my recent colleagues. I wish that I could bring my mind to a conclusion, that with the best intention on your part, your Government could be conducted practically on the principles of Lord Liverpool; that it would be generally so considered; or that it would be adequate to meet our difficulties in a manner satisfactory to the King, and conducive to the interests of the country. As, however, I am convinced that the principles must be abandoned even if that all our measures would be viewed with suspicion by the usual supporters of the government; that I could do no more in the Cabinet; and that at last I am obliged to separate myself from the moment at which such separation would be more inconvenient to the service than it can be at present; I beg of you to request his Majesty

excuse me from belonging to his councils.

Ever, my dear Mr. Canning,

Yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

Party spirit ran very high at the time. The Whigs, or at least some of the most liberal among them, at once determined to support Mr. Canning against what they deemed a personal discourtesy and hostility on the part of the Duke of Wellington and his friends. Indeed, it required a very large and liberal interpretation of the principles on which English politicians act, to excuse so simultaneous and suspicious a desertion by the aristocratic Tories of one whose selection by the crown seemed a triumph of talent over a tyrannical oligarchy. The Duke of Wellington personally met the charge of hostility in the House of Lords, February 25, 1828, in the following words:—

“I rise to protest against any such imputation being cast upon me, as that I ever entertained any personal hostility to Mr. Canning. On a former occasion I stated distinctly to your lordships why I did not think proper to remain in the government of which Mr. Canning was the head. The communications that passed between me and Mr. Canning have, unfortunately, I must be allowed to say, been made public enough, and I defy any man to point out anything like personal feeling in those communications. It is true that when I found it necessary to withdraw from the government, I also thought it my duty to lay down the military office which I held; but I beg leave to call your lordships’ recollection to the explanation which I gave at that time, and to my subsequent conduct. After I left the government I always met Mr. Canning in the way in which I had been accustomed to meet him, and did not depart from those habits which had marked our previous intercourse. But I will go further, and say that I had no hostility towards Mr. Canning’s government. I did, it is true, propose that a clause should be added to the Corn Bill, but did I not at the same time beg of the government to adopt that clause, or something like it, and not to abandon the bill? I must again repeat that to the day of his death, I felt no personal hostility to Mr. Canning; and that I am equally free from the imputation

of having entertained any political hostility towards him. To whatever persons the declaration of the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Huskisson), was intended to apply, I claim to myself the right of not being included in the number of Mr. Canning’s enemies.”

There is an air of special pleading throughout this correspondence; and that the Duke felt his position assailable was proved by the pains he took to explain his conduct. He stated that, in asking the offensive question in letter No. 1, he had in his mind what had happened between him and Mr. Canning a short time before, when that gentleman had contemplated making Mr. Robinson (now Lord Ripon) Premier; and he also retorted on Mr. Canning’s advocates that Mr. Canning himself, on the appointment of Lord Liverpool, in 1812, had asked the identical question. The real fact was, that the old Tory party did not like Mr. Canning’s Premiership, and were not yet prepared to grant Catholic Emancipation. The Duke of Wellington and his colleagues acted in their political and not in their personal capacity; and only sought a reasonable excuse to throw off their forced connexion with Mr. Canning, who was not the Premier of their choice.

In explaining his conduct in the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington rested his resignation solely on the known antagonism of himself and Mr. Canning, on the Roman Catholic question. How, he asked, could he continue in office with a Premier to whom he must be opposed on so vital a question of domestic policy? He declared the impossibility of his giving to the right hon. gentleman the support which he had a right to demand from a member of the Cabinet. He had continued heretofore in office with Mr. Canning, because the principles of Lord Liverpool’s Cabinet were known, and the granting of Roman Catholic Emancipation formed no part of them; but now he would be called upon to change one of the fundamental laws of the realm. It had been said that he had threatened the King to resign, unless he were made Prime Minister. He ridiculed the probability of his resigning the office of Commander-in-Chief, for which his past career had qualified him, for that of Prime Minister, for which he was wholly unfitted,

and the taking of which would be the mere gratification of an empty ambition. "I know," he said, "that I am disqualified for any such office; and I therefore say that, feeling as I do with respect to the situation which I recently filled at the head of the army—liking it, as I did, from the opportunity it gave me to improve the condition of my old comrades in arms—knowing my own capacity for filling that office, and my incapacity for filling the post of first minister, I should have been mad, and worse than mad, if I had ever entertained the insane project which certain individuals, for their own base purposes, have imputed to me." This emphatic declaration, which did not attract especial notice at the time, was afterwards much commented upon when, in the following year, the Duke of Wellington accepted office as Prime Minister.

The Duke also excused himself from the charge of having factiously resigned the command of the army. He deprecated the idea that a difference in political opinion was any reason for resigning the command; but he considered that the tone and tenor of the last of the letters he had received from Mr. Canning—a letter emanating from the express command of his Majesty—precluded him from continuing his relation with the new minister, either with advantage to the country or with credit to himself. He also declared that his resolution had not been adopted hastily, but was the result of the most mature deliberation.

The Duke of Wellington did not confine himself to negative hostility to Mr. Canning. On a new Corn Bill being introduced by the ministry, the Duke himself moved an amendment in committee, on which the government sustained a defeat in the House of Lords; and, although the Duke afterwards declared on the strength of a correspondence between himself and Mr. Huskisson, that he believed the government had assented to the amendment being moved, the notion became fixed in the public mind, that he had "taken advantage" of an ambiguity of expression on the part of Mr. Huskisson, thus to strike a blow at the new ministry at the very outset of its career. Mr. Canning, who felt very deeply and sensitively this last step on the part of the Duke, lent his sanction

to the popular opinion, by insinuating in his place in parliament that his Grace had only been an instrument in the hands of others. Looking back at these events through the diminishing glass of time and distance, we see only an ordinary manoeuvre on the part of the aristocratic section of the Tories to disembarass themselves of some men, such as Canning and Huskisson, whose Liberalism and popularity were inconvenient and distasteful—a manoeuvre for which an excuse was found in a pretended zeal against emancipating the Roman Catholics.

The death of Mr. Canning having led to the formation of the Goderich Administration, the Duke of Wellington's scruples were removed, and he resumed (on the 27th of August, 1837) the command of the army. In the January following the *pro tempore* Administration of Lord Goderich having also broken down, the Duke of Wellington was called upon by the King to form an administration. His first impulse was to decline the mission: but, to use his own words, "finding, in the course of the negotiation, which arose out of the commands of his Majesty, that there was a difficulty in getting another individual to fill the place, and that it was the unanimous wish of those with whom he usually acted that he should take the office, he determined to accept it." In other words, the idea of duty and discipline prevailed over other considerations; for all who have studied the Duke's character will believe that he was for the time quite sincere when he declared his belief that he was not fitted for the office of Prime Minister.

Installed in office, the Duke went to work in true military style. He was certainly popular with the aristocracy, and with the educated classes in general, while those who did not quite agree in his principles waited with curiosity to see what he would do. His administration was composed chiefly of the noblemen and gentlemen who had resigned with him in the previous year, of whom Mr. Peel was the most prominent. Mr. Canning, however, had infused a little Whig blood in his ministry. The new members thus affiliated to Toryism, Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Grant, were also retained. Lord Palmerston, although an old member of the Tory govern-

ment, had always been a friend or satellite of Mr. Canning. We have said that the Duke went to work in military style. The constitution of his mind forbade his doing otherwise. Even when he gave way on a question, it was only as a general abandons an untenable position. He was a martinet in his official capacity, and exacted the most prompt and entire obedience from his subordinate colleagues. Mr. Huskisson soon felt this. The Duke, like all military men, hated ideologists; and he looked on Mr. Huskisson, with his Liberal Toryism and Free trade tendencies, as one of this class. It was not long before he found an excuse for getting rid of him, and those others who were not Tories of pure blood. On the East Retford Bill, Mr. Huskisson presumed to hold an opinion, and gave a vote different from that which the *mot d'ordre* had prescribed. The same night, feeling the importance of the step, he sat down, in excitement, and wrote a letter, in which he conditionally placed his office at the Duke's disposal. Had the Duke desired to retain him, he would have given him time to reflect; but the opportunity was tempting; and the Duke chose to regard the letter as an unconditional resignation. He even proceeded to clench the matter by filling up Mr. Huskisson's place. In vain did Lord Palmerston endeavour to patch up a reconciliation. The Duke was immovable; and, in answer to a suggestion that there had been a misconception, wrote his celebrated words, "It is no mistake; it can be no mistake; it shall be no mistake." This positiveness settled the affair. The resignation of Mr. Huskisson was accompanied by those of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Grant; and the Tories once more found themselves freed from the intrusion of those Liberal views which they had been obliged to tolerate in Canning for the sake of his talents, but which they did not choose to submit to in the younger statesmen of his school. Looking back to these events, there cannot be a doubt that the Duke of Wellington's conduct was more worthy the camp than the cabinet; that in the present day, or from a less illustrious man, such proceedings would not be tolerated; that, by depriving himself of the services of Huskisson and Pal-

merston, the Duke accelerated the destruction of the Tory party, by stamping it as intolerant and exclusive, while forcing Lord Palmerston into the arms of the Whigs; yet such was the lingering respect of the nation for him, that these arbitrary acts were received with applause. The people thought it a capital joke to see these theoretical men thus sent to the right about by the practical soldier; and it is on record that, when the news of Huskisson's dismissal was known, numerous vessels in the Thames hoisted their flags in token of satisfaction. This was because Mr. Huskisson was known to be a Free trader.

In other respects the new Administration showed some Liberal tendencies. Apparently, its exclusiveness was confined to the possession of power; the use made of that power was gratifying to the nation. One of the first measures supported by the Duke was the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, a kind of *avant courier* to the Emancipation Act. The reasons assigned by the Duke in support of the measure in the House of Lords turned mainly on the inefficiency of the securities provided by the old law, and also on the desirableness of a conciliatory policy. At the same time, when the advocates of Catholic Emancipation plumed themselves on the measure as a step towards their object, the Duke protested in the most solemn manner against any such assumption, and declared emancipation impossible, "unless there should arise some very great change in the position of the question."

About the same period, the Duke took occasion to renew his former protest against any tampering with the Corn Laws, the maintenance of which he held to be necessary to the prosperity of the country. While all these ministerial changes and adjustments had been going on, movements of an important nature had taken place in Ireland, which were destined to furnish a singular commentary on the character of the Duke of Wellington, and materially to change the aspect of parties in England. The fruits of these events, however, did not manifest themselves for some months; but in the meanwhile, that is to say in the month of June, 1828, the House of Commons having adopted a resolution

favourable to the Roman Catholic claims, the Duke, in adverting to that circumstance, again laid it down that the question was one purely of expediency; and, in the hope that something might be done, he recommended that the public mind should be allowed to rest upon the subject.

Parliament having been prorogued, the public mind was no longer occupied with the immediate intentions of the government; but, on the other hand, the agitation in Ireland, carried on under the control of Mr. O'Connell, had taken an alarming shape. The return of that gentleman for the county of Clare, to the exclusion of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, although it was well known that the learned gentleman, as a Catholic, could not take his seat, had violently agitated the public mind: while the universal ramifications of the Catholic Association in Ireland showed that the people of that country and their leaders were prepared to go to great extremities. Whatever might be the secret deliberations of the government, no outward manifestations were made of a disposition to yield; indeed, the supposed inflexibility of the Prime Minister's character seemed to render any concession most improbable. Even as late as December, in the year 1828, the obstructive attitude of the Duke of Wellington was maintained. Dr. Curtis, a Catholic Bishop in Ireland, with whom the Duke had formed an acquaintance at Salamanca, wrote to him a letter on the position of the question, to which a reply was sent which seemed to preclude all hope of settlement. The Marquis of Anglesea, too, was recalled from his post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, because, being openly a friend to Catholic Emancipation, he had, in reply to a letter from the same Dr. Curtis, advised the Catholics to persevere in their resolute efforts, and promised them success as a consequence of their firmness. The secret cause of this demonstration of hostility at the very time when, as it subsequently appeared, the ministers were deliberating on the terms of concession, would seem to be that the King manifested a strong repugnance, real or assumed, to what he conceived to be a violation of his coronation oath. At length, however, the purposes of the government oozed

out through the planned indiscretion of Mr. Dawson, the brother-in-law of Mr. Peel, who, at a public dinner in Ireland, talked in a way to justify the most sanguine hopes of the Roman Catholics. A few weeks put an end to all suspense on the subject.

It was at the era of Catholic Emancipation that the English people first were furnished with a clue to the real character of the Duke of Wellington as a politician. His long and close association with Toryism—his contempt for newspapers—his antagonism to Canning—his systematic opposition to all innovation—had pointed him out as an obstinate and bigoted worshipper of the past in legislation, and an enemy to all efforts to reconcile the present and the future with the altered condition of mankind. As the Prime Minister of an exclusively Tory party, he was in imminent danger of losing, or at least of diminishing, the approbation obtained for him by his splendid services; so that, if ever England was in danger of being animated by revolutionary feelings, strange to say, it was under the dominion of the man whose life had been spent in crushing revolution elsewhere. The intelligence of the resolve of the Cabinet to emancipate the Catholics, fell like a thunderbolt. In estimating the conduct of Wellington and his coadjutor, Peel, we must not be lead away by the notion that in what they did they courted popularity. Far from it. Catholic Emancipation had been the war-cry of a party; and the wrongs of our fellow subjects had admirably served to inspire the eloquence of a Canning or a Brougham; but it would be a mistake to assume that the measure was popular with the people at large, in the same sense as Reform, or Repeal of the Corn Laws. In Ireland, of course, the case was far different; and it was really in reference to the condition of Ireland that the Duke of Wellington and the illustrious commoner who aided him in the great work undertook their difficult task. They believed, or affected to believe, that Ireland was on the verge of civil convulsion, agitated, as that country was, by the Catholic Association; and they put that danger in the van, both with the Crown and with the Parliament. With the former they found more difficulty than with the latter; so much so, that it needed

all the weight of the high authority of Wellington, backed by that of Peel, and a threat of resignation on the part of both, ere the scruples of George the Fourth could be overcome.

The speech from the throne contained the first authoritative announcement of the forthcoming measure. It recommended the subject for consideration. In the course of the debate on the Address, the Duke of Wellington announced that the Government were prepared to propose a measure for the emancipation of the Catholics; an announcement which could scarcely be said to have taken either the Parliament or the public by surprise, but the truth of which could scarcely be believed till it issued from the lips of one who seldom spoke in vain. Its effect on the Tory section of both Houses was maddening. Men in whom a few fixed ideas had superseded even the faculty of reasoning, looked upon the proposed act of grace as a positive injury to themselves. Not only did it "undermine the bulwarks of Protestantism;" it also robbed them of their own peculiar object of hatred and vengeance. With politicians of the Percival and Eldon school, persecution or reprobation of the Roman Catholics was the be all and the end all of their thought and of their political system; take away the power of doing so, and they lost the sole object of their mundane existence. That the measure must be carried, all men at once perceived. The King sanctioned it; the "great captain" proposed it; the leading civilian of the Tory party in the lower House was prepared to endorse it; the Whigs, however anxious to see their rivals out of power, could not but accept it. Thus, in the eyes of the political heirs of Spencer Percival, the constitution was gone for ever. There still remained, however, one sweet revenge. They could attack and vilify the men who were thus making a sacrifice of their most cherished opinions and associations, in order to save the State from threatened convulsion. And this part of their public duty they performed to admiration. Never was Minister, not even Sir Robert Peel in 1846, so assailed in this country. As for the Duke, it had been better for him that he were *Bona parte* himself; for the vocabulary of abuse against that provoking personage was comparatively limited. The pens

and tongues that for fourteen years and more had been employed in lauding him as the hero of heroes, till mankind at large recoiled from the exclusiveness of a praise which dwarfed the merits of so many other great contemporary commanders, were now with as much activity and a fresher motive engaged in heaping on the illustrious saviour of his country every epithet of contumely which insulted honour and virtue can apply to the traitor. The Duke of Wellington was on a tripod of which each support was a treachery. He was a traitor to the Protestant cause; a traitor, and a furtive one to boot, to the Whigs, who had been working at this question with exemplary Quixotism and great political fame for near a quarter of a century, and who now saw the Duke's sword wreathed with their coveted laurels; a traitor, above all, to the memory of Canning, who had been "hunted to death," only a year or so before, because *he* had wished to free the Catholics, and the Duke had passed the *mot d'ordre* that the work, at all events, should not be done by him, who had his heart in it; but, if done at all, be effected by a cold state policy and a calculating expediency. There were the two devoted statesmen, the heath on fire all around them; and, not only the prey of their enraged associates here, but assured on the very highest clerical authority, that their fate was a matter of certainty hereafter. The Duke bore it all with his constitutional imperturbability, so long as the attacks were of a purely public and political nature. Perhaps his chief annoyance arose from the pertinacity with which his opponents forced him, night after night to make, prematurely, speeches on the proposed measure, ere it came in a formal way before the House; for this guerilla warfare interfered with his ideas of regularity and discipline; but all the rest he despised, as indeed he could well afford to do, being sure of the rectitude of his own motives.

At length, the Catholic Association having dissolved itself, the better to facilitate the purpose of Ministers, and the bill having come up to the Lords, it fell to the Duke of Wellington to propose it in that assembly. His speech on the occasion, as well as some previous ones, was masterly as a clear and unvarnished exposition of the

reasons of State which had led to the conduct of the Government, and which justified it. Every argument that could be advanced, or that had been advanced, short of mere fanaticism, was thoroughly canvassed and met; in short, the Duke now came out in quite a new light. An orator, in the popular sense of the term, he never was and never could have been; but, as an exponent, in language clear and forcible "to the meanest capacity," of the plain, common-sense view he himself took of the question, he stood alone. In this respect, indeed, his public speaking was unique. In fact, he had but one thing to impress on his auditory and the public—the absolute necessity of a concession which could not longer be delayed, and for which there then appeared to be no substitute. In the course of his many speeches at this time, he met one by one the charges against him; denying that the new bill was the result of fear; that he was guilty of inconsistency, inasmuch as he had never said otherwise than that emancipation was a question of expediency; affirming that it was promised at the Union; that in the then state of Ireland there existed no other remedy; and that there was no possible compact with Rome that could add to the security of the Protestant Church. It was in the course of his speech in moving the second reading of the Emancipation Bill, that he made his celebrated declaration, that he "would sacrifice his life to avert one month of civil war." In the course of one of his subsequent speeches on the measure, too, he gave his well-known description of agitation in Ireland. "Agitation in Ireland," he said, "during the last ten years, means something just short of rebellion; that, and no other, is the exact meaning of the word. It is to place the country in that state in which its Government is utterly impracticable, except by means of an overawing military force." In the truth of this sentence lay the only justification of the bill in the eyes of a large section of the Tory party. It is interesting at the present time, too, to observe the view the Duke took of another question—the possible exercise by the Crown of a veto on the appointment of Catholic Bishops, or of a right of nomination. He said, "Suppose it were arranged that his Majesty

should have the nomination of Catholic Bishops. If he nominated them, he must also give them a diocesan; he must give them a diocese; I should like to know in what part of Ireland or England the King could find a spot where he could, consistently with the oath he has sworn, nominate a Catholic Bishop, or give him a diocese. The king is sworn to maintain the rights and privileges of the Bishops, and of the clergy of the realm, and of the churches committed to their charge. Now, consistently with that oath, how could the king appoint a Bishop of the Roman Catholic religion; and would not the Established Church lose more than it gains by the assumption of such a portion of his majesty's power?"

It is unnecessary to follow the Duke's participation Act through the House of Lords. The Duke's influence was the main cause of its passing by a considerable majority. But some peculiar matters arose out of the discussion which require to be mentioned in biography. The Earl of Winterton wrote a letter, in such terms that the Duke of Wellington felt himself compelled to challenge him. He fired his antagonist; whereupon the Earl fired in the air; and having the result, found that the Duke had been shot, he immediately saw that he had been wrong from the first. He wrote a handsome letter of retraction. The Duke of Wellington was obliged to direct the prosecution of Mr. Alexander, the editor of the "Morning Journal," for libel on himself and Lord Lyndhurst, the Chancellor. Mr. Alexander was guilty and severely punished. But that we can look back more calmly on these events, it must be admitted that the license assumed at that period by those organs of the press which devoted to the service of the party, exceeded the privilege of free discussion. The Duke seems to have had an old grudge against the "Morning Journal," and he did not miss so good an occasion to hand one of his blows over to the mercies of the public prosecutor. The punishment, however, that was inflicted on Mr. Alexander—that of twelve months' imprisonment and heavy pecuniary fines—was excessively severe, considering the extent the conduct of the Duke

excited the passions of the ultra-Tories, who not only felt the excitement of ordinary political strife, but also believed themselves to be engaged in a holy war, which, history tells us is always held to justify what in ordinary cases honour and humanity recoil from.

The immediate result of the Emancipation Act was a violent schism in the Tory party. Those who prided themselves on their adherence to principle proclaimed their unalterable resolve never again to place confidence in such traitors as Wellington and Peel had proved themselves to be; nor was it long ere they translated their threats into acts, and created a precedent which was subsequently followed by Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli in 1846.

We now approach the era of Parliamentary Reform. The session of 1830 opened with the Duke of Wellington still at the head of affairs. He delivered, on the very first night, in the debate on the Address, an admirable speech, in which he combated with great success the complaints of the popular party as to the declining state of the country. The Whigs now saw an opening that might lead them into power, the Tory phalanx having been broken by the schism already alluded to. The Duke of Wellington was made the object of attack by Brougham, who bitterly satirized his tendency to dragoon and martinet the country; and Sir Francis Burdett, who at that time still clung to his popular associations, went so far as to say that the Duke had rightly estimated his own capacity when he had declared in the House of Lords that he would be "mad to think of being Prime Minister." Sir Francis Burdett also sufficiently forgot the civil as well as military services of the Duke of Wellington to declare that he had been treated with much tenderness and consideration on account of the services he had rendered his country: but if his services had been great, so, also, had been his rewards. This species of attack was not only ungracious and mean in spirit, but it also passed over the fact that a year had scarcely elapsed since the Duke had carried the greatest measure of freedom the century had known; and that, but for the vast influence he wielded through his services, he never could have overcome the prejudice of

the King and the Tory aristocracy. During the whole of the first session of 1830 the Duke was the object of incessant attacks, not merely from his Whig opponents, but also from those Tories who conceived themselves to have been betrayed in the Emancipation Act.

The death of George IV. caused the summoning of a new Parliament, which was opened by King William on the 2nd of November. In the meantime the events of 1830 in France had produced their effect in England, in the shape of an overwhelming cry for Parliamentary reform, and a strong development of the democratic principle. The Whig leaders, but more especially Brougham, mounted with the occasion, until the nation began to believe that its salvation depended on the downfall of the Duke, and the appointment of a Reform Administration. He was held up to the people as purely a military dictator, importing into political affairs the manners and principles of the Horse Guards and the camp. Nor was he slow to respond to these challenges. After emancipation he had once more retired behind the lines of Toryism; and he offered only a stout and passive resistance to the new demands of the people. With a chivalrous courage, he declared against the necessity for any reform, and proclaimed that the existing House of Commons provided a sufficient representative machinery. Nay, if he had now to create a House of Commons anew, he would form it on the principle of giving the landed proprietors a preponderating influence. This bold, but needless, declaration became a torch in the hands of the Whigs, with which they set the country in a flame; so much so, that in three days after the Duke advised the new King not to go into the city to visit the Lord Mayor, lest there should arise some great riot and breach of the peace. Next came the defeat of the Ministers in the Commons on the Civil List, their resignation on the following day, and the appointment of the Whig Administration under Earl Grey.

When the Reform Bill reached the House of Lords early in 1831, the Duke led the opposition to the measure, and in the course of his many speeches somewhat belied his reputation for perspicacity and sagacity. He

denied that his anti-reform declaration had caused the reform fever, and predicted the most fatal evils to the country as the consequence of the measure proposed by the Whigs. More shrewd and statesmanlike was his celebrated question—"How," under the new *régime*, "was the Government of this country—the monarchical Government of this country—to be carried on, according to the principles and practice established at the Revolution?" The Duke was copious in prophecies of evil; among other things predicting the downfall of the Constitution, and the repeal of the union with Ireland, as consequences of the Reform Bill.

The Duke's opposition was so stern and unqualified that it led to the rejection of the first bill by the House of Lords; when, in the course of the popular excitement that followed, he was personally insulted in the streets by a mob, and the windows of Apsley House were broken. This was, certainly, a disgrace to the English character; but it was, in after years, atoned for.

When, in the following year, the second Reform Bill reached the House of Lords, the Duke, in April, made one of his usual stout speeches against it; but, on the 7th of May following, Ministers having resigned on a defeat in committee, the Duke was called on by the King to form a Government on the principle of moderate Reform, as being the sole alternative except a large creation of Peers. The Duke's military habits induced him to give an immediate acquiescence, as, "if he had refused to assist his Majesty because he had hitherto given his opposition to Parliamentary Reform, he would not have been able to show his face in the streets for shame of having deserted his Sovereign in circumstances so painful and alarming." The proposed plan was frustrated by the refusal of Sir Robert Peel to attempt a measure of Reform: "To do so, being a determined enemy to a Reform Bill of the kind expected from him, would be a political immorality which would not allow him to enter on his services with a firm step, a light heart, and an erect attitude." Without the co-operation of the leader of the Tories in the House of Commons any such attempt would of course have been futile on the part

of the Duke, who soon after gave a reluctant consent to the Whig measure.

During the two following years the Duke continued to lead the Opposition in the House of Lords. In November of that year, being suddenly called on by the King to form a Government, he advised Sir Robert Peel to be sent for from Italy. Pending his arrival, the Duke took, provisionally, the Premiership and the three Secretaryships of State. This monopoly of power furnished the chiefs of the ejected party with admirable materials for popular appeals. The most vigorous assailant of the Duke, on the re-assembling of Parliament, was Lord Brougham. He was also accused of personal discourtesy, and something very like treachery, towards Lord Melbourne; but all these charges being essentially of an ephemeral nature, and contradicted by the permanent facts, we need not further enter into them. Those who choose can do so, by reading a speech of the Duke in self-defence, made on the 24th of February, 1835.

The Duke of Wellington entirely concurred with Sir Robert Peel in opinion, that the new "Conservative" Ministry must at least make professions of Liberal intentions; nor perhaps did his Grace regret that there was an opportunity for once more reminding the nation that he was not an incorrigible despot. With the defeat and resignation of Sir Robert Peel, in April, 1835, the Duke of Wellington once more found himself the leader of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Lords; and now commenced what, to the political philosopher, will prove not the least interesting portion of his career: although, to the biographer, it furnishes no salient points. The violent oscillations of the public mind had now sufficiently subsided to enable the people to reflect on the Duke's career as a whole; an almost necessary consequence of which was, that he found himself once more exercising a moral influence proportionate to his great services. Between 1835 and 1841, when he again took office, he acted as a kind of moderator in political disputes, and a guide of public opinion. The Whigs, being, in their hearts, unwilling to go to the full length of some of their ultra-supporters, were not sorry to throw the onus

of non-success on the Duke of Wellington, so long as he and his party did not take any more active steps towards destroying their position. During one period, in the year 1839, he was, with Sir Robert Peel, called on to take office. He fully coincided with that statesman in resting his refusal on the ground that her Majesty declined to make changes in the *personnel* of her Court—that is to say, in respect of the ladies of the household. This was one of the instances, among many—such as his correspondence with Canning, and his ejection of Huskisson—in which the Duke permitted his political shrewdness to supersede the frankness and straightforwardness natural to him.

We have now brought to a close the purely official career of the Duke of Wellington, though not his political life. He continued to retain the command-in-chief of the army, but declined, although in after years a member of the Cabinet, to hold any portfolio. The office he had held 1834-35 was that of Foreign Secretary; but no events occurred of sufficient importance to induce him to diverge materially from the policy of Lord Palmerston.

One of the most brilliant moments of the second career of the Duke was when, at the coronation of her Majesty, in 1837, he encountered his old antagonist Soult, sent by Louis Philippe as Ambassador Extraordinary on the occasion. At the dinner given by the Corporation of London to the distinguished foreigners in England on the occasion, those two illustrious chieftains exchanged mutual compliments and expressions of amity.

We have seen that the Duke, in his civil capacity, did not so much court office as that it was thrust upon him. He was probably sincere in his protest against being made Prime Minister; but both the Crown and the aristocracy had scented the coming storm, and saw that in the *prestige* of the Duke of Wellington lay their best chance of riding it out. Catholic Emancipation was an unexpected blow; but they lived to wish that the same moral courage and foresight which led the Duke to initiate that measure had also led him, in like manner, to force them into other political concessions. He, however, had learned a lesson which afterwards he did not forget. ...

In August, 1839, a banquet given to the Duke at Dover, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, brought his old antagonist Lord Brougham forth as his panegyrist:—

“Although no man,” said the noble and learned Lord, “on such an occasion, is entitled to entertain any personal feelings on his own behalf, it would be affectation, it would be insolent ingratitude, were I not to express the sentiments which glow within my bosom, at being made the instrument of making known those feelings which reign predominant in yours. Enough, however, of myself; now for my mighty subject. But the choice you have made of your instrument—of your organ as it were on this occasion—is not unconnected with that subject; for it shows that on this day, on this occasion, all personal, all political feelings are quelled; all strife of party is hushed; that we are incapable, whatever be our opinions, of refusing to acknowledge transcendent merit, and of denying that we feel the irresistible impulse of unbounded gratitude; and I am, therefore, asked to do this service, as if to show that no difference of opinion upon subjects, however important; no long course of opposition, however contracted, upon public principles; not even long inveterate habits of public opposition, are able so far to stifle the natural feelings of our heart, so as to obscure our reason, as to prevent us from feeling, as we ought, boundless gratitude for boundless merit. Neither can it pluck from our minds that admiration proportioned to the transcendent genius, in peace and in war, of him who is amongst us to-day; nor can it lighten or alleviate the painful—the deep sense which the untired mind never can get rid of when it is overwhelmed by a debt of gratitude too boundless to be repaid. Party—the spirit of party—may do much; but it cannot operate so far as to make us forget those services; it cannot so far bewilder the memory, and pervert the judgment, and eradicate from our bosoms those feelings which do us the most honour, and are the most unavoidable, and, as it were, dry up the kindly juices of the heart; and notwithstanding all its vile and malignant influence on this occasion, it cannot dry up those juices of the heart so as to parch it like very

charcoal, and make it almost as black. But what else have I to do! If I had all the eloquence of all the tongues ever attuned to speak, what else could I do! How could a thousand words, or all the names that could be named, speak so powerfully—aye, even if I spoke with the tongue of an angel—as if I were to mention one word—Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, the hero of a hundred fields, in all of which his banner was waved in triumph; who never—I invoke both hemispheres to witness—bear witness Europe, bear witness Asia—who never advanced but to cover his arms with glory; the Captain who never advanced but to be victorious; the mightier Captain, who never retreated but to eclipse the glory of his advances by the yet harder task of unwearied patience, indomitable to lassitude—the inexhaustible resources of transcendent skill; showing the wonders, the marvels of a moral courage never yet subdued. Despising all who thwarted him with ill-considered advice, neglecting all hostility, so he knew it to be groundless; laughing to scorn reviling enemies, jealous competitors, lukewarm friends—aye, hardest of all, to neglect despising even a fickle public, he cast his eye forward as a man might, else he deserves not to command men—cast forward his eye to a time when that momentary fickleness of the people would pass away, knowing that in the end the people are always just to merit."

To this oration, the Duke of Wellington thus responded:—

"The noble Lord, who I hope will allow me to call him my noble friend, has stated to you with great truth, that there are times and circumstances in which, and under which, all feelings of party, all party animosity, all description of political feelings, must be laid aside. I must do my noble and learned friend the justice to say, that for years and years there has been nothing of that description in social life as between him and me, notwithstanding which it is certainly true that I have had the misfortune of differing in opinion with my noble and learned friend upon many points of internal and possibly of other descriptions of policy. But I am afraid that, notwithstanding my most anxious wish to co-operate with all of you in the public

service in which we have all been employed, I may happen (I know it happen) to differ with some of you upon subjects of political interest to the country. But my noble and learned friend judges of you correctly—he says that such feelings of difference would not prevent you, as they not prevented you, from doing me the honour of inviting me to this festival, and of bringing here to meet me only the whole of this interesting county, but persons from all parts of the kingdom, and even from abroad. Therefore, my noble and learned friend does you as well as himself justice when he states that there are occasional occasions in relation to individuals as well as in relation to public interests and services—in which all feelings of party politics and opinions must be laid aside, in order to carry on public service to the greatest possible advantage to the public interest. I have had sufficient experience in public life to know that this must be the case. I am convinced that it is feeling which has induced you to this tribute of respect to the person holding the situation of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in order that they might encourage others hereafter to perform their duty honestly and conscientiously in the same honourable office."

In 1841, on the return of Sir Robert Peel to power, the Duke aided him in a kind of consulting member of Cabinet, supporting him in all his plans of Commercial Reform. At last the crisis of 1845 arrived, and the combined influence of the Corn-Law Association and the apprehended famine in Ireland led Robert Peel to resolve on finally lifting the Protective Duty, the Duke of Wellington remembered the terrors of 1822 and 1830, and gave him a cordial aid. We need not enter into the details of those proceedings, inasmuch as the Duke was the most prominent actor; but his influence in the Upper House gave Disraeli the occasion to refer to in one of his sarcastic attacks on Robert Peel, as having "dragged the Peers into obedience. This is scarcely true, because the Duke exercised a moral influence only over members of the House of Lords. When in 1848, London was threatened with

at insurrection, the Duke organised the defence of the metropolis with marvellous celerity. His alacrity and avidity, as the old war-horse again at the sound of the trumpet, were much quizzed after the war was over; but when we consider the peculiar circumstances of the time, it must be admitted that precaution was at least not a part of valour and wisdom.

Stanley having moved an amendment to the Address, in reply to the Royal Speech delivered on the opening of Parliament in February 1819, the noble Duke spoke in support of the Address, confining himself principally to foreign affairs. Lord Stanly had made one of his fierce attacks upon the Government, and the noble Duke began with a compliment to his noble and learned friend. "Greatly admired," he said, "the conduct of the noble and learned Lord, as the person in that House capable of appreciating that state of affairs on the continent which rendered it exceedingly difficult for this country to give efficient aid in maintaining the peace of Europe. He was certainly not able to estimate those ties which with the same local knowledge which his noble and learned friend possessed; but he had always been sensible of the extreme delicacy and difficulty attending the situation of our affairs on the continent of Europe during the whole of the year 1815 and he had always been anxious that something should be done to throw off the slightest difficulty or impediment in the way of the Government carrying on its foreign relations, or that any measure could be taken which could give aid for the smallest grounds for relief that the Government was supported by the public opinion of the country. . . . The noble Lord Stanly had expressed a strong opinion respecting Naples and Sicily; (the Duke of Wellington) was desirous to move, in that House, for the production of certain documents which he had not found amongst the secretary papers connected with the question. He alluded to the depositions made by the King of Naples when he acceded to the Treaty of Vienna. It was true that, at first, he was not *de facto* King of Naples; he was at that time King of the Two

Sicilies. Bonaparte had military possession of Naples, and had made his brother King of Naples. But he was recognised by this country as King of the Two Sicilies, and it was in that quality that he made his treaty with his late Majesty George III. After his Majesty had obtained possession of his throne of the Two Sicilies, he had accepted of the Treaty of Vienna. Now his Majesty and this country were as much bound by that acceptance, as by any other portion of the Treaty of Vienna. But he did not think it desirable to discuss these questions in the absence of the necessary documents." And the noble Duke, with an eye to the prejudicial effect which such a proceeding would produce, entreated their Lordships not to let it go forth to the people of this country, and to the people of foreign countries, that an amendment and a division had taken place in the House of Lords on the subject of our foreign relations. On the 6th of March following, the noble Duke repeated his views with respect to the obligation resting on the King of Naples to observe the Treaty of Vienna.

The Marquis of Lansdowne's motion for a public vote of thanks to the Governor-General of India (Lord Dalhousie), the Commander-in-Chief, and the officers of the army of India, on account of the military operations in the Punjab, gave the noble Duke an opportunity for graphically sketching the siege of Mooltan, for bearing his personal testimony to the perils attending Indian warfare, and for eulogising the skill and courage evinced by the British army during the late war. "My Lords," he said, "it has fallen to my lot to know, and to have to consider, the great difficulties under which this war has been conducted. And, my Lords, I must say that in no case have I seen stronger instances of good conduct than in carrying on the operations of which it is now proposed to your Lordships to pronounce your approbation. My Lords, this war originated in the dishonour, perfidy and faithlessness of the servants and officers of the native Government of Lahore. The Governor-General, being, under the articles of the treaty, the guardian of the infant Maharajah of the Punjab, was bound by this treaty to control the acts of his Government, and

to give his assistance in carrying on its operations. My Lords, all the officers of the Lahore Government betrayed their trust. As the noble Lord has stated, Dewan Moolraj, the Governor of Mooltan and of the country under the subjection of that fortress, betrayed his trust, and refused to deliver the command to the officers sent to relieve him, and murdered the two gentlemen sent by the British Resident in order to superintend the delivery of the fortress to the officers selected by the Maharajah, under the superintendence of the British Resident, to take the command. This act of treachery and insubordination was followed by the revolt of the whole country in the neighbourhood of Mooltan; and, my Lords, it was followed, by degrees, one after another, by the treacherous revolt and insurrection of all parts of that country. By the revolt of no less than three other fortresses, all of which refused to obey the orders of this Government; the troops being in a state of mutiny and insurrection; all of which had to be got the better of at the same moment. And all this, my Lords, occurred at a season of the year during which it was utterly impossible to put in the field any European troops; it was, indeed, scarcely possible to keep the native troops in the field. But, my Lords, by the care and attention of the Governor-General and the officers of the British Government, and of the Commander-in-Chief and officers of the army, a body of men was by degrees collected; and that force was attended and assisted by a body of artillery, and sent to Mooltan, which place had been previously invested. Another force was sent to the Punjab, to aid and support the garrisoned place of Lahore and the other places within the Sikh territory under treaty. My Lords, the siege of Mooltan could not be commenced until the month of September, notwithstanding that the original atrocities of the murder of the two officers mentioned by the noble Marquis occurred on the 19th of April. But the ground was broken on the 7th of September. On the 11th of September, after a good deal of progress had been made in the siege, after a gallant attack made in order to lodge the troops in a certain portion of the town, which it was necessary for them

to occupy in order to carry on the siege with advantage; it was necessary to raise the siege and draw the army to a certain distance until reinforcements could be received because the Sikh army, under the who has been since combatting the Indian army, had revolted gone over to the enemy. It was the 14th of September when the was raised; but the care of the Governor-General, and the general officers in command of the troops the different portions of the country had provided measures for bringing troops from all parts to the undertaking of pacifying the country under these circumstances. A force was sent up from Bombay, and arrived at Mooltan on the 26th of September. On the very next day the city of Mooltan was attacked by General Whish and the troops who had a force under the command of General Dacres, and these Bombay troops carried some of the works that defended the city, and took possession of parts of that town. . . . While this siege was going on the Governor-General the Commander-in-Chief had a force to cover the besieging and keep the country in tranquillity which was generally in a state of insurrection; and also to observe movements of those large bodies of troops which were collected at the frontier, and prevent them from disturbing the operations of the British Commander-in-Chief, my Lord Gough, put himself at the head of the covering army, and had to fight actions to which the noble Marquis has adverted, and which he did with uniform success in each of them, though, no doubt, loss was sustained in some of those actions. But regard to Mooltan, when it is selected that this strong place was provided with arms, and that, under conditions, it surrendered on capitulation when the breaches were made, and the storming parties were beginning to attack those breaches; and that this place fell into our hands with loss, I think it may be set down as a whole, the service was done with smaller loss than could have been expected under any circumstances." The noble Duke took opportunity of extenuating the temporary retreat of the 14th Dr

did so in these words:—"My Lords, it is impossible to describe to you the variety of circumstances which occasion mistake or disarrangement during an engagement in the actions of any particular force at a particular moment. An inquiry into these circumstances has been made, and I have seen the report of the inquiry. It happens that these officers had to conduct their operations over a country much broken by hills and rough jungles, which rendered it impossible for the troops to move in their usual regular order. It happened that the officer commanding the brigade of which this corps formed a part, was wounded in the head during the advance, and was obliged to retire from the field. The officer next in command, being at a distance from the battle, was not aware that his commanding officer was obliged to withdraw from the field. Under these circumstances, the word of command given by some person not authorized, and of whom no trace can be found; and some confusion took place, arising from the crowd, and the circumstances of the moment, could not be remedied. But it was remedied at last, and all were got into position, and the corps successfully performed its duty, as I and other noble lords around me have seen them perform on other occasions. My Lords, things may happen to any troops; and whose fortune it has been to be in similar engagements in the field, that must be felt by all your Lordships—that the character of a battle must not be taken from them scraps in the newspapers; but facts must be sought in the report of the Commander-in-Chief, and in the inquiries made by the proper parties; inquiries very different to that made by the publishers of newspapers. The report was made; and it needs no one to inform that a movement in the field is not a movement in advance; but our Lordships may be convinced, I myself am, that the movement in the field was one of those accidents which must occur occasionally, and which the corps to which it happened was worthy of confidence then as it has been since, as they were commanded, as I hope, they always will be. His Grace, in the course of this speech, which he delivered with that

peculiar energy which characterized him when dealing with military exploits, complimented Major Edwardes and other officers upon the services rendered to her Majesty.

On the 24th of July following, the noble Duke moved the second reading of the Regimental Benefit Societies Bill, briefly explaining its provisions; and two days afterwards we find him opposing the Railways Abandonment Bill, on the ground that it would in effect repeal that vast number of Acts of Parliament which had been passed during the last few sessions, which involved the outlay of millions of money, and the interests of millions of persons; and that it would wipe away the whole of the property which had been invested on the faith of those Acts of Parliament. It may be remembered that the object of this bill was to enable railway companies to abandon any portion of their undertaking by means of a cheaper process than that which at that time existed. On the same day his Grace, speaking in his capacity of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, opposed at some length the Pilotage Bill, on its second reading being moved by Lord Granville, principally on the ground that it was calculated to put down the fellowship of pilots, who had hitherto contributed to the safety and usefulness of our navigation.

A question addressed by the Duke of Richmond to the government, on Feb. 21, 1850, relative to the further extension of medals to the army and navy, elicited from the Duke of Wellington his views as to the principle on which the proposed distinctions should be conferred. It had been stated, he said, that the army in the Peninsula had not been treated in the same manner as the army in Flanders, and as other armies which had served in China, and in the East Indies, and elsewhere. It appeared to him that the plan which would be most in conformity with the wishes of those who made the former applications, and which would be most calculated to gratify all parties, was to grant a medal to all those engaged in those great actions and achievements, which, by order of the Sovereign, had been commemorated by the grant of medals to the principal officers engaged in those battles. On that ground he had

recommended the principle which was subsequently adopted, and which, he believed, had given general satisfaction. Whether that principle should be extended further was for the consideration of her Majesty's government. All he could say was, that whenever he should receive her Majesty's orders for such an extension, he would set to work to carry it into execution with the utmost diligence. In the following March his Grace opposed the Party Processions' (Ireland) Bill, on the ground that it was not sufficiently stringent; and he urged upon the government the adoption of a clause empowering the local magistrates to apprehend those persons who should appear with fire-arms at funeral processions in Ireland. The clause, which it had been arranged should be brought up on the third reading, was not subsequently pressed; the noble Duke alleging as a reason that he did not wish to delay the passage of the bill in the Lower House.

Lord Brougham having addressed a question to the Marquis of Lansdowne with reference to the proposed commission to inquire into the state of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in the course of which he said he believed that his noble friend (the Duke of Wellington), the Chancellor of Oxford, and his noble and learned friend (Lord Lyndhurst), the High Steward of Cambridge, both concurred with him in deprecating any rash and inconsiderate interference with the Universities; the Duke of Wellington rose, and declared that the University of Oxford was most anxious to introduce every improvement which was desirable into the system of education adopted in that ancient seat of learning. . . . But that which the University of Oxford could not do, and which it would not be induced by any consideration to do, was this—it would not repeal the statutes by which the different colleges of that University were governed. Various portions of the inhabitants of this country—some living in its towns, and others in its rural districts; various young persons, now receiving their education in different schools, enjoyed important rights under the separate statutes of the separate colleges. The body to which he had the honour to belong—namely, the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars

of the University of Oxford, as governing bodies of the several colleges—was bound to respect, and to maintain, and carry into execution statutes of the several colleges, and expressed a hope that these would not be required to submit inquiry directly tending to the repeal of those statutes, which the law had desired them to carry into execution for the benefit of the individuals who claimed rights and privileges under them. There appeared to be a tendency to institute an inquiry of the nature which he had described, an inquiry which, if instituted, seriously affect some of the most important subjects of her Majesty, who might be placed in a situation of great difficulty, as they would have to choose between their duty of obedience to her Majesty's commands, and the duty of respect which they owed to the law.

His Grace raised a warning voice on the subject of the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, which, in troubled periods, the withdrawal of the central authority would give rise. Having dwelt upon intimate relations which in times have been kept up between civil and military authorities, his Grace remarked, "Withdraw the Lord-Lieutenant from Ireland, and who will be the chief civil authorities in different parts of the country? In Dublin the chief civil authority would be the Lord Mayor. Now, I think that less than three months after the introduction of the measure to put down monster meetings in Ireland, I had the honour of attending her Majesty's court, and there I saw Mr. O'Connell as Lord Mayor of Dublin, followed by some of his suite, presenting an address to her Majesty on the throne. I will say that the military authorities would have ventured upon any military operations against the then Lord Mayor, elected by a democratic corporation, created by a recent act of parliament? I will say another case. I had afterwards to provide against barricades in the streets of Dublin, to take measures against attacking them, if they should be formed, and to secure the free passage of the streets. For this purpose it was necessary to have confided

nunications with the Secretary of State here, and with the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Could I have ventured to do so with the Lord Mayor of Dublin? Could I have written a line to the subject without ordering the mander-in-Chief on the spot in order to take care that the Lord Mayor and the gentlemen of the Corporation of Dublin should know nothing about the matter? I will give another instance. . . . It was some time ago, to carry on military operations in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny. Who was the Lord Mayor there at the time? Dr. Cane. And what became of Dr. Cane? Before the operations at Kilkenny were over, he was in prison. Under the provisions of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act. And yet such a gentleman with whom the military officer, carrying on his operations with his troops, must have confided, in the absence of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland!"

the many eulogies which the character of the late Sir Robert Peel received within the walls of parliament, the receipt of the tidings of his death, the short but pregnant testimony borne to his worth by the Duke of Wellington was not the least remarkable. The Marquis of Lansdowne and Lords Stanley and Brougham paid eloquent and touching testimonies to the memory of the deceased man, when the noble and gallant Duke rose to take his share in the funeral ceremony. His feelings came home to him, that it was some time before he could acquire the command of his voice; and the words we now quote uttered at such lengthened intervals, that the effort to articulate was fully apparent. "My lords," at length the old warrior, "I rise to express to the satisfaction with which I have heard this conversation a part of your Lordships, both on the part of those noble Lords who opposed to Sir Robert Peel during the whole course of their political lives, and on the part of those noble friends mine who have been opposed to me only lately. Your Lordships must feel the high and honourable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public

We were both in the councils of the sovereign together, and I had long

the honour to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel, I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact. My Lords, I could not let this conversation close without stating that which I believe to have been the strongest characteristic feature of his character. I again repeat to you, my Lords, my satisfaction at hearing the sentiments of regret which you have expressed for his loss." This speech produced a marked sensation amongst the Peers.

In the brief debate originated by Lord Torrington on the affairs of Ceylon, the Duke of Wellington made a few remarks upon the subject of martial law. Martial law, he contended, was neither more nor less than the will of the general who commands the army. In fact, martial law meant no law at all. Therefore, the general who declared martial law, and commanded that it should be carried into execution, was bound distinctly to lay down the rules and regulations, and limits, according to which his will was to be carried out. Now he had in another country carried out martial law; that was to say, that he had governed a large portion of the population of a country by his own will. But then what did he do? He declared that the country should be governed according to its own national laws, and he carried into execution that will. He governed the country strictly by the laws of the country; and he governed it with such moderation, he must say, that political servants or judges who had at first fled or had been expelled, afterwards consented to act under his directions.

We next find the illustrious Duke supporting the Ecclesiastical Titles' Assumption Bill. In the course of his speech he expressed his regret at the failure of the Catholic Relief Bill, which he had himself pressed upon the adoption of parliament. "My

Lords," he said, "I cannot concur in the proposition of my noble friend (Aberdeen), that the bill shall be read a second time this day six months. Circumstances have occurred which render it impossible for you to return to the position in which you stood before this act of the Pope was committed. The object of the passing of the Relief Act was to repeal all the laws adopted against the Roman Catholics, for first the Reformation, next at the time of what was called the Popish Plot, and thirdly, in consequence of the Popish reign of James II., and the war of succession in Ireland, out of which, and its consequences, grew all the penal enactments against Catholics in that country. It was, I say, the object of the Relief Act to get rid of these altogether. But those who brought forward that act, those who urged your Lordships and the other House to support it, repeatedly stated that nothing therein touched the laws on which the Reformation was founded. That was cautiously avoided. When we, the authors and promoters of the Relief Act, were charged with having touched the Reformation, we distinctly proved the contrary, and showed that we had done nothing to affect the laws by which the Reformation was established in this country. In 1646, however, in the reign of the present Queen, certain old statutes were repealed, and among them one relating to the introduction of bulls into this country. If the law had not been repealed, it would have been impossible that the act of the Pope could have taken effect; and, consequently, all fresh legislation would have been unnecessary. Cardinal Wrennan would not have dared to have come to England and published the Pope's bull or rescript establishing the new hierarchy. The thing was impossible; it could not have happened. Under these circumstances, I say you cannot return to the position in which you stood when the Relief Act was passed, or before the act of 1646 passed, which repealed the penalties attaching to all the acts with which it dealt, but left the acts themselves standing as misdemeanours. The legislation on this subject stands in this state, that misdemeanours may be committed, but cannot be punished. Under those circumstances,

I say you cannot stand on the Relief Act, but must pass a measure to meet the particular act of the Pope complained of, and to prevent the repetition of such acts in future. I have no desire to infringe the religious privileges of the Roman Catholics; on the contrary, I wish them to enjoy every means of following their religion with perfect freedom. I would wish to make no alteration in the Relief Act, but I do not see how this measure can be avoided. I confess I view without apprehension the effect which this measure may have in Ireland. We have had a good deal of experience of the effect produced in Ireland by measures passed by the legislature. There was the Relief Act. A great deal was expected from that, and it was said that it would put an end to agitation in Ireland for ever. But in the very year, nay, I believe, almost in the very month, in which it became the law of the land, Irish agitation commenced. How often, since then, has the Crown, from time to time, had occasion to complain of agitation in Ireland? How often has the Crown come to demand additional powers for the purpose of putting down the agitation, or worse than agitation, existing in that country, the Relief Act notwithstanding? My advice to your Lordships is to do that which is just and necessary to maintain the power and prerogative of the Crown, and to protect the subjects of this country, and no more; and you may rely on it you will have the support and good wishes of the loyal people of Ireland, as well as of this country."

In the ensuing session, in February, upon the motion that the Address in answer to the royal speech should be inserted upon the Lords' Journals, the noble Duke took the opportunity of expressing his sense of the services of General Sir Harry Smith, lately in command at the Cape. The question of the fitness or unfitness of Sir Harry for command in such irregular and savage warfare, had long been made the subject of angry dispute; but the noble Duke at once pronounced in favour of the tactics employed by Sir Harry, and spoke with more than his wonted energy in his defence. "Sir Harry Smith," he said, "is an officer who, from his high reputation in the service, ought not to require any com-

ation from me ; but having filled his command in several important military operations, long before carried under his direction, and having now recalled by her Majesty's Government, it is but justice to him to say that, who am his commanding officer, though at a great distance, entirely approve of all his operations, of the success which he has given to his troops, of the arrangements which he has made for their success. . . My firm belief is that everything has been done by the commanding general of the militia and the other officers, in order to carry into execution the instructions of her Majesty's Government."

The projectile inventions of Captain Paucot having been made the subject of a motion by Earl Talbot in the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington, who was of opinion that the Duke had already been sufficiently dignified, or, at all events, that a committee of lay Peers could elicit nothing beyond the facts brought out in the inquiries of the Board of Ordnance, moved, on the 21st of May, that a humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that her Majesty would be pleased to give directions that there be laid before the House of Commons copies or extracts of any report made to the Master-General of the Ordnance on the subject of Mr. Warburton's inventions, and supported the motion on the grounds we have set

forth in the most the last speech of the venerable Duke was in support of the Militia.

His Grace spoke with difficulty, he long pauses between his sentences, and sometimes between the very words, betrayed the effort it required to proceed. But, as ever, his remarks were fully to the point. He asserted that the addition of the militia now proposed to be enrolled, would not increase our peace establishment to more than its fair constitutional proportions, that our peace establishment ought to have been augmented long before. "I have never," he observed, "up to the present moment, maintained a peace establishment—that is the real truth. And that we are now in that situation it is necessary for us to form an establishment such as this country has had up to this moment, a regular peace establishment founded on a militia. . . . The noble Marquis

(Lansdowne) states that he would prefer an army of reserve. An army of reserve! what is an army of reserve? Is it an army that costs less than £40 a man all round? If the noble Marquis thinks that it is possible, I tell him it is impossible. He can have no such thing." After expressing approval of the services performed by the volunteer corps during the last European war, his Grace thus concluded:—"My Lords, I say, however much I admire disciplined troops, and more especially British troops, I must tell you, you must not suppose that others cannot compete with them. And I have no doubt that if you commence the formation of a corps under this act of Parliament, it will in time become what the former militia was; and if it ever become what your former militia was, you may rely upon it for performing all the service that they will ever be required to perform for the safety of the country. My Lords, I recommend you to adopt this measure as a commencement for the completion of your peace establishment. It will give you a constitutional force—it will give you a force that may not do all you desire at once, but by degrees it will become what you want—an auxiliary force to your army."

On the 23rd June, his Grace moved an humble address to her Majesty for a copy of an order with respect to the transmission of reinforcements to the Cape, &c. This was his final public act within the walls of the House of Lords, if we except his attendance (and, as was his wont, he was among the "earliest of the arrivals") at the ceremony of the prorogation of Parliament, on the 2nd of July.

In reviewing the main events of the Duke of Wellington's career as a politician, the conclusion is almost forced upon us that, although his name is associated with two of the greatest legislative changes in our era, it was never as a voluntary agent that he made concessions to the popular wishes. He imported into the peaceful struggles of Parliament the tactics of war; always fighting to the last in defence of every position, and only abandoning it when he found it no longer tenable. In the instance of Catholic Emancipation, this was avowedly the case. In the repeal of the Corn Laws we may infer that he pursued the same course, because,

up to a very recent period before the passing of that measure he had enthusiastically declared his belief that "the Corn Laws could not be repealed without peril to the country." On the other hand, he conferred one great benefit on the English nation by teaching the privileged aristocracy when to yield. It is scarcely too much to say, that, without the sanction of his high authority, the foresight of Sir Robert Peel would not have sufficed to carry the Catholic question; indeed, there is proof of this in the care and anxiety of the distinguished commoner to set before the Duke, in a full and confidential correspondence, all the reasons for a settlement, during the autumn of 1828. Nor could his arguments have prevailed with a less practical mind than that of the Duke. If, in the case of Corn-Law Repeal, the Premier of 1845 again took the initiative in proposing a change; it was, perhaps, less on account of the right attaching to his station than that he felt the necessity of offering to the Duke solid inducements of statesmanship ere he could expect him to abandon the existing law. Accustomed as we now are to find public opinion immediately responded to by statesmen, we must, in doing justice to the Duke of Wellington, remember that he was by temperament and ingrained habit a Tory, and constitutionally indisposed to yield. We must also bear in mind the character of the Tory aristocracy a quarter of a century ago, and the difficulty of inducing them to listen to any views which were not enforced by their own apprehensions of danger, and their respect for authority. On the other hand, the extreme positiveness of the Duke's character, his inflexibility, his common sense, much augmented his authority; because it was felt that, if he called on his friends to yield, it must be that there was no longer any hope of successful resistance. Thus the very defects of his character became turned into benefits so soon as he was put in motion for great popular or national purposes.

It has been well remarked that he always knew what was best to be done at the right moment. This was an advantage derived from his military habits. While in command of armies he had often added to his military duties a civil administration; or, if not

an administration, an imperious necessity to interfere, with advice and authority, in the political affairs of foreign nations; thus he was a statesman ere he became a Minister, and if, in the course of his domestic government at home he sometimes easily remembered his habits of military command, his errors were more than atoned for by the qualities of a statesman and the civil administrator developed during his career in India and in the Peninsular, and even in France. To foreigners generally, our admiration of his character seems excessive; it is because foreigners rarely are competent to appreciate the patience, the denial, probity, and almost plodding perseverance, which were the great agents of his success. They will least admit that there has seldom been a great Captain who has exhibited more of the arrogance of the conqueror, who more rigidly observed the law of justice and moderation in the hour of victory. In his political career similar influences prevailed in his conduct. From the moment that he had abandoned a legislative principle, or carried a measure, he forgot the asperities of the strife, and accepted the new with the same frankness of loyalty that led him to hold on by the old. If he saved the nation by his military triumphs, he still more signally served and saved its institutions, by teaching in precept and example the duty of caring for the public wants, and the necessity of conceding to the public will.

MARLBOROUGH AND WELLINGTON COMPARED.

ADMIRATION and criticism alike naturally imply, and resolve into, comparison. Such epithets as brave, skill, heroic, are soon exhausted, or are without meaning; we then resort to ideal or embodied standards of excellence, and sentiment employs the methods of science. The numerous eulogists of the illustrious man lately deceased, have thus almost invariably concluded their enumeration of great qualities by drawing parallel between him and certain of his contemporaries or predecessors. None of these comparisons is so natural and appropriate, in our judgment, as that between Arthur Wellesley, Duke

Wellington, and John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. As a fitting supplement to the preceding biography, we will point out some points of resemblance and difference between those two great English commanders and statesmen.

It may enliven our interest in this disquisition, if we first realize to our mental eye the *persons* of each of these illustrious men. With that of Wellington, in its latest aspect, we are all as familiar as though he were our kinsman. His daily ride, during the sittings of Parliament, down Whitehall—his regular morning visits to the Chapel Royal and the Horse Guards—his invariable appearance in public pageants—his annual journey to the Trinity House on Tower Hill, usually on horseback or in an open chaise—in short, his reliability and prominence as one of the “sights of London,” made this “foremost man of all the world,” the acquaintance of nearly every dweller in the metropolis, and to thousands of provincials. Nor is it as an old, white-headed, and stooping man alone that we know “the Duke.” Statues, pictures, medals, and images have preserved and universalized the figure erect and majestic—the countenance, severe, yet commanding—the eagle eye, and imperial nose—of the hero in his prime of manhood and flush of fame. But of Marlborough it may be needful to limn a portrait. Sir Godfrey Kneller’s picture, preserved at Blenheim, represents him as an eminently handsome man. Beneath the flowing peruke of the period of William III., and surmounting a well-proportioned body, clad in closely-fitting armour, is a face of almost feminine beauty, a high and rounded forehead, large soft eyes, Grecian nose, small mouth, and dimpled chin. The art of the painter does not exaggerate the opinion of contemporaries. At twelve years of age, John Churchill was the “pretty page” of the Duke of York—at eighteen, the “handsome captain” of the Foot Guards. He was so much the rage with the court ladies, that he based his fortune on their gifts. In his first Continental campaign, he received from Marshal Turenne the soubriquet of “my handsome Englishman.” Now let the reader remember the costume of the courts and camps in which Marlborough figured. A low-crowned

hat, with broad brim and drooping feather; a flowing peruke, descending to the shoulders; a long surcoat and shoulder-belt, elaborately embroidered; ruffles that extended from the elbow to the wrist; laced cravat; silk hose, and buckled shoes—these probably constituted the town dress of Captain Churrehill;—in the camp, he would wear a helmet, corslet, and cuirass; contrasting advantageously with the pomatumed queue and bearskin cap of the time of Ensign Wellesley.

In the *military education* of Marlborough and Wellington, there is some coincidence. Both learned the art of war from the people they were destined to encounter and overcome; Wellington in the school of Augiers—Marlborough under Lewis XIV. and Marshal Turenne. After a brief service in Tangiers, Captain Churchill went to serve, with the contingent commanded by the Duke of York, in the French expedition against Holland. Besides earning the confidence of the Marshal, he saved, by his personal prowess, the life of Monmouth, received the thanks of the king in front of Maestricht, and was advanced to the rank of colonel.

In the *causes of their advancement* a further coincidence may be observed. Both enjoyed the friendship of parties able to give them opportunities of rising; but in both, the improvement of these opportunities was a personal merit. In the case of Wellesley, however, there was nothing disreputable in the connexions to which he owed promotion—while it is too probable that Churchill’s ensigncy in the Guards was the price of his sister’s compliance with the will of her lady’s husband (she was maid of honour to the Duchess of York); and it is certain that by his wife’s extraordinary influence over the Princess Anne, his ambitious designs were greatly promoted.

In the *occasion of the wars* in which Marlborough and Wellington gained their chief distinctions, there is some resemblance. In both cases Spain was the object, though not the field, of conflict. The War of the Succession was that in which Marlborough immortalized himself by the victories of Blenheim, Ramilies, and Malplaquet. It was undertaken by England, Germany, and Holland, to prevent the settlement of the crown of Spain on a member of

French lines were unbroken; and it was known that Louis meditated a combination of his forces in the south of Germany, between the Danube and the Inn. Marlborough saw that to prevent this combination being effected, was essential to the safety of Austria; and he resolved to avail himself of the fears of the Emperor for the purpose of executing a counter conception. He arranged with Prince Eugene the plan of a campaign, which would draw both commanders from their respective fields of operation, and would therefore leave exposed the extremities of the field of war; but which offered a chance of finishing the contest at a blow. He dared not reveal this scheme in its entirety either to the Government at home or to his allies, the Dutch. With much difficulty, however, he procured permission to carry a portion of the army to the Moselle, leaving the Dutch general Overkirk in occupation of the Netherlands. The Elector of Bavaria was the ally of France, but Baden and the other German states were with the coalition. On the 10th of June, at Mondelsheim, on the Neckar, Marlborough met with Eugene. In a few days, the allied army crossed the Rhine, to the astonishment and perplexity of the French. On the 27th, Marlborough and the Margrave of Baden came up with the enemy at Donawert, on the banks of the Danube. The Gallo-Bavarians were rapidly converting the heights of Schellenberg into an impregnable camp. The Margrave would have delayed, but the English general was peremptory: the next morning he led an attack in person, and before night the bloody battle of Schellenberg had been fought and won. On the 11th of August following, he fought and conquered at Blenheim. It is this campaign on which rests the basis of Marlborough's fame; and in which we may, therefore, expect to find, if any where, his resemblance to Wellington.

Both had to oppose to an enemy possessing the prestige of invincibility, and armed with all the resources of an empire, an inferior and heterogeneous force, without the reputation of valour, and very defectively furnished with the implements of war. The armies of Louis XIV., though no longer commanded by the genius of Turenne or Condé, yet enjoyed that

measureless moral advantage which repeated success confers—an advantage that went far to counterweigh the mediocrity of Villeroi and Tallard. They issued from the fortresses and ports of France, a well-trained, perfectly accoutred host, the several arms of service duly proportioned, and ample provision made for siege or entrenchment. The troops of their ally, the Elector of Bavaria, were officered by skilful Frenchmen, and perfectly obedient to a common purpose. On the other hand, Marlborough was the first Englishman who had ever held supreme command in a continental war; his own troops were newly raised; and the Austrian and Dutch contingents had repeatedly suffered defeat at the hands of France. He was generalissimo in little more than name. The Dutch and German generals were vain and obstinate. The States of Holland, besides, sent into the field with their troops certain deputies, for the most part civilians, without whose consent nothing was to be undertaken. These functionaries, with the timidity natural to a commercial people, were indifferent to everything but the safety of their frontier. They therefore vetoed every movement which would derange the line of defence they had drawn, and would permit neither the invasion of France on the one hand nor of Bavaria on the other. And when the fears and interests of the deputies had been overcome by personal remonstrance at the Hague, Marlborough had yet to conquer the impracticability of the generals. Repeatedly he lost the opportunity of battle for which he panted, by the failure of the Dutch contingent to arrive in time; and, on one occasion, they exposed him to a general defeat by moving too soon. He was compelled to leave the experienced and chivalrous Eugene on the Rhine, because the Margrave of Baden, as his senior officer, insisted on leading the advance, and even himself to take alternate days of command with that pompous and obstinate old German. In his siege operations, the tools sent from home or from the arsenals of Holland, broke in the hands of the soldiers; and the magazines he had established with infinite labour, were destroyed or given up by his own allies. That he surmounted all these difficulties is greatly to his honour. But as much greater is the

honour of Wellington, as his difficulties were greater than those of Marlborough—as Napoleon was greater than Louis, and Soult than Tallard—as the Spaniards were more impracticable than the Dutch. Marlborough's forces were numerically inferior to those of France, but by many degrees superior, in proportion, to those of Wellesley, at any period of the Peninsula war. Sir Arthur, it will be remembered, landed in Portugal with but 15,000 English to oppose to Junot's 70,000. The 10,000 Portuguese added to his ranks by Beresford, had first to be trained; and the Spaniards, commanded by their own generals, worse than useless themselves, could not be got to act with the Portuguese. Marlborough had the heart of Europe in which to operate, and, for the most part, a friendly country—Wellington was confined to a narrow country, fully occupied by a victorious host. Marlborough had means at his command to feed and clothe his army in a style that astonished their continental comrades—Wellington's legions marched almost barefoot, in tattered coats, with pinched bellies; while the people for whom they fought were clothed, armed, and enriched from the English treasury. Marlborough's contingents at least stood fire, when once posted—Wellington could rely upon his Spaniards neither to stand nor charge. Marlborough, in short, worsted, by judgment, boldness, and perseverance, the first military power of his day—Wellington, by native genius, heroic daring, and indomitable constancy, withstood till he had destroyed the greatest military power the world has ever seen.

In their *temporary subjection to misjudgment*, there is a further comparison between these two illustrious men. When Marlborough transferred his army from the Netherlands to Germany, ill-omened predictions prevailed in London. He had rushed like a madman, it was said, to the distant banks of the Danube, and would never return to give an account of his lost army. When he was manœuvring in deference to his allies, he was timidly avoiding battle—when he was known to intend the invasion of France, his capture was foretold as a certainty. So, it will be remembered, Wellington's wonderful self-control in the presence

of the enemy, was denounced as incapacity; his recall was petitioned for by the Corporation of London; and when he issued from his lines to give battle, he was stigmatized as rash and overconfident. To both, however, success was counted as virtue. The victor of Blenheim was hailed in Vienna as the deliverer of the empire, and in London as the pride of England. Addison was employed to sing his praise; the thanks of Parliament and the Manor of Woodstock were voted him; long the favourite of his Sovereign, he was now also the idol of the people. The rewards of Wellington are not even yet complete.

In the *after-part of their respective careers*, great is the happiness and glory enjoyed by Wellington over Marlborough. Both were closely concerned in the political as well as military events of their day. Marlborough, like Wellington, was a leader of the Tory party; and both became estranged from the ultra section of that party. But political names do not stand for the same things in the time of Victoria, as in the reign of Anne; and, happily, the methods of political warfare are vastly improved. On the war in which Marlborough was engaged, the succession to the British crown depended. If, therefore, he seemed either idle or rash, the Whigs charged him with unfaithfulness to the Protestant cause when victorious, the Tories broke from him, because he had gratified the Whigs. With each campaign the breach widened; and when Mrs. Masham supplanted the Duchess of Marlborough in the Queen's affections, the Duke was subjected to intolerable annoyance, threatened with prosecution on charges which, if true, were not criminal, and dismissed from his command at the hour of final victory. Blenheim Palace was ordered to be erected at the public expense; but the workmen's wages were withheld, that they might sue the Duke. The severest satirists and the lowest buffoons of the day were employed to libel and ridicule him. His appropriation of certain revenues was connived at, if not approved, till his ruin was necessary to save France from destruction, and our ministers from the punishment of traitors.—So there was a time when Wellington was regarded as an upholder of despotism on the Continent.

and of every abuse at home; and another time when the madness of party coupled his name with the designs of treason. But, happily, he lived to be respected by all parties, at once for his fidelity to conviction and his openness to the instruction of events; and, with every year of his life of peace, fresh honours have been added to his name.

Not altogether, however, in the improved spirit of the times, must we seek for the cause of this contrast, but in the *character of the men*. To all, substantial justice is meted out by history; and while that arbiter of reputations has acquitted Marlborough of the crimes alleged against the soldier, it has confirmed the ill-reputation of the man. "His renown," says Macauley, "is strangely made up of glory and infamy." We have already remarked the baseness of his origin. He owed all to the Duke of York and James II. At twenty-five years of age, he was a Lieut.-General, a Privy Councillor, a member of the peerage, a well-paid courtier, and an old diplomatist. He was one of the first to join in the invitation to the Prince of Orange; yet he professed unabated attachment to James, had a high command in the army which set out to oppose William, and on the very eve of his desertion renewed his allegiance and urged the King to fight. He took with him in his flight the King's nephew and several of the principal officers, while his lady carried off the Princess Anne and George of Denmark. The virtual betrayer of one master, he was notoriously unfaithful to the next. Though raised by William to the rank of an earl, and entrusted with the command of his armies, he entered into correspondence with James, and engaged to lead over the troops with whom he was sent to Flanders as soon as his plans should be matured. As William sat more firmly on his throne than was expected, those plans never were matured, and the crime of overt treason was not added to that of ungrateful and treacherous desertion. These faults were not forgotten when the motive for their repetition had passed away. There was probably as much of self-reproach as of self-control in the serenity which Marlborough evinced under the alternate distrust of both

parties in the state; nor could he fail to see in the undeserved calamities of his latter days, the providential retribution of his earlier sins. And though the peculations of which he was impeached, were probably justified by precedent, and exaggerated in amount, the man who began life by purchasing an annuity with the gift of a mistress, who wrangled with government about the payment of £9,000 to the builders of his mansion, and died worth more than £100,000 per annum, cannot be acquitted of an ignoble passion for money.

It would be injustice to a memory thus heavily weighted with honour and dishonour, and to the times in which he was so conspicuous and influential an actor, not to close this brief and imperfect parallel to which only the pen of Plutarch would be fully adequate—with the final summary of his character and deeds by his greatest enemy, the eloquent Bolingbroke:—"By his (King William's) death, the Duke of Marlborough was raised to the head of the army, and, indeed, of the confederacy, where he, a private man, a subject, obtained by merit and by management, a more deciding influence than high birth, confirmed authority, and even the crown of Great Britain had given to King William. Not only all the parts of that vast machine, the grand alliance, were kept more compact and entire, but a more rapid and vigorous motion was given to the whole; and instead of languishing or disastrous campaigns, we saw every scene of the war full of action. All those wherein he was not then an actor, but abettor, however, of their actions, were crowned with the most triumphant success. I take with pleasure, this opportunity of doing justice to that great man whose faults I knew and whose virtues I admired; and whose memory, as the greatest general and the greatest minister that our country, or any other, has produced, I honour."—Wellington is not indebted, like Marlborough, for his highest panegyric to the pen of a generous antagonist; yet is it one of the worthiest offerings cast upon his tomb, that the historians and journalists of France concur with those of England in praising him as the Deliverer of Europe, and a benefactor to the world.

PAGANINI.

THE name which stands at the head of this sketch will long be remembered beyond the limits of merely musical circles as that of the most gifted violinist upon record, who crowded into a short life a thousand triumphs, and left behind him an enduring and well-deserved fame. It is curious to notice that, amid all circumstances and in the most widely differing nations, musical genius commands popularity and wealth. Those who express the emotions of the heart in the sweetest sounds rise more rapidly, and are rewarded more munificently than those who devote themselves to other branches of the fine arts. The sculptor, the painter, the romancist, emerge more tardily from obscurity than the musician or the vocalist; and this happens alike in commercial England, where people are practical and wealth-seeking; in volatile France, where the woes of yesterday and the hopes of the morrow are forgotten in the pleasure of the present hour; in sunny Italy, where the very atmosphere seems full of the artistic and the ideal; and in severe, barbarous Russia, with its snows and its serfs. The free man of America, or the bond slave, bows with equal fervour to the soft influence of music. It would be hard to find an instance, in this country at all events, where the most talented and learned have excited such enthusiasm as that which was produced by the high-souled Malibran; the simple, kind-hearted Jenny Lind; or the wizard of the violin—Paganini. If a parallel could be found it would be in the triumphs of great dancers. However highly our intellect may prize efforts which lead to more solid results, those which gratify us with the poetry of sound and the poetry of motion appeal more directly and powerfully to the sympathies and passions of our nature, and win a higher present estimation. In the future it is true the picture is reversed, for musicians and dancers leave behind them their memories alone; while others, in the chiselled marble, the glowing canvas, and the written page, bequeath to posterity enduring memorials of their efforts.

Niccolò Paganini was born at Genoa, on the 18th of February, 1781, and seems, to some extent, to have inher-

ited the talent which he afterwards developed in so extraordinary a degree. His father, who is represented as having been engaged in commerce in some subordinate capacity, was a musician at heart; his favourite instrument was the mandoline. Of Paganini's mother we have not any record, and are, therefore, unable to estimate the influence she exerted over his mind. The father soon discovered the direction which the talents of his son took, and resolved that they should be cultivated to the utmost. In this respect the commencement of the life of Paganini was different from that of many of those who have left behind them great names as composers and musicians. The histories of several of the most eminent show us how their natural tendencies were checked and restrained by injudicious parents who destined them for other occupations, deprived them of all the recognized means of culture, and resorted to severe punishments to cause them to abandon the profession of their choice. It is true that in these instances genius triumphed, as it ever does triumph, over all obstacles. We read of one solitary boy tuning a set of horse-shoes till they became in his hands a rude musical instrument; of another using pieces of glass for the same purpose; and of a third consoling himself with melodies drawn from the humble Jews'-harp. The opposition, not so much to their wishes, but to their very natures, only served to increase the ardour of the passion which was an element of their lives, and the manifestation of which defied all attempts at restraint.

It is doubtful whether the father of Paganini, by going to the opposite extreme, did not run a greater risk of crushing the genius of his child than if he had neglected or discouraged its development. He had resolved that the boy should become a musician; and subjected him to such a rigorous discipline, that if the young Paganini had not possessed a fervent innate love for his art, his training would have tended to disgust him with it. As it was, the severity with which he was treated had an injurious effect upon his sensitive nature, and probably acted upon his delicate constitution so as to scatter the seeds of future disease and premature death. Paganini's chosen instrument was the king of instruments—the

, and though, at one period of his life for a short time gave it up, and dedicated himself to another, he soon resumed it. The change, indeed, was owing to any dislike for it, or consciousness of its inferiority to any other, but to the fact that he was the victim of another passion, which, for the time being, unhinged his mind and made his former passion a secondary consideration. At an early age he was a violinist; and from the first his peculiar genius began to make itself apparent. He was not content with the ordinary routine of practice, nor satisfied with the level of orderly melody, but felt himself impelled to practise novel effects, and to perform wizard-like feats requiring power and quickness of execution. This was quite in keeping with his efforts, for the performances on the violin, on which his reputation rests, are those associated with eccentric, unearthly harmonies, rather than more sober and less difficult compositions.

His father, musician as he was, soon became unable to control or direct the and rapidly growing genius of his child. His incapacity had become manifest before Paganini had attained his eighth year, and about that time he received one of the musicians of the Genoa Theatre, named Servetto, as a pupil. The choice of the new teacher was a bad, or at least an unwise one; for only a few months before he was bewildered and outshined by the acquirements of his pupil.

Giacomo Costa, an eminent violinist, employed principally in the theatre, succeeded Servetto, and proved a more efficient instructor; for under his care, the young artist improved rapidly, and shortly after he was eight years old, composed his celebrated Sonata. This, and many other compositions, with what appears to have been habitual carelessness, was lost, a single copy now remaining. At nine years of age, Paganini made his first public appearance at the theatre of Genoa, and caused some unbounded enthusiasm and attention as marked the later years of his career. He performed variations, composed by himself, on *La Carmagnole*, which air, and roused the audience to frenzy. He was at once hailed as a prodigy, and received numerous plaudits. It is likely that

this event, which first brought him into any thing like prominence, exercised a great influence on his future life, for it was, most probably, his success which interested numerous friends in his fate. By their advice the elder Paganini was induced to endeavour to obtain for his son the instruction of the best violinists and composers of the day; and with that intention, when Paganini was twelve years old, he went to Parma, where Alexander Rolla, celebrated as a conductor and a composer, then resided.

The first introduction of the young aspirant to Rolla was accompanied by a circumstance which gave promise of his future eminence. The anecdote rests upon the authority of M. Schotsky, and was published in one of the Journals of Vienna. When Paganini went to Rolla's house the latter was ill in bed, and very unwilling to grant him an interview. Rolla's wife, however, ushered him and his companion into a room adjoining that occupied by the sick musician, and then went to consult with her husband. During the time which was thus occupied Paganini observed upon the table a violin, and the last concerto written by Rolla, and, prompted by some momentary caprice, took up the instrument and played the difficult music at sight. Rolla, who heard the sounds, was astonished at the excellence and finish of the performance, and inquired the name of the master, and, until convinced of the fact, would not believe that it was a boy of twelve years old. Rolla then told Paganini that he could not teach him anything, and recommended him to take lessons from Paër the composer.

Paganini did not remain long at Parma. He quitted that city at the commencement of 1797; and at the age of thirteen, in company with his father, made his first musical tour, visiting the most considerable places in Lombardy, and laying the foundation of his after reputation. During his stay at Parma, besides improving himself in his regular studies, he was occupied in evolving those strange and wild effects which entered so largely into his compositions. After the tour of Lombardy was completed, Paganini returned to Genoa and applied himself to composition; and the music he then produced was of the most difficult character—so difficult, that he was

obliged perseveringly to devote himself to its study in order to master intricacies which other violinists were unable to unravel. After some short time spent in retirement, the young musician had convinced himself of his own power to make a great name in the world. The consciousness of that not only roused his ambition, but rendered him doubly impatient of the thralldom under which he was kept at home. His father's discipline, always exacting and erring upon the side of over-strictness, now, as he grew older and acquired a correct estimate of his own powers, appeared like an intolerable tyranny, from which he formed the resolution of freeing himself. He only waited for the opportunity to gain his freedom, and that soon presented itself. A musical festival, which attracted the inhabitants of the surrounding country in great numbers, was held annually at Lucca to celebrate the fête of St. Martin. Paganini earnestly wished to be allowed to attend this festival in company with his elder brother; but his father authoritatively refused to permit him to go. At length, after the youth had almost exhausted his prayers, his mother aided him with her solicitations, and the permission was unwillingly granted. Young, talented, and ambitious as Paganini was, he was almost mad with delight at that first step into freedom. He indulged, as most young and ardent minds have done at some point of their careers, in glowing dreams of fame and wealth; and though the great majority are doomed to disappointment, in his case the visions scarcely exceeded the realities to which the future gave birth.

Paganini had not reached the age of fifteen when he took this step; but even then he was the equal, if not the superior, of all contemporary violinists. The pleasure-seekers at the festival at Lucca received him with unbounded admiration; and, encouraged and stimulated by the applause he gained, he extended his expedition to Pisa, and some other places, in all of which he was completely successful. Boys grow rapidly into men under the glowing sun of Italy. Precocity is one of the characteristics of that warm land; and though Paganini was not yet fifteen, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he was tempted into dissipation and debauchery. He had at home been kept

under a control more than ordinarily severe, and his spirits bounded up with the sudden transition to almost perfect liberty. He was caressed, courted, and enveloped in flattery. He was never conspicuous for strength of nerve, and the profession he had chosen was one calculated to increase his sensibility, and give strength to his feelings and passions. His education had not furnished him with that firmness which was not to be found in his original nature nor induced by his avocation. Outside the circle of his art his knowledge was extremely limited, and his moral sentiments had been left entirely without culture. To ordinary men, in the common paths of life, such a training would have been full of peril; but as a preparation for a career of brilliant intoxication like his, it was the certain forerunner of error.

Paganini now formed dangerous connexions. He became the associate of gamblers and profligates, and spent a great part of his time in gambling and riot. His gains were very large, but these habits often reduced him to absolute poverty, a condition which he did not entertain any great dread of, because of the ease with which he was able to acquire money. Sometimes, after losing immense sums in a night, he was not only left without a farthing in his pocket, but was obliged to sell or pledge his violin to raise the means of subsistence. On one occasion, an embarrassment of that nature proved a piece of surpassing good fortune. He found himself at Leghorn without an instrument or the means of obtaining one, but M. Livron, a French merchant, and an amateur of some note, lent him an excellent Guarneri: after the concert that gentleman, almost worshipping the genius of Paganini, refused to receive back the violin, saying when it was brought to him, "Never will I profane strings which your fingers have touched! That instrument is now yours." Though there is a touch of the dramatic in this anecdote, there is no doubt that it is strictly true. We read in history of one subject who kept a chair, in which his monarch had sat, sacred from the intrusion of more vulgar persons ever after; and one of "the seven men of Glenmorriston," with whom the defeated Stuart for some time took refuge, after the battle of Culloden, refused, during the rest of his life, to

allow any one to shake his right hand—that hand which had been grasped by the exiled descendant of a long line of princes. These instances are in perfect keeping, except that in the one case the homage was rendered to genius, in the others to rank.

This period of the life of Paganini is marked by adventures of the wildest character. Notwithstanding his delicate constitution he would pass successive days and nights in the most reckless orgies, only ceasing when his strength was completely exhausted. He would then remain almost torpid for several weeks till his powers were in some degree restored, and then rouse himself to enter upon a new career of dissipation. It was apprehended by his friends that a life entailing these alternations of abnormal excitement and listless languor would soon lead him to the tomb; and probably that would have been the case had not a circumstance occurred which induced him to reflect, and to adopt habits of greater regularity. We will relate it in his own words:—"I one day placed myself in a position which was to decide my future. The Prince of — had for some time coveted the possession of my violin—the only one I possessed at that period, and which I still have. He on one particular occasion was extremely anxious that I should mention the sum for which I would dispose of it; but not wishing to part with my instrument, I declared I would not sell it for 250 gold napoleons. Some time after the prince said to me, that I was doubtless only in jest in asking such a sum, but that he would be willing to give me 2000 francs. I was at this moment in the greatest want of money to meet a debt of honour I had incurred at play, and I was almost tempted to accept the proffered amount when I received an invitation to a party that evening at a friend's house. All my capital consisted of 30 francs, as I had disposed of all my jewels, watch, rings, brooches, &c. I resolved upon risking this last resource, and if fortune proved fickle to sell my violin to the prince and proceed to St. Petersburg without instrument or luggage, with the view of re-establishing my affairs; my thirty francs were reduced to three, when suddenly my fortune took a turn; and with the small

remains of my capital I won 160 francs. This amount saved my violin, and completely set me up. From that day I abjured gaming, to which I had sacrificed a part of my youth, convinced that a gamester is an object of contempt to all well-regulated minds."

The conclusion of Paganini's tale is no doubt rather inconsistent. It is hardly to be imagined that it was a conviction of the contempt he ran the risk of incurring, but an acute sense of the difficulties to which he exposed himself, that led to the formation of his wise resolution. But be that as it may, it is certain that from that day he abandoned gaming.

Sometime after an adventure came across his path which threatened to withdraw him from the musical world. Almost all great artists have been extremely susceptible to the tender passion; and almost all just as inconstant in their attachments. A lady of rank saw Paganini and fell deeply in love with him. She managed to make him acquainted with the state of her heart, and found her passion was reciprocated; and in the first warmth of their affection the enamoured pair retired from the world to an estate possessed by the lady in Tuscany. There Paganini neglected his violin; but the lady was a performer upon the guitar, and Paganini took a fancy to that instrument. His was not a mind to remain idle, and for some three years he divided his time between his new instrument and the practice of agriculture. Though it is not probable that the guitar would ever have become in his hands so powerful an instrument as the violin, still he discovered new capabilities. But at length his former tastes returned, and acquired their old force. The votary of music was not to be permanently bound by the chains of Cupid. In his amorous retirement he pined for freedom as earnestly as he before did when a prisoner in his first home, and he decided upon resuming his old life. Whether he and his lady-love quarrelled or took a decorous leave of one another, we know not; but he departed upon his travels.

In 1804 he returned to Genoa and gave himself up to composition, except that he appears to have given lessons on the violin to Catherine Calcagno, a native of Genoa, and at that time a

child of seven years old. What became of this pupil when she reached womanhood is unknown. At fifteen she electrified the public by her performances; but after 1816 all traces of her are lost.

In 1805, when Paganini was twenty-one, he projected another tour of Italy. He proceeded from Genoa to Lucca, where at fifteen he had performed at the fête of St. Martin, and was received with re-doubled enthusiasm and applause. The admiration of the people may be imagined from the fact that, when he played a concerto at a night-festival in one of the chapels, loud plaudits broke forth in spite of the sacred character of the edifice, and were only repressed by the exertions of the monks, who were compelled to quit their stalls for that purpose.

Eliza, the sister of Napoleon, and who was married to Prince Bacchioli about this time, became Princess of Lucca and Piombino, and fixed her court at Lucca. The princess, attracted by the talent of Paganini, made him director of her private music, and conductor of the orchestra of the opera—posts which detained him for some time at Lucca. The princess, who probably observed in him a love of display, from which few artists are wholly free, gratified him by his appointment as Captain in the Royal Gendarmie, which gave him the privilege of attending at court in a splendid dress. She also encouraged him to discover new instrumental effects, and in his efforts after novelty he composed a sonata for the first and fourth strings only, the second and third being removed. He relates the following anecdote belonging to that period:—

¶ "At Lucca I directed the orchestra, when the reigning family honoured the opera with their presence. I was often also called upon to play at court; and there, fortnightly, I organized concerts, and announced to the court a novelty under the title of '*Scène Amoureuse*.' Curiosity rose to its highest pitch; but the surprise of all present at court was extreme, when I entered the saloon with a violin with only two strings. I had only retained the first and fourth. The former was to express the sentiments of a young girl, the other was to express the passionate language of a lover. I had composed a kind of dialogue, in which the most tender accents followed the outbursts of jealousy. At

one time chords representing tender appeals; at another plaudits, reproaches, cries of joy and felicity and pain. Then followed reconciliation; and the lovers, persuaded than ever, executed a *deux*, which terminated in a *br* coda. This novelty was eminently successful. The Princess Eliza led me to the skies, and said to me: 'In the most gracious manner possible, have just performed impossibilities. Would not a single string suffice for your talents?' I promised to attempt. This idea delighted me, and some weeks after I composed a military sonata, entitled 'Napoleon,' which I performed on the 24th of August, before a numerous and brilliant court. Its success far exceeded my expectations. My predilection for the G string dates from this period.

In this extract we may clearly see the artist's love of adulation and his consciousness of his own merits. The latter feeling is so prone as to be almost disagreeable, and is termed conceit but for its effects. All the flattery which was lavished on him at the court of Lucca, and the honours by which he was distinguished, were not sufficient to permanently detain him in the service of the Princess Eliza. He had acquired an insatiable habit of wandering which was to be subdued by the attractions of court, any more than by solitude, or one on whom he had placed his affection. He longed for new scenes, new conquests; and in 1808, permission, being granted him to travel, he finally left Lucca. The Princess becoming Grand Duchess of Tuscany removed with her court to Florence, and Paganini retained his position, and proceeded with his tour. He visited Leghorn, the place where years before the enthusiastic Frenchman had presented him with a valued Guarneri violin. At this time he was near meeting with a failure, but it was turned by his talent into success. A series of trifling accidents excited the risible faculties of the audience; and laughter is the most formidable opponent an artist can have in an encounter. A nail had pierced his heel, and he came limping forward. The audience laughed. One candle fell down. The audience laughed again. A few bars were played, and snap went the first string.

The laughter grew louder. But Paganini, never heeding the mischance, played the solo through on the three remaining strings, and changed the laughter into the loudest acclamations. Paganini very often afterwards broke a string while playing—oftener, it is said, than could have occurred by any reasonable calculation of chances. It is hinted that the accidents were designed to catch applause, and, from the glimpses we have had of the character of the man, that is anything but improbable. To one who loved applause as he did, it was a means of obtaining it—denied to others, but easy to him, and likely to be often resorted to.

On a visit to Turin, after he left Leghorn, he was first attacked by dysentery, repeated attacks of which disease afterwards impaired his health and interrupted his musical career.

The celebrated variations, "The Witches," were composed by Paganini during, or shortly after, 1813. The idea was suggested by his witnessing at Milan, in the early part of that year, a ballet, the title of which was "The Drowned One of Benevento," and the theme was the air to which the witches, who played a part in the ballet, came upon the stage. At Milan he had a relapse, which for some months precluded his appearance in public; and it was not till toward the end of the year that he was in a condition to give his first concert, the fame of which the Italian and German newspapers spread over Europe. At Bologna in 1814, he met the great composer Rossini, and an acquaintance commenced which subsequently ripened into friendship. In 1817 he visited Rome, where Rossini had proceeded before him, and was there engaged composing the "Cenerentola." Paganini gave several concerts in the Seven-Hilled city, which produced the greatest sensation, and then formed the resolution of favouring the cities of France and Germany with his presence. He went to Naples in 1819, and commenced his concerts at the theatre of the Fondos. Some surprise has been manifested that he did not go to the principal theatre, St. Carlo; but this is partly explained by the fact that, at Naples his reputation was not established, and the leaders of the musical world there expected a failure. They found themselves deceived, for

Paganini passed triumphantly through the severest ordeal they could devise: A young composer, named Danna, who had shortly before left the Conservatory, was employed to write a quartett of the most intricate description. The object was not to produce a beautiful piece of music, but one embarrassed and rendered difficult by every imaginable perplexity. Danna executed his task to perfection, and, thus prepared, the conspirators invited Paganini to a musical party, where the quartett was placed before him to play at sight. Either he had some notice of the plot, or saw at a glance the trap which was set for him, and without being at all embarrassed, took his violin and played the piece with as much accuracy as though he had had the opportunity of studying it beforehand. This served to completely establish his reputation; and those who had before doubted hailed him as a prodigy.

During his stay at Naples an event occurred which was near putting an end at once to the musical career of Paganini and his life:—He had another violent attack of dysentery, which appeared to him to be connected with exposure to draughts. Anxious to prevent his failing health from being still further impaired, he sought a lodging in Pretajo, a low and sheltered part of the city. Here, however, as it proved, draughts abounded; and his health becoming worse, it was generally believed that he was a victim to consumption, a malady which is there believed to be contagious. The landlord, terrified at the idea of the scourge spreading among his family, instantly turned Paganini and all his property into the street. Fortunately the violoncellist, Ciandelli, who was a friend of Paganini's, happened to be passing at the moment, and after soundly beating the landlord with his walking-stick, as a punishment for his brutality, had the sick artist conveyed to other apartments, where he was properly attended to.

Between 1820 and 1828, Paganini seems mainly to have spent his time in Naples, Milan, Trieste, and Rome; and in the latter year he made his appearance in the Austrian capital. At Vienna he created a perfect furor. His first effort decided his success. Those who recollect the recent Jenny Lind mania here may have some idea of the enthusiasm of the Viennese. The papers

teemed with eulogies, poems were composed in his praise, and medals struck in his honour. His portrait adorned cigar-cases and snuff-boxes; the tops of walking-sticks bore his features; and new inventions and articles of dress were christened after him. The crowning point was only reached when, after a concert given by him for the benefit of the poor, he received from the Viennese magistrates the gold medal of St. Salvator, and from the Emperor the title of Virtuoso of his private band.

For three years Paganini enjoyed his triumphs in Germany, and then proceeded to Paris. Here his fame had gone before him. He had long been known by the publication of his violin studies, which perplexed the best performers, and his arrival was waited for with mingled impatience and curiosity. He stayed in the French capital only from March till May, 1831, during which time the Parisians were excited to an enthusiasm bordering upon frenzy, and then he proceeded to London. The English cannot now be considered a musical people. In that respect the natives of more southern countries, conscious of their own superiority, look down upon us. We have recently had the father of a German *prima donna* express his opinion that London was to be valued not for its appreciation of artistic intellect, but for its money. Twenty years ago our countrymen were much less musical than they are now, not so much from want of natural power as from lack of cultivation and opportunity. But the great name which Paganini had made for himself produced as much curiosity and interest here as in Paris; and if he did not meet with such discriminating admiration as in other cities, he had at least no reason to complain of his reception. Six years after he had left Genoa, Paganini again stood upon his native land. He had amassed great wealth, and with it he returned to Italy, where he purchased several properties, among which was a beautiful seat—*la villa Gazona*—near Parma, to which he retired.

Here, perhaps, in quiet and comfort, Paganini, after the excesses of his youth, and the labours of his after life, might have spent many years, but unfortunately he fell into the hands of speculators, and embarked in a new

undertaking. The project was to establish a casino at Paris, under the title of the *Casino Paganini*, for the ostensible object of musical entertainments, but really to serve the purposes of a gambling house. The Casino, which was an establishment got up with great magnificence, opened in the latter part of 1837, but the authorities refused to allow the gambling part of the scheme to be carried into effect. That was precisely the portion of the adventure from which the greatest profit was looked for, and the projectors, being confined to concerts, found the expenses exceed the returns. Paganini had entered into a contract to perform at the Casino, but his health now became so bad that he was unable to perform his engagements, and finally he became involved in legal proceedings, and was condemned to pay 50,000 francs to the creditors of the speculation; the judges not even waiting to hear his defence. Paganini, whose death was rapidly approaching when this judgment was given against him, was thrown into prison, and detained until the money was paid.

When Paganini, in 1839, had released himself from the embarrassments which his share in the Casino had brought upon him, he proceeded by the advice of his physicians to Marseilles. His disease was phthisis of the larynx; and a southern climate, it was thought, might be beneficial. He was by this time reduced to a state of great weakness, but he nevertheless proceeded southward by short and easy journeys. After his arrival he was present at the performance of a requiem by Cherubini; and in June he attended in one of the churches of Marseilles, on the occasion of the celebration of a solemn mass by Beethoven. His old love of change, and the restlessness attendant upon suffering, drove him from Marseilles in October, and he returned by sea to Genoa, in the hope that the voyage would aid his recovery. But he was not destined to recover. His malady accelerated its progress; and the symptoms became more urgent and alarming. He passed on to Nice, to spend the winter; and there he expired, on the 27th of May, 1840, in the 57th year of his age.

The last scene of the great musician was highly characteristic; and we take an account of it which has been given by

an Italian writer, who says :—" On the last night of his existence he appeared unusually tranquil. He had slept a little ; 'when he awoke, he requested that the curtains of his bed should be drawn aside to contemplate the moon, which, at its full, was advancing calmly in the immensity of the pure heavens. At this solemn hour he seemed desirous to return to Nature all the soft sensations which he was then possessed of ; stretching forth his hand towards his enchanted violin—to the faithful companion of his travels—to the magician which had robbed care of its stings—he sent to heaven with its last sounds the last sigh of a life which had been all melody."

Paganini left by his will, dated 27th April, 1837, his fortune of £80,000 (subject to some legacies) to his natural son, Achilli, who had been legitimized, and who also inherited the title of Baron.

His favourite violin, the Guarneri, which he had presented to him at Leghorn, and which accompanied him in all his travels, he was desirous should not become the property of another artist, and he therefore bequeathed it to Genoa, his native place. This touch of half affection, half professional jealousy, reminds us strongly of the feudal warrior, desiring that his war-horse might be sacrificed on his grave, and his good sword interred with his remains ; or of the ancient bard, who, in his last moments, destroyed his harp, so that its strings might not be swept by a less worthy hand.

The death of Paganini was not the last scene in his history. After his decease, doubts were raised as to his religious belief. These appear primarily to have rested upon rumours current among the people, and which were strengthened by his having died without receiving the last rites of the church. The bishop of Nice refused to suffer the corpse to be interred in consecrated ground, and resisted the entreaties of his friends to be allowed to celebrate a solemn service for the repose of his soul. All the bishop would do was to give an authentic act of decease, and allow the removal of the body. This was not deemed satisfactory, and the corpse still remaining unburied at the hospital of Nice, the matter was brought before the courts

of law, but without success. The body was afterwards taken to the country house of Polcevera, near Genoa, formerly the property of Paganini ; and finally the bishop of Parma, less scrupulous than he of Nice, was prevailed on to let the corpse be carried into that Duchy, and interred in the church of Villa Gonja. Thus a sepulchre was at last with difficulty accorded to the remains of the celebrated man, whose genius had won for him a world-wide fame. The funeral took place in May, 1845 ; but in consequence of orders issued by the Government, it was conducted without pomp or ceremony.

SCHLEIERMACHER.

"THE man is departed, from whom will be dated, for the future, a new epoch in theology." In these words of sorrowing reverence did Dr. Neander convey to the University of Berlin the intelligence of Schleiermacher's death ; and from the nature of the tribute thus offered to Schleiermacher, it will at once be seen, that the man, whose life we now present, was a theologian. His life runs much into the lives of many other men ; and the field of his chosen labours and fame stands in such intimate connexion with other regions of inquiry, that it seems unavoidable we should often have to trench upon domains which lie, if not beyond our own, yet very contiguous to them.

The biography of any man properly begins at his birth. Schleiermacher's is no exception to this rule ; and looking over the records, we find that this initial event happened on the 24th of November, 1768 ; and that Breslau in Silesia was the city where first he breathed. Much might have been interesting and refreshing to us, concerning the manner and circumstances in which he strode up from infancy to manhood, and with what links the chain that binds together these two periods of life, was composed ; upon this point the records are woefully scanty, and manifest a stinginess amounting almost to silence. So rigid is this oracle in its dumbness, that we might almost be tempted to fancy Schleiermacher had no boyhood, but marched directly out of his cradle into his study.

Who Schleiermacher's parents were, and what they ever did towards the good and bettering of the universe, beyond presenting such a son to it, is among the things, which the invariable barrenness of the history obliges us to leave unrecorded. One thing we are favoured with, and that is the fact that they were an honest and a devout couple, professing the religious faith and worthily leading the religious life of the Moravian Christians. True to their convictions of parental duties, their son was duly trained to the usages and manner of worship peculiar to that unostentatious but honourable community; and doubtless went with those of his own years to the numerous juvenile services which abound among the Moravians, where he could hear prayers and sermons adapted to his understanding, and where, also, he was taught to sing, "I love my little papa, I love my little mamma, and brother, the little lamb; I love the dear angels, the little church, and my little heart." Doubtless, also, when he had added more years to his age, and his comprehension had become broader and deeper he would frequent the Agapæ, where sweet music was mingled with pious reflections, and sing the hymns whose mystic devoutness was sweet beyond utterance. Thus too he would visit the graveyards, those sacred and sublime enclosures, "God's acres," and join in the solemn chant which attended not the burial, but the "going home to the Lord," of departed brethren. Such is the kind of moral and religious rearing which youth in the Moravian community enjoy; and, without doubt, Schleiermacher had it, and enjoyed it too, in his young days. His own words, in after days, speak most lovingly of such training: "Piety," he says, in his "Discourses on Religion," "was the maternal womb in whose sacred obscurity my young life was nourished, and prepared for the world which was as yet closed to it; in this element my spirit breathed, before it had as yet found its particular department in science and in the experience of life; this was my aid, when I began to sift the faith of my ancestors, and to purify my thoughts and feelings from the rubbish of former ages; this remained to me, when even the God and the immortality of my childhood dis-

appeared from before the doubting eye; it led me undesignedly into active life; it showed me how I ought to hold myself sacred with my talents and defects, in my undivided existence, and through it alone have I learned friendship and love."

Parental nurture, however, is strengthened and supplemented among the Moravians by some excellent schools; and to one of these, that at Niesky, in Upper Lusatia, Schleiermacher was sent for his boarding-school education. In this place too the "piety," of which he has spoken with such earnest and tender emotion, still breathed all around him, and baptized him with its ambrosial sweetness. Living beyond his school years in the blessed home of piety, and desirous of evermore abiding there, we find him quitting his Niesky school and entering the Moravian Theological Seminary, at Gnadau in Saxony, with the sublime duties of the Moravian ministry before him, and for which he was now a candidate. In this establishment he continued but for a short time, his piety not diminishing aught, but his scientific reflection developing itself wonderfully. He had begun to interrogate his inner self. He sought to know why he engaged in such religious acts; what all these phenomena of religious exercise meant; within himself he found a basis for his religious duties, but one that would remain, whether his religion found expression for itself in the Moravian way or in that of any other religious body. He had in fact begun to philosophise on religion, his religious nature was demanding a field for self-expansion, which he could not find in the very limited and rudimental territory in which the Moravians enclosed themselves. The result of the strugglings of this soul born for freedom with the narrow creed and unsatisfactory prescriptions of the Moravians, was, that he closed his connection with them at the age of eighteen; and in the year 1787, he betook himself to Halle, in whose university he studied under Nösselt, Knapp, Eberhard, and Wolf. In this seat of learning he remained for three years, giving his unembarrassed spirit a wide liberty in all the fields of speculation and science. Philology, philosophy, and theology were the subjects that chiefly appealed to and won his

attention. He had, even among the Moravians, become the subject of honest doubt on many life-questions of religion, where one generally desires certainty, and was brought to the margin of the "howling deserts of infidelity." The study too of Spinoza, at Halle, naturally gave new vigour to a sceptical or inquiring spirit, but his onward scepticisms and doubtings led him up to a firm land on which he could place his foot securely, and say, "Here I have at last got to certainty and strength." This he found in an inevitable Christianity, which moved his whole being, and whose pillars rested on and were rooted in his spiritual consciousness.

Schleiermacher, having passed the usual time of study at Halle, quitted the scene of his life-struggles and life-resolves, in order to reduce the latter into execution. Among the Reformed churches of Germany, it is customary for every candidate for the ministry to pass some time previous to his ordination in the capacity of tutor, either in some school establishment, or in a private family. With this custom Schleiermacher had to comply; and we find him, on leaving the University, installed as private tutor in the family of Count Dohna-Schlöbitten, of Finckenstein, in Prussia. Here, however, his stay was very short, for he soon abandoned this private engagement for a more public one in Berlin. In this city was a seminary for the masters of classical schools, under the direction of Gedike, and of this Schleiermacher became an assistant teacher. He could not have remained very long here, for our next date comes at a period, doubtless, not very remote from the close of his university career. And we should fancy that liberation from this piece of antiquated, conventional drudgery, must have been most welcome to him, panting, as he then was, with eager restlessness, to speak a word of real wisdom to his associates in life's difficulties and responsibilities. This liberation he found in his ordination, in the year 1794, by which he became assistant minister at Landsberg, on the Warthe, in Brandenburg. Two years from this date he moved back to Berlin, and became preacher at the noted *Charité Hospital*, which position he occupied for six years.

Whilst at the *Charité*, he made his

first appearance as a public writer; and it will appear somewhat strange to Englishmen that the first literary engagement of Schleiermacher, was a translation of the popular, but exceedingly vapid and verbose, sermons of Blair. But the fact is, he had become intimately acquainted with the famous theologian, F. G. S. Sack, who was then wasting this time in translating the said sermons, and who prevailed on Schleiermacher to join him in the undertaking, and the greater part of the last volume was done by Schleiermacher alone; we believe his friendship with Dr. Sack alone induced him to select these sermons from the whole circle of British homiletic literature, for the benefit of sermon-reading Germans. Having tried his hand once at sermon-translating, Schleiermacher continued the profession, in rendering *Faucett's Sermons* into his own vernacular; and this essay completed his translating efforts, at least as far as sermons are concerned, for there was a higher and nobler field of literary service opening before him towards which he was steadily advancing.

It becomes necessary for us here, before we fasten on the next movement of Schleiermacher, briefly to indicate his position, and notice the company he kept. With his clerical brethren he had but little intercourse and less sympathy. A coterie of young, dashing, vehement romanticists, whose guiding spirits were the brothers Schlegel, Novalis, Schelling, and others, had more alluring attractions for him. Fichte had been expelled from the chair of philosophy at Jena, on a charge of atheism, but found in the King of Prussia, a generous friend: "I accord him cheerfully," said Friedrich William, "an abode in my dominions. Is it true that he has made war with the good God? Let the good God settle it with him. With me it makes no difference. Being forbidden rest for the sole of his foot, or freedom to his thoughts, in any other German state, Fichte as cheerfully accepted the invitation to Berlin as it had been offered to him. With F. Schlegel, Fichte became closely intimate. In a letter to his wife, with the date, July, 1799, Fichte says: "I am now at work on the 'Destination of Man.' At half-past twelve I hold my toilet (yes! get powdered and dressed,

&c.); and at one, I call on M. Veit, where I meet Schlegel, and a reformed preacher, Schlegel's friend. . . . In the evening, I walk with Schlegel in the Zoological Gardens, or under the linden-trees, before the house. Sometimes I make small country parties with Schlegel and his friend." This reformed preacher, who had become the friend of Fichte, as well as of Schlegel, was Schleiermacher, and the influence of this intercourse with Fichte was never lost upon the preacher, and did, doubtless, impel him to higher services for his age, than the translation of sermons.

Somewhere about this time Friedrich and Augustus W. Schlegel started a periodical called the "Athenæum." Tieck, Novalis, and Schleiermacher, were constant writers in the same. The aim of this journal was to effect an entire change in the literature of Germany. By a bold and fearless course of polemics, these young literary Ishmaelites published and enforced their undisguised hostility against the mental poverty and Philistinism of the age, aiming their barbed arrows chiefly at Kotzebue and Ofland. The time, however, had not yet come for these attacks to take full effect. The hands of the strong writers being turned against every man not of their party, challenged a return of the favour; the periodical did not find remunerating support; and after three years of smart firing, its batteries become silent.

One circumstance, however, closely associated with this Athenæum-spar-ring must not be omitted, as Schleiermacher was too deeply involved in it. Friedrich Schlegel, in 1799, published his "Lucinde," a work, to take Mrs. Austin's description of it, "of fancy, sentiment, and reflection," in which, however, the very anti-Platonic character of his description of love, occasioned not a little scandal and censure. What the precise object of the author in this equivocal novel was, may admit of question, though, perhaps, it is not unaptly characterised by a German critic as a fantastic and dreamy attempt to exalt and sublimate sensual love. Certain it is that the public in general conceived, and not without some reason that, like Hemse's 'Ardinghello,' it was an elaborate attempt to invest sensuality with grace, and to lavish a

poetical colouring on scenes and incidents of a very questionable character." The "Lucinde" produced a great sensation in Germany, and was admired and commended by men of the highest eminence, while by others it was as strenuously reprobated. Schlegel himself seems to have felt the justice and the power of the adverse criticism, as he never published the remaining volumes of the novel. The business, however, brought Schleiermacher into hot water, as he had lavished the most extravagant encomiums on the book, in a series of "Confidential Letters on the Lucinde," which he published in the "Athenæum." It seems pretty clear, though, that Schleiermacher was not aware of the dangerous tendency of the book he had so inadvertently belauded. About this there seems to be a moral certainty, as the said letters have not been republished among Schleiermacher's works; doubtless he regarded them as a mistake, and would have them duly forgotten. But some men take a delight in making a man say over again what he has no heart to repeat, yea, even what he has long since recanted and disavowed. So it happened in this case, for shortly after Schleiermacher's death, Karl Gutzkow, a writer and leader in the school known as "Young Germany," raked over the dusty and forgotten pages of the Athenæum, dragged forth these unfortunate letters "from the chaff and ruins of the times," and republished them with the intention of vilifying the noble character of their author, and of drawing censure upon him for the long-forgotten aberrations of his youth. Their publication at first created considerable sensation; but the voice of Germany rose indignantly against so base an act of injustice and cowardice towards the honoured and silent dead, and Gutzkow speedily saw his unmanly labour ending in a merited abortion.

Passing by the contributions to the defunct Athenæum, and the whirl of Gutzkow-lust, we come upon the first real product of Schleiermacher, the noble corner-stone of the stately edifice with which his name is associated. At the close of the last century, amid a howling wilderness of perverted genius, and close by heaps of shattered craters and smouldering lava of num-

berless spent volcanoes, Schleiermacher stands up and views the terrible spiritual desolations about him, and with profound penetration detects the wants of his time, and right resolutely girds up his strength to supply them. An unsparing criticism, whose knife had been first whetted by Semler, and in the hands of Eickhorn, Wegscheider, Paulus, and others his followers, had made such slashing work with the books of the Old and New Testament, as had left nothing scarcely for the religious spirit therein to repose on—the torpid, dull orthodoxy, in its excessive zeal for the letter, had smothered the spirit and life of a Christianity they had entombed in a chilling formalism,—the spirit of Goethe's poetry had superseded the spirit of the gospel; and the poet's disciples had said, "The Nazarene peasant may think himself fortunate if he receive a condescending approval from the lips of our prophet." The progress of metaphysical science had presented a Pantheistic conception of God united to an austere morality—these were some of the influences which had well nigh extruded religion from the heart and anxieties of the German population; or if it were tolerated at all, it was as a harmless piece of folly, that weak-minded men or imbecile women and children might be allowed to indulge in, or as a useful sort of check upon an illiterate mob, a muzzle that was a good defence to decent people from the attacks of mad dogs that otherwise might worry them. This sad dislocation of man's highest consciousness Schleiermacher saw, and determined to appeal to his age to rectify it,—to arrest the sweeping convulsion, which he did in his memorable "Discourses on Religion, addressed to the educated class of its despisers." The great end of the man in these discourses is to remove the misconceptions that were rife on religion,—to prove to his hearers or readers that, resist it as they would, religion was a constituent element in their very being. In the first chapter of the discourses he is saying: "It may seem an unexpected effort at which you will wonder, if yet another demand of you, who stand so far above the common level, and are so penetrated with the wisdom of centuries, a hearing upon a subject which you have neglected so utterly. I confess, too,

that I see no reason to hope so fortunate an issue of my efforts as to win your applause; or, what would be more fortunate, to breathe into you my feelings, and an inspiration for my cause. For faith has never been every man's possession, and it has been always true that few only have known religion itself, while millions have amused themselves in various ways with the garbs it has consented to assume. The life of men of letters in these times, however, is far from any semblance of religion. I know that you honour the Deity in your retirement just as little as you visit the forsaken temples; that in your dwellings no other objects of reverence are found than the prudent sayings of our wise men, and the beautiful conceptions of our artists; and that humanity and social life, and art and science, have so fully occupied your attention, that you have no thoughts left for that eternal and pure Being who lives, to you, beyond the world. I know that you have made life on earth so beautiful that you require no eternity. You are convinced that nothing new can be said on this subject, which has been satisfactorily discussed by philosophers and seers, and, may I not add, by scoffers and priests. From the last, at least, you have no desire to hear. They have been long declared unworthy of your confidence, because they love best to dwell in the storm-beaten ruins of their sanctuary; nor can they even rest there quietly without adding to the work of destruction. I know all this, and yet, impelled by an inward, an irresistible necessity, I must speak, and I cannot retract the invitation that precisely you should hear me."

In these magnificent discourses, which go into its very philosophy, Schleiermacher develops his idea of religion. With him religion consists not in action, nor in the intellect, but in the state of the feeling,—feeling, however, regarded, not in the popular use of the term, but as constituting the central and kindling point—the inmost root of the soul. In another part of the discourses he says: "The universe exists in an unbroken action, and discloses itself to us at each moment. Each form which it produces; each being to which, according to the fulness of its life, it gives a separate existence

each event which it shakes out of its rich and ever-fruitful lap, is an action of the same upon us: and in these influences, and in that which makes its appearance in us through their means, to grasp each single thing, not for itself, but as a part of the whole; to view each finite, not in its opposition to another, but as a representation of the infinite in our life, and to permit ourselves to be influenced by them—this is religion." Religion then is a deep emotion of the mind, arising from the absorption of the man, the individual man in the infinite; it is viewing God in all things, and all things in God.

Thus defining religion, Schleiermacher could confidently make his appeal to its despisers, and could defy the assaults alike of an annihilating philosophy, and of a curbless criticism. These discourses were productive of immense results; many by them were brought over from despising religion to its warm and hearty reception. One of their noblest conquests was in the case of Dr. Neander, referred to in a former number of this work. They first of all appeared in the year 1799, a second edition came out in 1806, and two more editions in the single year, 1821; and in his preface to the last edition, expressive of his conviction that his work was not without its reward, Schleiermacher said that "the persons to whom his words had been addressed seemed to be no longer before him." On the first appearance of the discourses, Friedrich Schlegel said: "They are discourses, the first of their kind that we have in German; full of energy and fire, and yet very artistic, in a style which would not be unworthy of one of the ancients." And again, commendingly: "The most characteristic book we have—a book of an infinite subjectivity." The mercurial Jean Paul who about this time came to Berlin with a hopeful eye on a prebend's place which never became his; but with better luck in his search for a wife, now commenced an intimate fellowship with Schleiermacher, and having read the volume of discourses pronounced it—"An inspired and inspiring work; a chaste and fair temple, wherein is carried on a veritable divine service."

Although this work of Schleiermacher gained him at once a position

of honourable fame, it also subjected him to a great deal of misrepresentation and abuse. The old church owls, whose mischievous works he had assailed in true Athenæum style and tone, screamed out lustily about his profane Pantheism, as also did others who ought to have known better. His phraseology might sometimes savour of the Pantheistic style, but the position he put himself into, and the object he was aiming at, sufficiently account for that. He was accustomed to see God everywhere, they—nowhere, and if "the wondrous works of the Deity proclaimed him to be always near," to Schleiermacher; no wonder that they should deprecate his daring utterances, who only conceive of God as if he were some awful invisible being, indifferent to the universe and human affairs,—seated aloft, myriads of leagues from man's abode, dozing dreamily away the ages between the creation and the consummation of all things. It has been well said that these discourses were, and were intended to be, "apologies rather for religion in general than for Christianity in particular, delivered, as it were, in the forecourt of theology, or in the forecourt of the heathen." Schleiermacher proceeded philosophically; he had first to awaken the religious consciousness before he could hope to develop the Christian.

Passing by the screech owls, whose nests Schleiermacher had so rudely disturbed, and the poison-spitting religious parasites, whose atrabilious sensitivities he had so unceremoniously stirred up, we next find him before the public with his "Monologues," a series of essays, in which his intercourse with Fichte makes itself evident. They are devoted to the exaltation of the independence and individuality of man, and are said to be more beautifully written than even the "Destinatio of Man," whose philosophy they enthusiastically adopt. Except a collection of sermons, the original literary work of Schleiermacher was drawing to a close for his present residence in Berlin. In 1801 he joined Friedrich Schlegel in translating Plato's works into German, but shortly after was left alone in the engagement: this labour through various periods of his life greatly occupied his time and faculties: not till the year 1828 had he completed his task; but

his result was commensurate with the time and toil he employed upon it. Every earnest reader of Plato has occasion to acknowledge the services Schleiermacher has rendered towards a due understanding of the philosopher and his philosophy; his translation ranks first among the rendering of the great idealist into modern European languages, while the philosophical and critical disquisitions which he has prefixed to his several volumes claim for him an honourable place among classic critics.

The year 1802 severed Schleiermacher's connexion with Berlin for a time, he being then appointed minister of the court church at Stolpe in Pomerania: whilst here he first published his work on "Christian Morals," which having gone through successive alterations and modifications, was finally reproduced a few years after his death, and entitled, "A System of Christian Ethics on the Principles of the Evangelical Church." We cannot enter into an examination of this profound work; here, but we will briefly copy down the terse and pregnant expression of his magical friend, Jean Paul, concerning it: "A high encomium is due to the works of the acute, ironical, and comprehensive mind of that great-great-great-grandson of Plato—Schleiermacher. His work on ethics will found a new epoch in moral philosophy; it is full of luminous and glowing fire, rich in the antique spirit, in learning, and enlarged views. Here we find no fortune's wheel turned by a man who cannot see, and giving us a jumble of notions at hap-hazard, but the fiery wheel of a great system makes its revolutions."

In 1804 Schleiermacher was invited to a professorship in the university of Würzburg, but at the request of the Prussian government he declined this post of honour, which in return offered him the chair of theology and philosophy in their university of Halle, which he did accept. During the short time of his continuance at Halle, Schleiermacher published only one work, and that a dialogue, entitled "Christmas Eve." The several speakers in this dialogue respectively represent, more or less distinctly, the shades of belief of the author. Here he discusses the comparative trustworthiness of the different gospel writers in the New

Testament, and attributes it to John in a degree far greater than to the synoptical writers; this, with a description of the day, and conversation suggested by the season, occupy the whole of the book.

Napoleon Bonaparte was marching rapidly to the culminating point of his successes and splendour, in the year 1807. He had overthrown the Prussian army at Jena, and, with successive victories, had completely prostrated the national spirit of Prussia. He had assaulted and carried Halle, and broken up the university; he had taken Berlin, and occupied it for many months with his army. On the dispersion of the university of Halle, poor Neander, broken in spirits and weak in body, had gone off on tramp to Göttingen; his teacher, Schleiermacher, too, was obliged to flee. Neander was young and a student, and submitted patiently to his disasters; Schleiermacher was his senior, a professor, and acutely felt his own and his nation's humiliation, when, at the proud bidding of a foreign victorious autocrat, he had to vacate his chair, and see his pupils, the flower, the strength, and hope of the fatherland, driven from their beloved training-place by the formidable French eagle that drove all before it, and learning and science told to stand still to do homage to the sanguinary spirit of war and the lust of the victor. Schleiermacher retreated to Berlin, with a burning volcano of patriotic indignation pent up within his spirit, waiting only for a fit moment to disgorge itself effectually, which it soon found. Schleiermacher at first employed himself in delivering lectures on philosophy and philology, but having been appointed minister of Trinity Church in Berlin, he found the moment had arrived when he might open the flood-gates of his soul; and then, from that ever-eloquent tongue and that indignant spirit, there streamed forth such a torrent of hitherto confined wrath, upon the warrior-oppressors of his land, as enkindled like fervour of fury against them in the spirits of his auditory. And the whole of this, Davoust, the French marshal, had to hear, whose ears, had they been another's than a warrior's, must have strangely tingled; or had his sensitiveness been cultivated in another than a military school, it must have felt itself raked over with teeth of fire.

Not a little did the Berlin population owe to the inflammatory harangues of this fervid orator for the spirit of the mettle by which they subsequently distinguished themselves in contests with their French foe. It was in the year 1809, that Schleiermacher, in the midst of the tumultuous scenes that were then common in Berlin, solaced himself for the loss of his university chair and professorial honours, by entering into matrimony. He had but to wait another year and things would work round smoother and straighter for him. Halle was now dismembered from Prussia and attached to the kingdom of Westphalia; but Prussia could not do without a university. The genius of Fichte had schemed the plan of a university at Berlin; the authorities had seconded him, and the university of Berlin was inaugurated just a century after that at Halle had commenced. Both of these periods were epochs in the religious life of Prussia. The latter was the triumph of the "faith of feeling," in the appointment of Spener to the chair of theology; the former was a repetition of the same, by the installation of Schleiermacher into the same post at Berlin. The coincidence is a valuable and noticeable one, for, as Menzel says in his "German Literature," "the faith of feeling promoted by Spener, after it had acquired popularity, immediately isolated itself in the Moravian sect, founded by Count Zinzendorf in the beginning of the last century, and so far ceased for a time to exert an influence on the Protestant church." This we have seen Schleiermacher bringing it out from its isolation, and giving to it a broader scope for life and action. To have started in its career with such men as Schleiermacher in the chair of theology, Savigny in that of jurisprudence, Niebuhr in that of history, was a good fortune for the university of Berlin, and such as gave it immediate prosperity, which to this day it has not ceased to maintain. The professorial staff at Berlin was shortly afterwards enlarged by the addition of Neander, Marheinecke, and De Wette, and, in conjunction with most of these distinguished men, Schleiermacher laboured till his death. The French army, to the relief of all Prussian patriots, soon vanished; and the real work of ennobling and aggrandizing a nation was car-

ried on without any further military interruption. Schleiermacher, with all the interest he took in his university duties, did not confine his labours to them; he still continued his Sunday-preaching at church, and his pen was ever at work. About this time he published his "Critical Letter on the so-called First Epistle of Paul to Timothy," a work which disclosed his profound power as a biblical critic, and which, as Dr. Lücke says, "caused classical philologists to envy them (*i. e.* the theologians) the possession of."

Schleiermacher was made a member of the Academy of Sciences in Berlin in 1811. To this institution he furnished some of its most valuable papers, on various subjects, but especially on particular points of the history of ancient philosophy, all of which are published in the "Transactions of the Academy." In this same year he published his "Brief Outline of the Study of Theology," which, to quote Dr. Lücke again, was "only a few sheets, but a whole world of new thoughts!" His next work was a "Critical Essay on the Gospel of Luke," connected with which is an incident which we must mention. This was in the year 1818. Karl Sand had assassinated the minister Kotzebue, which act threw the whole kingdom into a commotion. The assassin was tried, condemned, and executed. De Wette, one of Schleiermacher's colleagues in the university, who was a friend of Sand's mother, obeyed his natural instinct by writing a letter of condolence to her, which was regarded as a high crime by the university authorities, and they determined to expel him from his professorship. In addition to this crime of tenderness, De Wette had rendered himself obnoxious by his strong rationalistic tendencies, and an opportunity of ejecting him was earnestly desired. Schleiermacher heard of the ejecting-intention, and sought to avert the blow. To him it was essential that religious freedom should not be contracted, nor a gag put upon freedom of speech. To prevent the threatened invasion of liberty, Schleiermacher dedicated his work on Luke to De Wette, in which he gave utterance to sentiments towards De Wette, which doubtless delayed his removal, but did not finally avert it, for the condolence with Sand's mother coming shortly after, led the authori-

ties to thrust out one of the most efficient and distinguished professors from his chair. This was a great grief to Schleiermacher, for, although he dissented in many things from his colleague, yet they ever held in common the inviolability of religious thought and freedom of expressing it. For the next few years Schleiermacher was occupied in pamphleteering on minor matters connected with the union of the two Protestant churches of Prussia, the reform of liturgies, and waging a rather stiff and bristling paper war with Von Arnheim and others, on these matters, together with other things that need no specific mention here. His great work—the “Connected Exhibition of the Christian Faith according to the Principles of the Evangelical Church”—made its first appearance in 1822. This work contains his fully-developed system of theology. It is impossible and unnecessary for us to give anything like an outline of this scientific work in a mere biographical sketch of its author, but we just insert what we hold to be the pith of Schleiermacher's doctrine, around which the whole system ranges itself. In this book we read, “Piety, in itself, is neither knowledge nor action, but a disposition and state of the feeling.” “The common substance of all pious emotions, i. e. the essence of piety, is this—that we are conscious of ourselves as absolutely dependent, i. e. that we feel ourselves as dependent on God.” “Christianity is a peculiar form of piety in its theological aspect, which form is distinguished from all others in this, that all things are referred to the consciousness of redemption through the person of Jesus of Nazareth.” Schleiermacher has here put forth all his strength, and won his immortality as a literary theologian. Dr. Lücke says of the work, that “the only thing worthy to be put by its side, in regard to historical importance, is Calvin's ‘Institutio Religionis Christianæ,’” and calls it the “close and crown of his published theological works.”

In addition to his theological works, Schleiermacher has produced highly valuable works on church history, dialectics, and philosophy, and the history of philosophy. Though he did not give the professional attention to philosophy that he did to theology,

still his contributions to that science have not been (few nor unimportant. The chief aim of his speculation was to rescue religion from the startling and sweeping conclusions of a transcendental, uncertain philosophy. Himself a transcendental philosopher, we find him at times shaking hands with Fichte or Schelling, and now paying a devout act of homage to Spinoza, whom he declared to be “full of religion and of the Holy Ghost.” His object was to form a junction between religion and philosophy, which he did by minutely defining the spheres and boundaries of each science. Menzel, in his German literature, says of him, “He gave both faith and reason their due rights. He effected a reconciliation between reason and faith, philosophy and Christianity. He made the orthodox better acquainted with reason by showing them that it was in the letter; and he informed the rationalist that they did not require for the sake of God, to carry their puny reason into the bible, for that there was already reason enough in it, more, in fact, than they had any conception of.”

As a preacher, too, Schleiermacher had a high and wide celebrity. His published sermons fill about nine volumes, and form a necessary complement to his systematic theological works. We have already referred to his “Discourses on Religion,” and noticed, in the case of the occupation of Berlin by the French, what a vast opulence in oratory he displayed. But not merely when he had to appeal to the patriotic instinct of his audience did this wealth pour itself forth, he was always an accomplished, ornate, and forcible orator. In speaking of Schleiermacher's preaching, Dr. Lücke says:—“He never was in the habit of writing his sermons before delivering them. Those which are in print are all taken from notes made while he was speaking. There were always two of his younger friends employed in taking notes of his sermons. The sermon had been already conceived in his mind several days before, and this conception had been completely carried out, as it were, up to the moment of delivering the discourse. But he wrote down nothing, except, on the Saturday evening, the text and subject, and, at the most, in addition to this, the several divisions of the latter, briefly indicated.

This he called making out his bill. In the pulpit, so far as its precise form, its mode of presentation, and its details were concerned the sermon had its origin, as a living product of his previous reflection, of the animating impression produced by the spectacle of the assembled congregation, and of that mastery of his mind over the order of his thoughts and his language, which was present to him at all times in an equal degree. Any one who knew this might observe how the artistic structure of Christian discourse arose; how, at first, speaking slowly and quietly, more in the ordinary tone of discourse, he collected and arranged his thoughts; then, again, when he had spoken for some time, and had, as it were, spread out and drawn together the whole net-work of thought, how his speech became more rapid, more excited, and the nearer he approached to the admonition or encouragement, which formed the conclusion, proportionably augmented in copiousness and fluency. Thus did I hear him, Sunday after Sunday, for the space of several years. He was always like himself, and always attractive, by reason of his peculiar mode of treating the text, by novelty and freshness of thought, by a well-ordered method of presentation, and by fluency of speech. I have never heard of his having made a mistake in speaking, or of his having corrected himself. If one's attention was not extraordinarily enchained by the thoughts presented, one often had occasion to admire the manner in which, with his peculiar style, inclined to the construction of intricate periods, he every moment, even in the midst of the most intricate, found the right word, and never lost the clue that guided him safely to the conclusion. Nor did the contents suffer under the mastery, and from the extreme readiness of the language. None of the vices of extemporizing belonging to Schleiermacher. The affluence of his mind and the fulness of Christian life that was in him did not permit this; but led to the result that the hearer merely beheld in him with complacency the highest degree of homiletical skill, and was able purely to enjoy the rich fruits it yielded.

"Any one who heard a single sermon from Schleiermacher, might entertain the apprehension that he was not

intelligible, that he was not popular enough for the more uneducated in his congregation. But upon continued and connected hearing, this apprehension completely disappeared. He expected much of his hearers; but, still, properly speaking, nothing more than familiarity with the Scriptures, and attention. And since he knew how to enchain the latter, even in the less educated, by the freshness and spiritual liveliness of his delivery, by his constant connexion of even the profoundest Christian ideas with practical life, with the existing condition of church, family, and fatherhood; an explanation is afforded of the fact, that, while his audience at church consisted, indeed, for the most part, of the more educated class, yet people of a meaner condition, and these even from other congregations, were seen to visit his church regularly, and to listen with attention to his discourses. I believe that, with the progress of time, this portion of his audience continually increased in number, since, just as there was in his entire theology a vital progress, so also in his mode of preaching, concurrently with the continued experience and enlargement of his inward life, there was a constant advance in the qualities of Christian simplicity and fervour from year to year."

We take this representation to be the model of Christian preaching; by few is it attained to in such eminence as in him who set the type, and it indicates a large constituent element in the honestly won fame of Schleiermacher.

As we have now brought to light some of the more important epochs of this man's history, and briefly marked the manner in which he formed and wielded his spiritual power, we proceed to a short resumé of our subject.

Schleiermacher acted as moderator between two things—philosophy and religion, that had been brought into a shattering collision, through the vague and overwhelming conclusions of the former, and the obstinate adherence of the advocates of the latter to that which really was not its life, but some of its necessarily shifting modes of presentation. He told the former when to stop—where its true boundaries were; and urged the latter to rest in its essentiality, and concede what was

not necessary for its development. The yawning chasm which opened dismally between the two, he bridged over successfully, so that men might pass and re-pass from the one to the other without renouncing the peculiar truth in either.

If it be asked where is the school which Schleiermacher founded?—the reply is twofold. In the ordinary use of the term, we answer, nowhere. Schleiermacher never aimed at forming a sect, narrow and exclusive; he ever repudiated such an effort of his power. He strove to bind up in a common union the advocates of a liberal theology and science. To split still wider the too-much riven church, he deprecated with intense fervour. In the universal use of the word, we reply, everywhere; inasmuch as, from his "first appearance as a professor and preacher, he gathered about him, and attached to him a multitude of enthusiastic hearers and admirers, who, roused and animated by him, have wrought and are working in his spirit," he could but be regarded as the centre of a great working power that still is exerting a vast influence in Germany and elsewhere. Few among those who have become serviceable or auxiliary to the new movement in theology and the church, but owe their chief stimulus to the lectures or the writings of Schleiermacher. Most of the more recent theologians have become his pupils, among whom are found the distinguished theologians, Neander, Julius Müller, Tholuck, Nitzsch, Bleek, Lücke, Dörner, and Twisten. The last-named is Schleiermacher's successor in the divinity chair at Berlin, and advocates a theology in the main identical with that of his predecessor. The stimulus which Schleiermacher gave is consciously or unconsciously implied in the case of all. Thus he has formed a school, by stimulating rather than by prescribing, diffusing and emancipating, more than by contracting, excluding, and restraining.

Occupying, as Schleiermacher did, a middle-point, it would naturally ensue that many who began with him would diverge with tendencies more or less different from him. Thus it is that many have used him as a conductor to more evangelical views of religion; while others have gone from him to more rationalist doctrines. The

celebrated Dr. Strauss is an example of the latter. Schleiermacher taught him to look at some of the New Testament narratives in a mythical sense. He, advancing in that direction, has applied the mythical interpretation to the whole of the gospel narrative. Schleiermacher's mind was too well-trained to freedom to repress any, even the most hostile, divergence from his own system and mode, and hence he says, "Let every one rejoice in that he has excited life, for by this he approves himself to be an instrument of the Divine Spirit; but let none suppose that it lies within his power to determine the form which this life shall assume."

However much Schleiermacher might be looked on as an Iconoclast—a breaker-up of old forms, boundary lines, and institutions; yet he never broke anything down for the mere sake of mischief. Some men love to knock down a building for the purpose of taking a calm survey of the ruins, with their hands in their breeches' pockets. Not so with Schleiermacher: if ever he came athwart anything decrepit and useless, before he knocked it down, he cast about him to see if he had anything more efficient to replace it by; then, indeed, he felt no hesitation to aim a lusty blow.

Speaking of the personality of Schleiermacher, Dr. Lücke says, that, in approaching him for the first time, he found in him a friendly sincerity, rather than a cordial warmth. It was only by degrees that the shy and timid reverence with which I had approached him, gave place to another feeling; nay, it was at first only increased by the admiration which the immediate presence of his powerful soul, manifesting itself in his glance and in his speech, excited within me. This soon disappeared, and gave place to an increasingly cordial and confidential respect. Any one who mustered courage to seek him was very soon cordially met by him. "His love was no effeminate tenderness, accompanied by ever open, caressing speech; but an earnest, compact fire, which not merely passed through the stranger's mind with a magnetic softness of attraction, but also convulsed it like an electric shock, yet even thus always possessed for such as abound in vital energy a refreshing charm." Schleiermacher

himself says in his Monologues: "I am sure of those who are really disposed to love me—my interior nature; and firmly does my soul entwine itself about them, nor will it ever forsake them. Never have I as yet lost any that ever became dear to me in love." Love ever reigned supreme over the deepest ground of his heart, from the very first; and the keenness of his intellect, the stinging wit, the sharpness of speech with which he fought and wounded, were never able to overcome the love which was at the foundation of his heart. This always made him a lively and cheerful companion, and among his friends no one was ever repelled from him by an austere, pompous gravity, borrowed from his literature or his professor's chair.

Schleiermacher's exterior personality was diminutive and humpbacked, with a great head and large, bright, flashing eyes, indicative of the vast soul which dwelt in his deformed body. He had but a limited capital of physical strength; but his supreme will made it do services before which the strongest of men would have quailed. He made it suffice for all the labours and toil with which his active life abounded. In the pedestrian tours in which professors and students of German universities consume their long vacation he was always the first to start off in the morning and the last to retire at night. After having been in company till very late at night, the most mirthful and vivacious of the whole assembly, he has often lectured or preached the next morning with unimpaired freshness and vivacity as early as six o'clock. Often, too, did he preach or lecture when enduring the most excruciating pain from spasms, of which none but himself were conscious.

The bodily organization of Schleiermacher served the purpose of a good workshop for his spirit till the year 1834; then comes the end. Death came upon Schleiermacher to ennoble and glorify his life. His widow has kept a beautiful record of his last moments upon earth. During his final illness the temper of his mind was marked by serene and gentle tranquillity. One day, when he awoke from a slumber into which he had been thrown by means of opium, he called his beloved consort to his side, and said, "I am, to be sure, properly speaking, in a

state which fluctuates between consciousness and the absence of consciousness, but inwardly I am spending most delightful moments; I am constrained to be constantly in the midst of the profoundest speculations, which, however, are here identical with the most heart-felt religious experiences!" The last days of his life were pervaded and irradiated by the presence of religion. Even his dreams were reflexes of his religious life and activity. "I have had such a beautiful dream," he said on one occasion, "and it has left with me a peculiar and salutary frame of mind. I was in a large assembly,—there were many persons, familiar and unfamiliar, all looking at me, and wishing to hear from me something of a religious character; it was in the nature of an instruction, and I gave it with so much pleasure!" Affectionately mindful of children and friends, and in proportion as he drew nearer to the important moment, more profoundly immersed in love, as the inmost spring of his being, he said,— "To the children I leave the saying of St. John—'Love one another!'" And I charge thee," said he to his consort, "to salute my friends, and to tell them how heartily I loved them."

The 12th February, 1834, was the last of Schleiermacher's days on earth. On the morning of this day, his suffering visibly increased: he complained of a violent sensation of burning, inwardly, and the first and last cry of pain escaped his lips,— "Alas, Lord, my pain is great!" In a deeply affecting manner, he then said to his children, "You should now all of you go from the room, and leave me alone: I would fain spare you the woeful spectacle." The perfect lineaments of death presented themselves; his eye appeared to have grown dim,—his death-struggle to have been accomplished. At this moment he laid his two forefingers upon his left eye, as he often did when reflecting deeply, and began to speak: "We have the reconciliation-death of Jesus Christ, his body and his blood." While thus engaged, he had raised himself up, his features began to grow animated, his voice became clear and strong, and he said with priestly solemnity, "Are ye one with me in this faith?" to which his friends replied with a loud "Yea." "Then let us celebrate the Lord's

supper! But there can be no talk of the officiant. Quick, quick! let no one stumble at matters of form!" After that which was necessary for the purpose had been fetched (his friends having waited with him during the interval in solemn silence), he began with increasingly radiant features, and eyes to which there had returned a wonderful, indescribable brightness, nay, a sublime glow of affection, with which he looked upon those around him,—to utter a few words of prayer and introduction to the sacred service. After this, addressing, in full and aloud, to each individual, and last of all to himself, the words of the institution, he first gave the bread and the wine to the others who were present, then partook of them himself, and said, "Upon these words of scripture I abide; they are the foundation of my faith." After he had pronounced the benediction, his eye first turned once more towards his consort with an expression of perfect love, and then he looked at each individual with affecting and fervent cordiality, uttering these words,—“Thus are we, and abide, in this love and fellowship, one!” He laid himself back on his pillow. The radiance still rested upon his features. After some minutes he said, “Now I can hold out here no longer.” And again,—“Give me another position.” He was laid upon his side; he breathed a few times; life came to a stand. The children had entered the room in the meantime, and surrounded the bed, kneeling. His eyes gradually closed.

The intelligence of Schleiermacher's death created deep sorrow and consternation through the whole kingdom. Every one mourned over the irreparable loss the fatherland had sustained. Schleiermacher's funeral very much resembled an ovation granted to his remains. The university, the clergy, professors, students; friends, admirers, opponents, strangers; the whole court; the entire city in which he lived, came out, and in the most sumptuous and reverential manner celebrated his funeral rites. His remains rest in the cemetery, at some little distance from the city on its southern side. A simple monument, with a bust in white marble, of exquisite workmanship, has been erected over his grave.

However deep might be the grief which was universally felt at the death

of Schleiermacher, an antidote was found to that emotion in the words which he himself had spoken at a “festival of the dead,” shortly before his own death:—“Therefore, as often as we derive from the life and activity of any individual the feeling that he is, in a greater or smaller degree, an especial instrument of God and of his Spirit, it is very possible that when the period of his activity comes to an end, a feeling of anxiety may arise in our hearts; but this anxiety is not the product of faith. Faith ought to know that the Lord, when he recalls one, also calls and appoints another; and he will never be at a loss for instruments to accomplish that which, in his Son and through him, is already accomplished everlastingly, and in the progress of time shall be ever more and more accomplished, through the increasingly equable co-operation of human energies, enlightened and directed by God.”

LORD LANGDALE.*

A BIOGRAPHER, as described by Mr Macaulay, is “a literary vassal, bound by the immemorial law of his tenure, to render homage, aids, reliefs, and all other customary services to his lord.” But a biographer, according to modern practice, is a literary plasterer and bricklayer, working with a hod on his shoulder and a trowel in his hand, most industriously engaged in the disposal of bricks and mortar. Nothing, it will be admitted, is easier than to pile up in a waggon a whole warehouse of papers, and to shoot the contents bodily into Mr. Bentley's printing-rooms; but the labour is surely that of a carter, not of a *litterateur*. It is not very difficult, we know, to arrange a deceased gentleman's correspondence in the order of time, but a counting-house clerk is not a biographer when he has performed the mere mechanical service. Since the immortal Boszzy slept—having achieved biographical fame that Plutarch might have envied—men's lives for the most part have been written in water, and that of the muddiest. We have gone on from bad

* This admirable article on the Biography of Lord Langdale is reprinted from *The Times*, Aug. 14th, 1852.

to worse. At this moment the biographical art is extinct in England; it has gone out with pugilism and the drama. We need not be ashamed of our historians, for Macaulay, Grote, Hallam, and Mahon, are among us. Scott is dead, but we will not blush for the novelists while Dickens and Thackeray are here, and the author of *Coningsby* is Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. Poetry is not lost; for Tennyson still lives. Science is upheld in the three kingdoms by the most illustrious representatives; but where are your biographers? Southey died the other day, and we knew not how many monthly volumes appeared to give account of his most interesting life; yet no one denies that the memoir of the virtuous laureate has still to be written. Wordsworth soon followed his friend, and a literary chronicle of his career was put forth which we are bound to pronounce discreditable to all parties concerned in the publication. The survivors of great men are, in fact, not to be trusted with the records of the dead; they attend to their own personal needs rather than to the public requirements, absurdly magnifying points respecting which the world at large is utterly careless, and jealously withholding information which, if a memoir is to be written at all, it is of the very first consequence to supply. We do not pine for every epistle—good or bad, dull or clever, frivolous or important—that a hero has written, neither do we call for every memorandum that may be found after death in his drawers; but, when heroism is vindicated, we demand all the evidence essential to uphold the vindication. The exact measurement of a departed worth is not a matter on which we are over-solicitous; but we do claim all the particulars—and genius knows how to give them, briefly as well as vigorously—without which it is impossible to know wherein consists the excellence or what constitutes the worth. Dryden tells us that, “as the sunbeams, united in a burning-glass to a point, have greater force than when they are darted from a plane superficies, so the virtues and actions of one man, drawn together into a single story, strike upon our minds a stronger and more lively impression than the scattered relations of many men and many ac-

tions.” There is no disputing that but the “single stories” with which we have been favoured of late are themselves “scattered relations altogether without point, without and without fire. A man’s mind has been suffocated by the very taken to perpetuate it. The world asked for an embalmed heart, and has secured a lumbering carcase. We care not to name exceptions to the rule, for they are too few to be stated against the argument. It is mentable to think that one of the interesting branches of literature has been thus suffered to decay either from the insufficiency of men to do the work or from the folly and perverseness of those who have refused to place work in proper hands. It was a feeling of positive relief that we had upon the death of Tom Moore, that the poet had left behind him, written by his own hand, an account of his life sufficiently elaborate to save him from all the anxious pains of composition. Great as our faith may be in the leasiness of Lord John Russell, whether in politics or literature, on land or sea, we should unquestionably have had to enrol him in the daily increasing list of dreary biographers. Is it possible that the gay, sparkling, exuberant spirit of Moore could have given an adequate interpretation from the life of our constitutional statesman? I doubt we should have had from John an admirably lucid description of the long struggles that preceded the passing of the Relief Bill of 1829, or of Thomas Moore’s religious opinions, just as we had from Dr. Wordsworth, a whole chapter upon the pedigree of his uncle, whose “reliability” was of much greater consequence to the Canon of Westminster than his finest poetical labours. With such accidents the lovers of Moore and his brilliant muse have to concern. We shall hear from the mind of his own soul all that the poet is eager to learn in connexion with the daily doings of their jocund and great will be our disappointment if, by means of this precious life, biography does not win back a portion of the respect of which our modern writers of memoirs have taken desperate pains to rob her.

Mr. Thomas Duffus Hardy may be put down in the old category. We

no doubt that gentleman is a most efficient public servant; but he has no better pretensions to the biographical chair than we have to the Mastership of the Rolls. He too is a carrier not an artist. Attached to the Record-office, he has carefully labelled all the letters, reports, and other documents belonging to the late Lord Langdale, upon which he could lay his hands, and given an account of his treasures with all the scrupulous conscientiousness becoming his office. Light and shade, studied effect, the subordination of parts to a whole, are matters for painters, not for keepers of records, and, therefore, Mr. Hardy, with great dignity, eschews them. To Wordsworth's potter—

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

To Mr. Hardy, a letter is a letter, let it be long or short, heavy or sparkling, to the point, or foreign to the purpose. It is enough for him that Lord Langdale's correspondents have saved his epistles from the fire, that is the best argument with the Record-officer for preserving them for ever. There are letters printed in these volumes respecting which we should be much puzzled, but for this official explanation. Writing to his father, in his twentieth year, Lord Langdale, then Mr. Bickersteth, says, "I am sorry to hear that the gout still keeps lingering about you. I hope, however, that it keeps moving off by degrees, and that it will soon be quite gone. From your silence I conclude that my mother continues quite well. At what time do you think you shall set off for town? Your last letter was written on Mary Anne's birthday. Tell my little girl I do not forget her: I wish her many, many happy years. Mrs. Lawson was very unwell at the time she set out from Edinburgh. I hope she was not worse from her journey, and that she is now recovered. I have not heard a word of Dr. Garret, except what you told me in your last. I will be obliged to you to tell me how he goes on if you hear soon." It is just as easy to decide upon what grounds this interesting letter—and there are twenty to match—is submitted to the reader's admiration as it is to discover the claims of the organ-boy

who kills you with his discord, and then asks remuneration for his crime. When those interesting sentences were printed, what peculiar feature in Lord Langdale's character did his biographer wish to illustrate? As a specimen of style the record is worse than valueless. Filial affection is certainly manifested by the query touching his father's gout, but that virtue might have been taken for granted, if no better evidence were at hand to prove its existence. Friendship shines in the references to Mrs. Lawson and Dr. Garret, but if every good man's inquiry after his neighbour's health is to be handed down to posterity, twenty British Museums will soon not hold a quarter of our printed books.

Lord Langdale did not distinguish himself in the House of Lords. On the contrary, he sadly disappointed expectation, and as a politician, was a cypher; yet nearly every speech uttered by Lord Langdale in that illustrious assembly is reprinted by Mr. Hardy. Lord Langdale, when a youth, made a walking tour in Cumberland, and visited the lakes. He kept a commonplace diary of a commonplace walk, and Mr. Hardy, of course, publishes it *verbatim*. Lord Langdale was one of a commission appointed to inquire into the management of the British Museum. Suggestions relative to a report were drawn up by his Lordship, and every syllable is reproduced here to give bulk to the book and to complete the reader's weariness. There never was so scrupulous a keeper of records and so dull a biographer.

It has been said of Montaigne that when he strikes a little out of the common road his readers are sure to be the better for his wandering. "The best quarry lies not always in the open field, and it is worth while to follow a good huntsman over a few hedges and ditches to be well rewarded with sport in the end." Mr. Hardy is eternally striking out of the common road, but his digressions are even more tedious than his main discourse. Mr. Bickersteth performed a slight service for Sir Francis Burdett; the mention of the fact dooms us to a Parliamentary history of the period, and to a memoir of the eccentric baronet. Lord Langdale was a friend of Mr. Bell, the Chancery barrister, and an admirer of the labours of Jeremy Bentham, and

the reader must stop to listen to a thesis upon the utilitarian philosophy, and to a legal biography illustrating the successful pursuit of fortune under difficulties of every kind. When Mr. Hardy strikes out of the common road he always leaves the scent behind him, tires us with his hedges and ditches, but gives us no sport.

And yet had he been willing or able to write Lord Langdale's life plainly and simply, comprehending the subject in 150 pages instead of 900, how interesting a tale he might have told, and how greatly he would have rendered society his debtor. It is we think, the author of "*The Vanity and Glory of Literature*" who warns us that it is only the quintessence of things written that will reach that posterity upon whose approval authors build, and for whose unwitnessed smiles they are content in life heroically to suffer. A solitary thought shall occupy men's minds when whole libraries will plead in vain for consideration. If authors are sagacious they will give posterity as little trouble as need be. Their jewels may be transmitted without the encumbrance of setting, and their needles will not be the less welcome without the accompaniment of a bottle of hay. A duodecimo, we know, does not fetch as much money in the market as two volumes quarto, but it may possibly float down the river of time, while the bulkier voyagers are quietly sinking to the bottom. The life of Lord Langdale, as written by Mr. Hardy, is doomed to speedy oblivion. The life of the same man, narrated by a spirited pen like that which in a few pages told the tale of our gallant Nelson, might have proved a fine and wholesome lesson for generations to come.

For what, in fact, is that life truly narrated but an admirable history of patience, perseverance, self-denial, and unflinching industry, crowned finally with the most perfect success—such a history as all men read with delight, since none can read it without faith in human capability, without hope of personal triumph. The life of Lord Langdale is the life of a man who never threw a legitimate opportunity away, and never condescended to avail himself of one that was unlawful. What he had to do at any period of his career was done with his whole

heart and soul—was done well scientifically, and therefore to his satisfaction, as well as to the lookers-on. If failure should result from his labours, self-reproach could not afflict him, for he had his best. If he should find reward for same exertions which had won prize were still ready to be put forward in order to retain and deserving of it. The memoirs of who "have thrown their chances" would constitute a painful but memorable volume for the world's instruction. The story of a man made the utmost of his resources equally interesting and far more able.

Henry Bickersteth was born at Kirkby Lonsdale, in Westmorland, on the 18th of June, 1783, and was the third son of Mr. Henry Bickersteth, a surgeon practising in that town. At the age of fourteen the boy was removed from a local school and sent to London that he might learn the surgeon's business in the surgery of his uncle. In 1801 he proceeded to Edinburgh to complete his professional education, and there he worked with the steadiness and self-command which characterized his pursuits ever afterwards. In 1802 he returned to Kirkby Lonsdale, and took an active part in his father's practice; but he soon became discontented with the obscurity of his country town, and he had already conceived a great dislike to the details of the medical profession. At this time he proposed to Dr. Henderson, a physician of his own age, whose friend he had acquired in Edinburgh, an interchange of letters upon scientific topics, and he himself commenced correspondence by forwarding an upon "*The Vital Principle*." In 1803 Bickersteth was but nineteen years old when he devoted himself to exercises, with the laudable object of improving his mind, and although his letters contain many crudities, unsatisfactory hypotheses, which in later years would have been discarded and rejected, it is impossible not to be struck with the vigorous underpinning, the amount of actual thought, the singular power of analysis which were brought to bear upon abstract and metaphysical points by a not yet out of his teens. One of the specimens of these compositions is

have been sufficient to establish the intellectual acumen of the young medical student. But, as we have hinted, Mr. Hardy is no culler of sweets, and in his hands the youthful philosopher becomes a bore.

In 1802 Henry Bickersteth persuaded his father to send him to Cambridge; and it would appear that the permission involved sacrifices at home. The lad had been offered a lion's share of the practice at Kirkby Lonsdale, but contemplation and study had made him ambitious; and, since he must needs pursue medicine, he set his heart upon taking a medical degree at the university, with a view to practising in the metropolis. As was his wont, the undergraduate took to his new work in earnest. Mathematics was the essential study of the place, and "he thought it right to make use of it." Close confinement to work at Cambridge, however, led to serious illness in the course of a few months; and the ardent scholar was compelled to retire from the field. Upon his recovery, deeming it imprudent to return immediately to the conflict, he accepted an appointment as travelling physician to Lord Oxford, and, in March, 1803, set out for Italy to join his patient, then residing at Florence. We are informed that in the course of a few weeks he mastered the Italian language, and quickly grew into a passionate admirer of Italian literature. Lord Oxford, in consequence of the declaration of war, returned to England in 1804, and with him came the young physician, by this time thoroughly disgusted with medicine, and resolved to attach himself to the practice of it no longer. Reluctant to go back to Cambridge, Bickersteth implored his father to let him enter the army, but, receiving no encouragement in this direction, he re-entered the university in his 22nd year, determined as ever to work steadily on, although considerably behind the men with whom he must contend for academic distinction. In 1808 he took his degree; that he had laboured diligently may be inferred from the fact that he was senior wrangler of his year.

His thoughts now turned to the bar, and in April, 1808, he entered himself as student of the Inner Temple. He had wrought diligently in Edinburgh when his father had intended him for the surgery at Kirkby Lonsdale; he

had not lost an hour at Cambridge when he was intent upon the studies of the university; his devotion was as marked as a student of the law. His letters at this period indicate how little the prospect of future success had to do with the duty, ever present to his mind, of constant perseverance. He knows that it is incumbent on all men to work, but the sure hope of ultimate reward never bribes him to labour. "I really miss a day," he writes to his father, "going to Mr. Bell, who is very communicative when I catch him alone and disengaged, which is not often, for he has much more business than he can possibly get through. . . . Everybody says to me, 'you are certain of success in the end—only persevere;' and, though I don't well understand how this is to happen, I try to believe it as much as I can, and I shall not fail to do everything in my power." In 1811 Bickersteth was called to the bar. He was twenty-eight years of age, and every step in life had yet to be made. His means were straitened, and he depended for his subsistence upon the contributions of his friends. He still works on. "My whole time," he writes to his parents at this juncture, "will be passed either in chambers or court, and if being always in the way and always attentive to my business will give success, I shall be successful." He offers at the same time apologies for causing his father expense on his account, and sends home the unnecessary assurance that "in clothes and living" he has been "as economical as he could, consistently with keeping up a decent appearance." A year or two elapse, and business does not flow in. But the student is more indefatigable than ever, struggles, endures privation, denies himself every recreation that can at all interfere with the severe rule he has laid down for his self-government, and waits calmly for the issue. Temptations, sublimely overcome, are not confined to the priestly cell. In every epistle homeward the steadfast man "confesses that he hardly knows how he shall be able to struggle on till he has had fair time and opportunity to establish himself;" but he still strives, and as fixedly and resolutely pursues his way, as though he saw the reward of all his pains awaiting him at the goal. In 1814, and when Henry

Bickersteth had reached his thirty-first year, the worker was still under the dark cloud, and success had yet to be achieved. In that year the barrister writes home that "it distresses him more than he can express to ask again for assistance," and that he is content, if his father so wills it, "to give the matter up without delay and return to Cambridge, where he is sure of support and some profit." He will do anything but fall back on the profession that he abhors. "After the discipline I have undergone," he says, "it will be a very slight mortification to me to give up my professional expectations for the smallest certainty which will enable me to live, and in time repay you the large money debt I have contracted. If, therefore, you think that I cannot, or ought not, to continue my trial here for a few years longer, I will cheerfully abandon it and return to Cambridge, where I certainly shall be no expense to you." The answer from home was a remittance of £30, and an intimation to go on. A few months afterwards business had slowly advanced; so much so that the student was "almost content to be shut up among his books for ever." A year or two more, and the cloud is burst the struggler is emancipated—sunshine is before him—fortune is secured. Can the life of Henry Bickersteth, if it tell no more than this, be written in vain?

Great caution and singular prudence seem to have entered largely into the moral nature of Lord Langdale; and it is somewhat surprising to find him at the turning point of life, when after years of laborious patience, the tardy harvest was growing ripe for gathering, deprived for a moment of weapons so very serviceable in all worldly warfare. In 1818 Mr. Bickersteth took an active part in Sir Francis Burdett's election, identifying himself with the extreme opinions of the then Radical baronet. The effect of his support was a sensible loss of professional business, and Mr. Bickersteth took care never to commit the fault again. The liberal agents and others who made Mr. Bickersteth's acquaintance in Sir Francis Burdett's committee-room could not understand the timidity with which that gentleman ever afterwards shrunk from contact with political agitation. Mr. Bickersteth was

offered a seat in parliament in 1819, which he refused on account of his inadequate means. In 1834 the Liberal party, remembering his antecedents, undertook to return him for Marylebone; and then he declined in a long letter, which ended without furnishing any reason at all for the refusal. When Lord Melbourne appointed him Master of the Rolls, and conferred upon him a peerage, the dainty lord would accept the honour, great as it was, only upon the condition that the Liberal minister should require no political allegiance from the judge. Lord Melbourne's serious respect for such fastidiousness may readily be conceived; not so easily the indignation and disgust of Lord Melbourne's thick and thin adherents, who could hardly discern the particular advantage of making a man a judge either for his own comfort, or for the benefit of the community at large.

In one branch of reform Mr. Bickersteth proved himself no lukewarm labourer or timid advocate. To his exertions in favour of the reform of the Court of Chancery is the country indebted for much of the progress that has been made since his time in this direction, as it is certain that Mr. Bickersteth himself owed his reputation and elevation to the bench to the same unflinching and most serviceable zeal. In 1824 he was examined by the commission appointed to inquire into the whole subject of chancery; and the report published by the commission, based for the most part upon his lucid evidence, rendered it incumbent upon the government of the time to suggest a remedy for glaring abuses not yet wholly removed. In 1837 Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst recommended Mr. Bickersteth to the king for a silk gown, and the favour was received with a better grace than attended subsequent offers of promotion proceeding from Lord Chancellor Brougham. Liberal as he was, Mr. Bickersteth had little or no sympathy with the Whig lord chancellor, while on more than one occasion, according to his biographer, he was ostentatious in doing honour to his Tory rival. Lord Brougham offered Mr. Bickersteth a barony of the Exchequer in 1834, but the dignity was haughtily declined. The same chancellor, a few months later, placed the solicitor-gene-

ralship within his reach, but the rejection was still more decided. Lord Melbourne condescended to entreat Mr. Bickersteth's acceptance of the last-named honour, but the man was immovable. His own account of his last interview with Lord Melbourne on the subject is sufficiently explicit:—"The first thing I said to him was, that I had come only to show my respect for him, and wished it to be understood at once that I had declined the office of solicitor-general, but without any feeling of disrespect to *him*, or any dislike to the general policy of his administration; that, on the contrary, I thought *he* ought to be supported, and that if I knew a way in which I could properly render him service, I should be glad. He expressed his regret at my determination, and rather in manner, than in words, showed a wish to know my reasons. I said that I really hardly thought myself qualified for the office, and that I had a dislike to it, and probably could not have been induced to accept it under any circumstances, but that certainly *the offer had not been made to me by the proper person.*" We have already stated that the offer came from Lord Brougham.

In 1835, being fifty-two years old, Mr. Bickersteth married Lady Jane Harley, the daughter of that Lord Oxford with whom he had travelled as physician, thirty-two years before; and three months afterwards, Lord Melbourne, who was bent upon chancery reform, and whose unaffected, simple, but admirably expressed and business-like letters, be it said, by the way, form not the least interesting portion of these volumes, expressed to Mr. Bickersteth his great desire to name him to the king as the successor of Sir C. Pepys at the Rolls. The offer this time, "made by the proper person," was accepted, under the stipulations already spoken of. Unlike his successor, the present Master of the Rolls, for whom political excitement has charms beyond the calmer enjoyments of the bench, Mr. Bickersteth was of opinion that the Master of the Rolls should not be a member of the House of Commons, and he consented to take a seat in the Lords upon the express understanding that the judicial office should in no way be sullied by political partisanship, even in that

less feverish and heated arena. "There is nothing more hateful or more mischievous," he said to Lord Melbourne, "than a political judge, influenced by party feeling," and Lord Melbourne, agreeing in the propriety of the sentiment, consented that Mr. Bickersteth, raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Langdale, should take his seat in the House of Lords, to aid the cause of law reform, dear to the heart of both, wholly free from any political and party tie.

Lord Cottenham resigned the Chancellorship in 1850, and Lord John Russell, with the Queen's sanction, made Lord Langdale the offer of the vacant office. Lord Langdale has left behind him six written reasons for his refusal of that last and choicest prize of the ambitious lawyer. Two certainly influenced him in his decision. He had "no reason to think that the extensive reform which he thought necessary would meet with any support;" and, secondly, his health was visibly declining. Lord Truro will probably leave behind him as many valid reasons for clutching at the good fortune which the more abstemious Master of the Rolls suffered to pass by him. Be this as it may, Lord Langdale continued at his old post until he resigned on account of ill health, and retired upon a pension in March, 1851. The indefatigable and painstaking man had not withdrawn too soon. On the 18th of the following month he died—not a very old man, but literally worn out by the incessant toil of years.

Lord Langdale was not a genius. He was not a great lawyer; but his was an accomplished mind, and both at the bar and on the bench he had remarkable skill in lucidly stating complicated facts. His general character partook of the nature of his intellect. There was nothing brilliant or startling in his career, but much that was noble, manly, and worthy of all imitation. What he once said in the House of Lords with reference to his office, viz., "that long habit had attached even his affections to the discharge of his duties in the place in which he now was," might be said with truth of his whole life. "The discharge of his duties" was at all times a labour of love to him. It was the result of his self-government and the cause of his success. It is stated

that Shakspeare and the Italian poets were the constant companions of his hours of relaxation, but imagination and sensibility did certainly not enter largely into his composition. His mind was essentially calm, cold, analytical, and judicial. In boyhood he wrote to his dearest friends often with the formality of a stranger, and discussed topics with a fellow student in the tone and spirit of a pedant. Mr. Hardy dwells frequently upon the "true dignity" of his departed master. No doubt dignity was there; but it did not always fit its owner gracefully, like a garment that yields to the natural movements of the wearer. Occasionally the folds were stiff, unbending, and looked angular to the observer's eye. The same remark applies to a Spartan virtue, which the biographer very properly extols, but which may, nevertheless, be, and certainly was, in Lord Langdale's case, carried to a vicious extent. Excessive nepotism is a fault, but we have yet to learn that a studied neglect of the claims of kindred and dependants is to be held up as a virtue. A gentleman, Mr. Hardy tells us, was once pressed upon Lord Langdale for an appointment, by two of the Vice-Chancellors; his qualifications were admitted, "but his chance was small," proudly adds the writer, "for he was a connexion of Lord Langdale by marriage." It is a fact, that Lord Langdale only assented to this appointment at last because no fitter person could be thought of. A more unpardonable instance was that of his Lordship's secretary, for whom, upon his own retirement, Lord Langdale refused to ask for a place, although a single word from his lips would have secured it, and notwithstanding it was well known to Lord Langdale that the secretary had some time before given up everything, in order that he might devote himself entirely to the interests of his over sensitive master. In truth, if we dare hazard the expression, Lord Langdale was too scrupulously good, and a dash of human infirmity would have given interest to his proceedings—would have constituted, in fact, "the river and cascade on the cultivated plain," which, in one part of the present work, Mr. Hardy himself confesses were wanting to give force to a character too level to be thoroughly heroic.

But heroism is of various kinds, and we must hesitate before we assert that it was not present in the man who fought so bravely, and suffered so meekly, before he won his way to eminence—who, when eminent, was remarkable for his fine sense of honour, his love of truth, his assertion of right and justice, and who laboured with every faculty he could command—and that not unsuccessfully—to reform the Court of Chancery, and to preserve to the nation its valuable and long-neglected records.

TORQUATO TASSO.

Tasso's story is the poetry of a poet's life. All he imagined of romance; all that his lyrics breathe of love, was fulfilled in the vicissitudes of his own career. From his cradle at Sorrento to his tomb in Rome, a golden stream runs sparkling through the sober monotony of common men's experience. A noble sorrow exiled him from the delights which his fancy could so vividly conceive; but it gave more than a simulated passion to his song—for that was often a "melodious tear" indeed. Italy smiled with Petrarca, and serenaded his Laura for ages, but with Tasso it wept, and dedicated penitential elegies to the memory of Leonora, the hapless bride of his heart. While he lived and multiplied works of perpetual beauty, he was long mocked in his own country, pursued with oppression in every other, galled by the ferocity of princes, and little rewarded by the people. When he died, his laureate-bier was bedewed by the lamentation of the whole race that spoke his language, and cities contended for the glory of having been the place of his, as of Homer's, birth.

Yet with patriots and poets, the renown belongs not to those who saw them first, but to those who honoured them most. We do not ask where was Tasso born, but what nation made glory for itself by decreeing him his earliest myrtle crown. Still, as we trace rivers to their source, we search for the spot where genius had its horizon. Torquato, then, belongs to Sorrento. His father, Bernardo, had married there, and formed one of a powerful and proud family. Though sharing their talents for letters as well as war,

he participated little in their prosperity. He wrote poems in rich and pure Italian; he rode with the bravest Christian cavalry, on that memorable day when the Moorish crescent glimmered beside the cross triumphantly over the sternest fortress of Northern Africa; his sword was distinguished where the most brilliant armies of Europe were engaged, and next his pen celebrated the victories in which he shared. Then retiring to Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, he settled there in peace, to compose the chivalrous story of *Amadigi di Gaul*.

This poetical seclusion was in a spot fabled as the dwelling of the Sirens. It was a verdant, shady place, with vineyards, corn-fields, and pine-groves, stretching over a plain on one side; a picturesque town hanging above the sea on the other; springs gushing up in flowery dingles, to shoot their silvery rilllets through vales as beautiful as the antique poets have pictured in Alcina, Falerina, and Armidé. Chesnut and ilex woods rose behind: the streams lingered in clear lakes between them and the beach; myrtles and oranges bloomed in clusters round the houses; the rocks and grottoes paved with red, or white, or amber sand, were honey-combed along. The waters of the bay are more blue than anywhere else in the Mediterranean; and nowhere in Italy is the nightingale's voice so sweet as amid the tufted groves of Sorrento. This description—not fanciful, but exact—realizes the ideal of a poet's home; and here, amid all the beauty that could inspire to an emulation of the ancient muse, Torquato Tasso was born.

This event, which gave another tongue to the eternal poetry of those Ausonian shores, marked the eve of St. Gregory, March 11, 1544. There had been already one boy, but he was dead, and a daughter, Cornelia, still a child. The name of Torquato had been given to his brother, and was now revived for him. His father was then away, serving the imperial usurper of a Caesar's title, and following an army to the fatal plains of Ceresola; but his mother Porzia tended him with the joy of a parent long desiring a son. At six months old he began to speak, and at ten months, when Bernardo returned, he could plainly articulate several words. On a nurse's authority

it is recorded that his delicacy was all that was infantine in his earliest years, and though this is usually imputed to the cradle of genius, and may not be insisted upon, certain it is that the young hope of the Tassi evinced a loveable disposition, and grew up in Porzia's eyes the sweetest of all the flowers of Sorrento. His father, meanwhile, elaborating his knightly epic, was poor, dependent, and neglected by those who had enjoyed the service of his life. When also the Prince of Naples was forced by the savage policy of the Catholic Church to flee to the imperial court, Bernardo accompanied him, placing his wife with the children under the care of her relatives in the city. Faithful to the fortunes of the only man who was grateful to him, he was proclaimed a rebel by the new Neapolitan vice-royalty, and all his property was confiscated. However, the Emperor Charles, *fidei defensor* of those days, planned the restoration of the exiled San Severino, endowed him with twenty-five thousand ducats monthly, and promised a salary to the elder Tasso. Naples was now under the Spanish sceptre; but there was hope in the patriotism of her citizens, and one signal of liberty was expected to revive the ancient cry of *Popolo! Popolo! muoiano i tyranni!* which once awakened to revolt the populations of Florence and Bologna. Suliman the Magnificent, Sultan of Turkey, would ally his barbaric valour with the arms of three Italian princes, to rescue the paradise of the south from the chains of the Inquisition. One effort failed. Bernardo, in Paris, laboured to incite a dilatory king to renew the endeavour. He used all the arts of rhetoric to persuade him; all the glow of poetry to warm his soul; but in vain; for Henri was drowned in voluptuous ennui that could not wake to any martial or manly action.

While there was a glimpse of prospect that Naples might be restored to freedom, Bernardo laboured to provide for the departure thence of his wife and children, since many perils might otherwise overtake them during the siege of the city. The hope vanished, however, when, giving up his employment, he went to Rome, longing for Porzia to escape with her little ones, and come to him. A small salary was still accorded to him by his patron,

and a generous Cardinal of the house of Este lodged him in his palace ; but he was nevertheless poor, though consoling all his reveries by anticipations of a reunion with his wife, with Torquato, and with Cornelia.

During this time the young Tasso fulfilled much of his infancy's promise. At six years he could read the language of the Romans ; at ten he could himself compose in that of the Greeks. Often, even at that early season of life, he studied by the light of a torch, and tempered to a finer union in his mind the ambition, the passion, and the religious feeling, which afterwards were displayed in so magnificent a combination. Porzia was not allowed by her relatives to join her husband in Rome, but Torquato was sent for ; and then, first parting from his mother, he felt a pain, which, at a future day, when escaping from a prison of Ferrara, he commemorated in a sweet canzone. He compared himself to Ascanius, flying from the Ilian fire, in search of a wandering father. Porzia and her daughter retired for security into a convent, and Tasso went to Rome, where he gave himself up to questioning the oracles of ancient learning. The desolation of the Bourbon Atilla was then just beginning to be forgotten in the imperial city. A crowd of scholars had assembled there under the protection of the third Julius. Painting, sculpture, philosophy, and elegant literature, once more made their home in the ancient capital of the world. Florence was irradiated by the "glittering mirth of Pulci," and the "lamp of Politian;" Michael Angelo had chiselled shapes of immortal beauty, to adorn her galleries. But there were other master-minds for Rome, and thither the "Etrurian virgins" could look for declamations of lyric rapture and lays impassioned by love, as eloquent and sweet as ever were sung in the gardens of Tuscany.

Here the youth of Tasso began ; his mind was nurtured among the shades of the ancestral genius of Italy ; his fancy rose high upon the fables of her olden gods and heroes, or dreamed over the beauty of her nymphs, still embodied in the sculptures of the Vatican. A political change indeed, under the austere Paul IV., and the savage Caraffa, clouded the fortunes of Rome ; a stroke of affliction fell on

the young poet's heart, in the sudden, sorrow-hastened death of his mother, and the enemies of his family actually procured against himself, though yet a child, a condemnation as a rebel. Thus he was cut off from his maternal inheritance, and saw his father—broken by misfortune,—flattering princes to obtain their favour, trilling little pathetic sonnets over the memory of Porzia, and compelled by persecution to flee to a villa in Pesaro, under the protection of the Duke of Urbino. Torquato was sent to Bergamo to pursue his studies.

Italy at that period was breathing in the satisfaction of her new-found peace. The hope of Petrarca was at length accomplished, and her fields were no more red with the blood of her sons, or black with the ashes of her cities. There was fertility in the provinces ; there was splendour in the towns. Florence, Venice, Naples, and Rome, were places of pilgrimage for all the world. Raffaello and Da Vinci, indeed, Michael Angelo and Giulio Romano, had passed away ; but the walls of Italian palaces were still made brilliant by the pencils of Paul Veronese and Palma, of Titian and Tintoretto. In architecture there was the genius of Buontalenti ; in historical literature, that of Vainini, Davila, and Fra Paolo ; in science, that of the two Galilei. Carlo Borromeo, revived the spirit of religion ; and great academies of art and learning rose to emulate the porticoes of classical times.

Tasso, therefore, was born into an age of illustrious men. Even in his youth he promised the addition of one to the number. He adorned his mind with every scholarly accomplishment ; and though his father, knowing that an unfavoured poet's life was precarious, resolved to settle him in the legal profession, pursued chiefly the study of the beautiful in literature. How vain for Bernardo to seek to choke up, as in a monastic cell, that living fountain of poetry which made itself a marble channel through every future age. The parents of Ovid, of Boccaccio, of Petrarca, and of Ariosto, had meditated the same career for their sons ; but as the Roman failed to stint within the walls of the Forum that eloquence which won an undying universal fame, so Torquato could not be bound to old texts and

glosses, but escaped from them to the poetry which was an essential of his nature. He was sent to Padua to attend the law lectures, and at the end of a year he had produced—an epic poem!

The young men of letters in that city fired his emulation. Society sparkled around him. He was not condemned, as many cultured minds are, to make one of a crowd, all dull and vulgar but himself. His companions were afterwards cardinals, poets, sculptors, historians,—the ruling spirits of the age. With them he associated, daily enriched from the copious repositories of erudition stored up in the schools of Padua, and in his leisure he composed the epic story of the “Paladin Rinaldo.” The love of this hero, with the Gascoigne Clarice, is told in polished language, and a full resonant flow of verse, remarkable as written in ten months by a youth of eighteen, though there was a friendly exaggeration in the criticism of Menage, that as the “Odyssey” is called by Longinus the production of age, but the age of Homer; so the “Rinaldo” is the production of youth, but that the youth of Tasso. The poem was published at Venice in 1562.

It was at Padua that Torquato conceived the idea of the “Jerusalem Delivered;” but he did not commence it at that city, for in the year that “Rinaldo” appeared he went to Bologna. There he lectured publicly on heroic poetry, delivering the opinions which afterwards he elaborated in his Dialogues; and there, too, he began his mighty epic, and finished a part of it, with so much beauty and such splendid force, that critics of the mature mind confessed their wonder. He did not long, however, reside at Bologna. A pasquinade, burlesquing the principal citizens, was imputed to him, and he so highly resented the insulting treatment to which he was in consequence submitted, that he left the city, purposing to join his father at the court of the Duke of Mantua. Stopping at Modena by the way, he heard that Bernardo was gone on a mission to Rome, and being invited to Corregio, by the beautiful Claudia Rangona, went thither to visit her. In the society of this graceful and brilliant lady he recovered a serene tone of mind, and was persuaded to

return to his first college, and assist in forming the Academy of “Ethereals” at Padua.

His coming back was greeted in that city by joyful acclamation. As a scholar, as a poet, as a man, he was admired and loved, and when the students welcomed him in an assembly, he replied in a grateful sonnet, playing on his own name, which means a yew-tree. Among the “Ethereals” he assumed the cognomen of the *penitent*, for ever having left Padua; and stimulated by them, he laboured to master the treatises of Aristotle, and the doctrines of Plato, some of whose dialogues remain with annotations in his hand-writing. He also continued to weave and embellish his grand epic on Godfrey of Bouillon’s achievements at Jerusalem, composing by way of preparation three discourses on the art of poetry.

During the summer vacation he visited his father at Padua. Bernardo, though seventy years old, was flourishing; and after a touching welcome of his son, listened with pride and delight to the first part of “Jerusalem Delivered,” seeing in the youthful writer, with prophetic admiration, a new and noble minstrel for Italy. Still, he predicted a life of care and want, if poetry alone supported it. Therefore, with prudent solicitude, he sought to obtain employment for Tasso, who was at length appointed to an office under the Cardinal Luigi of Este, who summoned him immediately to Ferrara. Full of vigour, thirsting for distinction, painting his future with the hues of every golden hope, he said adieu to his companions; and in October, 1565, arrived in the ducal court, where he was to bear his greenest palm, and to suffer the bitterest affliction of all his days.

Torquato Tasso was now twenty-one years old. He was tall, with a strong elastic frame, a dignified mien, a little short-sighted, and with a slight hesitation in his speech. There was a grave and melancholy beauty in his face; he was somewhat taciturn and even absent, but he could when he pleased throw such brilliance into his conversation, and deport himself so elegantly in society, that he was admired wherever he went. There were other advantages, too, which he possessed,—patrician blood in his veins, a name already famous, the prestige of anticipated glory, and a high reputation for

honour. Courtiers envied and flattered him, women cared and loved him, and the Lombard noble whom he served reserved for him conspicuous marks of favour. Claiming a descent from some Trojan source, the pride of the prince of Este was in giving hospitality to poets. Ariosto had been entertained in his grandfather's court, and Tasso was now an ornament of his. Both had cause rather to repent than to rejoice in this distinction,—the one in his wild exile in Garfagnana, the other in that sorrow which sinks every inferior pain into oblivion.

Ferrara then eclipsed in splendour every capital of Italy except the Florentine; and when its prince declared a marriage about to take place between himself and Barbara of Austria, a blaze of magnificence broke out among its palaces. Chivalric manners were then indeed expiring, but they lingered still in those southern cities, and pageants became more stately towards the end of the period in which they rose. Gilded casques and dancing plumes, housings of velvet and gold, mythological allegories, personifications of the Muses and of Venus, of Apollo and the Graces, mingled in barbaric beauty with the works of purer taste and more poetical imagination. Every honour that could be invented was prepared for the bride; and on the nuptial morning there was gathered in the streets and piazzas of Ferrara a throng as gorgeous as any that ever welcomed under triumphal arch the fair Palmyran queen.

The festal throng halted without the city at the beautiful palace and garden of the duke in Belvedere isle. Innumerable barques sprinkled the river, glittering with cloth of gold, crimson awnings and linings, and crews in gaudy costume. The population was gathered to witness the scene, and when the bride entered Ferrara, a series of festivities began; tournaments and banquets, drowning all the inhabitants in a delirium of delight. In the midst of these rejoicings news came of the death of Pope Pius IV. Tasso's patron hastened to Rome, and he himself remained with the newly wedded prince, Alfonso.

Alfonso had three sisters; the eldest, Anna, wife of Francis, Duke of Guise; the second Lucrezia, still unmarried, though thirty-one years old: and the

third Leonora. Lucrezia was the first to notice the young poet introduced into her brother's court, and to her he addressed many verses; but Tasso, who admired Leonora's portrait before he saw herself, no sooner beheld this third Grace of the house of Este, than he felt a passion which was the torture of his, and should have been the remorse of his persecutors' days. On that first hour he says that "the beautiful serene of her countenance met my eyes, and I beheld love walking there: had reverence and wonder not petrified my heart, I had perished by a double death."

Crowned as these sisters had been by poetic garlands from a thousand pens, never had they received the tribute of such a poet as Tasso. They admired him for his sonnets and canzones; they welcomed him to the princely table; they listened with marvelling delight to his songs, and whenever they were ill or melancholy, they turned to him for cheer. Meanwhile, he continued to write his epic, and published a number of poems in a volume produced by the "Ethereals" in combination. He also wrote various dialogues and orations, and making excursions to see his old companions at Padua, and his father at Mantua, saw a grove of laurels thickening richly around his head. Returning to Ferrara, he revealed in some touching lyrics the reminiscence of a first and fruitless love with a young Mantuan girl, to whom he alludes as another Laura, and whom he ever remembered with tenderness if not regret. At Alfonso's court, however, his fancy and his affection were all engaged,—one by Leonora, the other by poetry, and of poetry he gave a public display in the Academy of Ferrara, where there was held an Attic feast, in resemblance of the old Provencal courts of love. An interruption was caused by his father's death, the grief of which threw him into a dangerous illness.

In 1570, Lucrezia, the elder of the sisters, married the heir of the Duke of Urbino. Tasso honoured these royal nuptials by a canzone, which was rewarded by many gifts and favours; but the principal influence of the event on his fortunes was, that it threw him more constantly and freely into the society of Leonora. Advancing with his great poem,—

bellishing it with magical graces,—infusing into it the expression of his growing love, he interwove with the main story a touching episode upon himself. He speaks of a heart devoted, desiring much, hoping little, and claiming nothing. If he could claim nothing however from the haughty blood that had usurped ascendancy in Ferrara, he could demand all from the citizens; and when he delivered an oration at the opening of the Academy, the halo of fame brightened doubly round a head already crowned with the universal applause of Italy. Presently, he was summoned to attend the cardinal his patron on a mission into France, making a curious literary will before he went, and finding on arriving at Paris that his renown had gone before him. Under the golden lilies of the French throne, he interceded for a poor poet condemned to death, and obtained his pardon.

Returning to Ferrara, the influence of his friends—the sisters especially—gained him a new post in the duke's service,—a liberal salary with nominal duties, that gave him liberty and peace to enrich the literature of Italy. He had come from France poor, with the same coat on his back as he had when he went there; but now Alfonso with prodigal munificence granted all his wishes, and anticipated some that were unspoken—crowned in return with a wreath more splendid than that golden ducal fillet which by inheritance descended on his brows—a lyric of praise from the gratitude of Tasso. In this famous poem he is thanked for his kindness to a stranger, and predicted as the leader of a Christian legion, to overthrow those Thracian devastators, the Mohammedan spoilers of Jerusalem. So the poet spent his time until 1572, when his lyre was engaged in lamenting the untimely death of Barbara, his patron's wife, seven years after the gorgeous nuptials that were going on when he came to Ferrara. Two years after he was appointed to the mathematical chair in the University of that city; and about this period he finished his "Aminta." In this sweet pastoral drama he interwove a thousand flowers of beauty from the fragments of Hesiod,—from the fables of Ovid,—from the idyls of Theocritus,—from the elegy of Bion,—from the odes of Anacreon, and the passionate

effusions of Sappho—an anthology of sentiment and fancy, enriched from a golden imagination of his own, and tuned in verse as flowing and harmonious as the music of a Grecian flute. When it was represented in the stately and gorgeous court of Ferrara, with every device of scenic charm and graceful interludes, that pictured to the eye the most magical witcheries of old romance, all the spectators acclaimed it as the crown of Italian poetry. The fame of it went from south to north, and the nations who had known Ariosto and Petrarca were startled to proud surprise by this genethliacon of a new genius in Tasso.

But there was one for whose favour Tasso longed more than for the applause of Ferrara. To Leonora he read this touching and melting composition in the privacy of her chamber, and she, listening to the poetry, loved the poet. Happy he was in her affection; but there was a cloud already blackening round his hopes. Jealous and base as courtiers usually are, the courtiers of Alfonso were baser and more jealous than is customary even with their degraded tribe. While Tasso was conceiving new works of beauty, they were conspiring against him; and while the princes of Italy were vying with each other to tempt him by lavish promises to bestow the honour of his companionship on them, these pestilent vermin swarmed in the avenues to power, endeavouring to poison the favour on which he fed. Solicitations from many cities and from many great men came to him to hasten the publication of his great poem; but he delayed in order to perfect it, and embellish it still more; and when at last he was ready to bequeath this treasure to the world, his misfortunes began, and the star that had been propitious to him paled away under a malignant eclipse.

The snares of envy were set on every side. Let the names of the skulkers be forgotten. They endeavoured to intercept his correspondence; they sent spies to lurk about his apartments; agents to corrupt his servants; and succeeded in attaching one of their number to the confidential service of the Duke. That personage, like most princes, was generous from caprice, and unjust by habit. He was easily seduced into a participation in the plot, for he was weary of the superior genius

of him whose glory far outshone his own, and desired to find an accusation against him.

One evening, Tasso's apartments were broken into during his absence, and all his papers searched. He knew that a charge of heresy would be brought against him, and demanded a trial before the tribunal of the Inquisition. Leonora endeavoured to soothe him by kindness, and in the palace of Condolì, he passed with her eleven blissful days. Soon after, however, his enemies attacked him unawares in a street, and though he fought four of them together and dispersed them, he was in perpetual fear for his life, with suspicions clustering around him, and aspersions clouding the brilliance of his name. There was no sympathy between the bravoes of the court and the poet, not of Ferrara alone, but of all Italy. Their barbarism would defile the sweetest lyrics of the Tuscan tongue. What was it to them that from his Sybil pages the hungry generations of races unborn would drink in the prophecies of future good? What to them that the languid beauty of Petrarca's songs was excelled by those delicate flowers of sentiment suffused by the blush of fancy, which Tasso wreathed to crown the image of his hope? What that his imagination was a mine of ductile gold, an ever-blooming intellectual summer that showered down roses on the nuptials of immortal poetry and love?

"They had no title to aspire,
But if he fell, they seemed the higher."

They therefore ceased not to forge imputations against him; a malicious eye followed every movement; a malicious ear listened to every word. He was like one that walks in darkness, tracked by a murderer. The portals of that hell of man's device—the Inquisition—seemed gaping to swallow him, and the malignity of the Duke was now in reality aroused by his daring to raise his eyes towards the princely Leonora. To others of that name, indeed, he dedicated fragments of eloquent devotion; but in his canzoni to her alone is found that love-speaking passion, even more impressive than the Ionic grace and rich elaboration of his other poems. That he loved her has been denied, but is proved by the fact that he was jealous

of her; and that she loved him is shown by the circumstance that she permitted him to upbraid her in his jealous moods. These things were rumoured in Alfonso's ears, and it was said that the daring poet had kissed Leonora in the presence of the Duke—a fiction probably, but valuable as indicating the common opinion of the day. However this may be, it is certain that his enemies discovered a madrigal, secretly written, and never intended to be published, which revealed all the affection that had sprung up in his heart. Proofs were thus shown to Alfonso, and he meditated, in the malignity of exasperated pride, a terrible and base revenge.

There is in Venice a chamber, in which you may see the engines that have been invented by earthly devilry, for the persecution of truth. It must resemble the private inquisition, in which that diabolical amateur, Cardinal Caraïffa, found the delectation of his soul. The rack, the horse, the boot, the cord, the wheel, the strangling-chair, screws for the thumbs and arms, machines to crush, or compress, or dislocate, or stretch, the human frame, are collected, as ghastly memorials of those regretted days, when Europe gave her idolatry to Rome. There are bottles and vessels once full of strange and subtle, slow or rapid poisons; scent boxes with concealed knives, to leap out and gash the woman's cheek who used them; jewel cases from which long, sharp needles darted forth; or a pungent, detonating powder exploded to blind her who bent over to admire their contents. There are necklaces made to contract and strangle the wearer; bracelets to lacerate the arm; helmets, gauntlets, breast-plates—all forms of fiendish ingenuity—the relics of a time when the sunken-eyed, shaven-crowned familiars of the Holy Office could gloat over the sudden horror and agony of some young girl whose snowy form they extended and racked, to conquer her modesty, her piety, or her virtue; or some faithful martyr, refusing to sanction the tyranny of a corrupted church. Alfonso counted over all these means of revenge, and, strange as it may seem, his invention found a worse, a more tremendous torture, for one like Tasso. He would treat him as an idiot, a madman, he would wring

from him an acknowledgment of guilt, or drive him into real insanity; he would thus spare himself the public reproach of condemning an innocent man, and then he would deal with his victim as he pleased. So it is when an imperial mind, a poet, the ornament of humanity, is placed by social laws in subjection to an abject creature, grovelling in the lust of gluttony pride—the petty successor to a petty crown.

One evening when Tasso was in the chamber of the Duchess of Urbino, he was arrested by the Duke's order. A strange charge was announced against him, of having in a fit of frenzy tried to stab one of his attendants. Not a whisper of madness had ever been breathed before. Yet now it was given out that he was a maniac; and Alfonso, with many expressions of compassion—such as an articulating snake might be supposed to utter—commanded him to be confined, that further mischief might be prevented! As a palliation, he was allowed to use his own apartments, but was submitted to the torture of having two physicians constantly dogging his steps, treating him as a lunatic—enough to throw the calmest mind into insanity.

In a few days the Duke took Tasso with him to his country palace. There, with every craft, with promises, enticements, threats, and traps, he sought to extort some confession from him. Now wild with anger, now stern, now full of cajolery, and then solemnly persuasive, Alfonso tried all his arts; and when, after a week of this misery, the poet still refused, he was condemned to pass the remainder of his days as a madman, and sent back to Ferrara, to the convent of St. Francesco, where two riors were ordered to keep continual watch over him. All the letters he wrote were seized; he was forbidden to write any more, and heard from those who were never moved to mercy, that he was for ever shut out from the joys and hopes of the world.

The scene shifts, as in a drama, to Sorrento. There Tasso's sister is now dwelling, a widow—Cornelia Sersale. She is sitting in her chamber, waiting for her two boys, who are expected home from school. History has faithfully preserved a picture of that evening. Through the lattice Cornelia saw the purple haze of an Italian summer glowing over the blue gulf, while the

soft, warm dews of the south sprinkled through the air. A perfume of orange flowers floated from groves where the melody of the nightingale seemed to melt and blend with a gentle air creeping through the leaves, and dying in silence over the sea. It was just before the moon dropped her silver column through the waves of the bay, when a man in shepherd's clothes approached. He asked permission to enter. She welcomed him. He came, he said, from her brother; he brought letters which described his afflictions. Cornelia sobbed at the recital, and swooned with grief. She was revived, and found Tasso caressing her, and kissing her cheek. He had come in disguise, partly lest he should startle her, partly that he might test her affection; for he had escaped from his cell, and on foot, through by-paths, hungry, weary, and in peril, made his way from Ferrara. On the pastures of the Abruzzi, he met a shepherd, and exchanged clothes with him, and now he was comparatively safe. It was agreed that his sister should treat him as a cousin who had come to visit her, the secret being revealed only to the two boys. For he was still under sentence for the fictitious treason of his childhood, and it would have been dangerous to make his presence known.

Here, in peace and partial happiness, Tasso remained nearly a year; but in this seclusion how could he stay? His hopes were at Ferrara—his poem, his friends, more than all—Leonora was there. She wrote to him, too, three letters, and these recalled him to the court of Este. So he left his placid shelter at Sorrento in the autumn of 1577. But on the way he visited Rome, to seek the intercession of powerful friends, who advised him not to place himself again in the Duke's power. But Leonora, whether through the selfishness of affection, or compelled by her brother, urged him to come. And this, too, knowing that his reception would be one of rigour and injustice. Alfonso clearly declared that if the poet returned, he must acknowledge the malady of his mind, submit to a healing discipline, and engage no further to excite the popular feeling; otherwise, exile and confiscation should be the penalties of his perverseness. Nevertheless Torquato was faithful to his first re-

solve, and in February, 1578, arrived once more among the palaces of Ferrara.

A cold salute of courtesy greeted him from the loose-kneed lacqueys of the court. In a few hours, however, they began to insult him; no apartments were assigned for his use; his papers were still detained. He was about to supplicate for their restoration, when the Duke commanded him on his peril not to speak, and then, seeking by gestures to explain his desire, he was answered by the speechless scorn of the earth-worms that rioted in the grave of all his hopes. The princesses were secluded from his sight; grooms and porters slammed the gates in his face. He was to be a third with Solon and Brutus—that is, wisdom pointed at by imbecility as insane. He might revel in the sty of Epicurus, but the wreath he had won in the Lyceum from the laurels of Parnassus was hung up in the ante-chamber of Alfonso, to reproach with its immortal freshness that sycophant of priests, and slave of his own vindictive pride. The poet had sullied the patrician glories of the house of Este, by daring to love one of its daughters; and though she might, as in an Oriental harim, pine under her virgin coronet, no malice was too bitter to revenge the presumption of one who might renew a soul in the letters of Italy, but could not stamp his effigy on a silver zecchino.

Thirteen years had he reflected the lustre of his genius on the court of Ferrara; and now, on foot and alone, he fled for an asylum to Mantua. There the Duke would not receive him, and he was forced to sell, for the means of life, the insignia of his unbought honours—a ruby and a golden collar, the gifts of one of his dearest friends. Thence he wandered to Padua, and to Venice, shunned by all as an exile from princely favours, pursued by the stigma of madness, but ever breathing out in unperishable words the poetry which rose, like a fountain, in his soul. At Urbini he found an asylum, but not for long, for he was soon compelled to flee, and travel alone on horseback to Savoy. He entered Turin, way-worn, with ragged clothes, and so miserable in appearance that the sentinels repulsed him as a beggar. And this was Torquato Tasso! But a learned Venetian recognized him, and he resided awhile

in the Piedmontese capital unabated by the horrible whispers of his in-

Still, nevertheless, the double trial of his heart was in Ferrara—the loss of his love, and the bride of his—Leonora, and his poem of “Jerusalem Delivered.” There, when he thought that Alfonso was again to be nuptial to a daughter of the Duke of Mantua, he thought the occasion propitious and tempted once more the man of his oppressors. He entered Ferrara on the 2nd of February, 1579,—before the new Princess was welcomed home.

The populace were acclaiming the Duke. No one noticed Tasso. The palace gates were shut; the not sully him from the cold inhospit- of their castles. No one dared to his friend. A revel, a tourney, pageants, filled the city with rous and splendour. But the most rous poet, the most splendid gen- Italy, wandered houseless, scoff as a lunatic, poor, and jeered by poltroon in the street. Long he this for the sake of his love; moment came when his mild broke into flames, and he recoiled the slaves who mocked him. He of his injuries, of his thankless of the false promises that had d him, of the treachery which mar its object. What a gratification! fonso! He could now accuse his of seditious speaking, and justify self for dragging Tasso, as a man to a cell in a hospital for the outlaws of society. There, with tl playing about him, with idiots g ing on every side, with the cl chains in his ears, and raving m shrieking all night, he remained, fied for a while, but soon recove pour forth his eloquent sorrow in an ode to Alfonso, which his should have refused to write; an in a lyric to the sisters, which mellow brilliance, paints the sun it were, of his hope, over a di landscape of despair. In the app Leonora, a blush of love tints th pathos into a warmer hue, w golden fluency that seems the language of inspiration. And a poet, hidden in a dull, moist cell, to every glimpse of nature, solita insulted, still musingly tuned th lorn requiem of a life's desire never yielded to a sickly tom

enriched all his lays with the undiluted Hippocrene. Dreams, he tells us, soothed him in sleep—of gorgeous halls flooded with light through painted oriels—of shapes of beauty, with locks that seemed to gild the air into a halo—of the blue-eyed goddess descending like a star to earth—of the zone of Aphrodité, the arrows of Artemis, and the voice of Love.

Another plague-shaft reached him, even in this ghastly cell;—"Jerusalem Delivered" was given to the world without his sanction, fragmentary, mutilated, and incorrect. Long and bitterly he suffered from this injury to his feelings and his fame. And then a new affliction came:—Leonora died: fond, but pious and resigned. Elegies from many pens commemorated, after her death, the virtues of her life; but the tears and sobs of Tasso were never recorded by him; he spoke not a word; he wrote not a verse to be the witness of his grief; and the ashes of his love were buried silently in his heart, out of the reach of the world.

But Alfonso, though he could immure Tasso, though he could torture him, though he could invent ignominies to insult him, could not discrown the poet of his fame. "Jerusalem Delivered" at length appeared in full and perfect beauty before the world. There was not in Italy a city—there was not a mountain, or a valley, or a plain—there was not a hall, a bower, or a student's Platonic shade, where the echoes of Torquato's renown were not heard and repeated by a people proud of him who wrote. Fortunes were made by the sale of the poem, while its author, with scanty raiment, stinted food, comfortless, and spurned by the meanest of his land, languished in a lunatic's cell. In 1580, his condition was ameliorated a little; and next year he was removed to a better place, which became, as it were, an universal Kebleh to the world—poets visited him, and statesmen, and ladies; and his works were circulated like gold through Europe. In the fifth year of his imprisonment, however, his health declined; he became so delicate that many feared for his life, and careless treatment carried him to the edge of the grave. After some time further he was permitted to go out and visit churches, convents, and a few friends, returning always to his cell, and

guarded in one of the Duke's carriages to prevent the chance of an escape. Dialogues, canzoni, sonnets, and madrigals, flowed perpetually from his untiring pen; and while all the academies of Italy were engaged, some in applauding, some in criticising, some in envying his works, he gave them hourly new objects;—standards to be fought for between the frogs and the mice, the pigmies and the cranes, Thersites and the Atreidæ. To shame the solemn fops who limped with their little tapers within the precincts of his genius, he polished his style to a brilliant enamel, enriched with mosaics of flowers, and bordered sometimes with an arabesque of the most varied and original, yet chaste and glittering fancy. Like the nightingale, he seemed to sing sweetest when his breast was pressed against a thorn; yet his anguish was too deep, and he threatened to beat himself to death against his prison-bars, and, like that bird, to "die heart-stifled" in his cell.

In 1586 Tasso was still confined. The Hospital of Santa Anna stands in the middle of the town—a dingy building, with grated windows looking out on a thronged and noisy street. Through one of these a face, handsome, but pale, haggard, prematurely faded, and with hair flecked with silver, daily gazed forth on the people.

The thin lips were usually parted a little, showing the white teeth; and the eyes, preternaturally bright, were fixed longing on the free crowd going by. Every passer looked at that face, and most men knew it was Tasso's; but it seemed a phantom of the noble figure that once adorned the bridal train of the prince of Ferrara. It was there always, remaining until lost in twilight, and no one dared to express pity for him, or indignation against his oppressor.

Nevertheless, the noble and the great in other parts of Italy felt a magnanimous shame that their poet should so miserably linger all his days. They petitioned Alfonso, and they remonstrated with him, and he long refused their request, but at last consented to Torquato's release. However, the conditions were most stringent. He was to live under surveillance in Mantua; he was never to write against the Duke, or to be seen in Ferrara again. He stood one evening as usual at the

window. A well-known friend appeared running breathless up the street; he heard him rushing through the gate, along the corridor, and now hursting into his chamber. Within four days he would be at liberty. And thus, in July, 1586, after seven years imprisonment, he emerged, pallid, feeble, and melancholy into the world—forty-two years old, but with a heart half broken, a frame prematurely bent, no sure means of subsistence, and only partial liberty.

He was soon again writing and multiplying his works in all forms of expression, ever dwelling, but obscurely, on the thought of some one, loved, lost, hallowed in his mind, and sobering to an autumnal sadness the bloom—once April-like and flowery—of his poetic reveries. His melancholy, wandering as it did through sunny spots and floral shades of days, which only memory could revive, never could win oblivion to itself. In illness it brooded over his pillow; in returning health it made an unquiet for the leisure he devoted to reflection. Permitted to live awhile in a little rural villa at Ganza, he finished his "Torrismondo," and saw his fame brightening with its success, it being reprinted ten times within a few months. He, however, esteemed the drama as an inferior composition, and his judgment seems to have been right, for notwithstanding the splendour of the choric passages, the languid passionless dialogue and expression of "sorrowless remorse" give an inferior character to *Torrismondo*.

Tasso had one constant misfortune—his poverty, and one lamentable fault—his pride. The one reduced him to frequent misery, and the other, though not always exhibited in his conduct to the powerful, hindered him from many endeavours that might have bettered his fortune. But after a long seclusion, he resolved to visit Rome; and refusing some flattering proposals from Genoa, started with a valise, a desk, and a few books for the Eternal City. One of his objects was a religious pilgrimage to the shrine of "Our Lady of Loretto;" and to that picturesque legend-haunted spot, he went to confess, to perform devotions, and to dedicate a pious ode to the Virgin.

Then he entered Rome, full of high hope and aspiring desire. There, he

reflected, the poor became wealthy, the humble great, and the unknown rose to be cardinals and nobles. Thither, indeed, a poor youth had walked on foot, and there afterwards wore the tiara of John XXII.; there, a lowly student of Milan had become the fourth Pope Pius, and a begging friar the fifth; there, a jurist of Bologna had become Gregory XIII., and a herd boy Sextus V. Why then should not Tasso plan the outlines of a lofty ambition? With this feeling upholding his hope he rode through the streets, and went to the palace of his friend, Scipio Gonzaga, patriarch of Jerusalem.

Rome had sunk from her mediæval glories. Desolation had visited her during the stay of the pontiffs at Avignon,—by Italians remembered as another "Babylonian woe." But Michael Angelo and Raffaele had revived its splendour, and created monuments as rich as the memorials of antiquity which had been destroyed. The Lateran Palace, the Via, and the Borgo Felici; the obelisks in front of St. Peter's; and the pillars of Antoninus and Trajan were restored by the magnificence of the fourth Pius; but his barbarous austerity shattered the Septigenium, and threatened the tomb of Cicilia Metella, the Laocoon, and the Apollo; nor was he easily turned from these projects of a bigoted iconoclastic zeal. The city, however, was again rich, and the papal court was distinguished by as much genius as splendour. Such was the shrine of Tasso's ambitious pilgrimage. Applauses, caresses, promises, showered on him for a time; his poetry was admired, but no one would present him to the Pope, for selfishness was then in the ascendant, and *omnia Romæ venalia* was once more true. His patrons, too, wished to be his masters, but would not aid him in the accomplishment of his desire. Finally, when he had wasted much time in Rome, he found that no prospect of success existed there; and four months after his arrival, having obtained permission to reside at Naples, started for that city.

At Naples he retired to a quiet and picturesque monastery overlooking the bay, where he was visited by all the learned men of the city. He once more breathed pleasure in life. But

his anticipation of recovering his property was disappointed. Here he was invited by a friend to pass the season in a castle at Bivaccio on the Abruzzi Hills,—an old feudal erection, surrounded by woods, and enlivened by the euphonious fluency of its improvisatori. Amusements suiting his tastes were here abundant; but there was no quiet in his heart, and he returned to Naples, and then in poverty to Rome, and next in beggary to the convent of Santa Maria Nuova, where charity supported this mighty bard of Sorrento.

Well might Niccola Villani upbraid with bitter satire the age that allowed such a poet as Tasso, in such a country as Italy, to hide himself from the shame of public mendicancy among the destitute sick:—

“Oh Italy!

He had not whence, or coat or loaf to buy,
In common wards midst pauper-sick he lay;

Or stood with vagrants by the public way,
In rags and tatters, penniless and poor;
And all but begged at every church's door.”

This was the last ebb of his fortune. From that time it gradually rose, though never to prosperity. The Tuscan prince sent him a gift; he was invited to Florence and Mantua; and though the malignity of the Ferraran tyrant, Alfonso, continued to pursue him, he went half happily to the Florentine capital, where the Duke, his consort, all the Medici, all the academies,—except the envious Della Crusca,—all the men of letters, and nearly the whole population came forth to welcome him. Honour poured from every palace, and from every humble hearth—a new illustration of the strange vicissitudes of this poet's career. Now adulated by the wearers of crowns,—now spit upon as a maniac,—now caressed by all the beauty of Italy,—now thrust behind iron bars into a dungeon,—once exalted to the splendours of a Roman victor, and then driven hungry and naked into an asylum of the poor:—how varied was his career—how inconstant the fortune that attended him! And now he was the cynosure of a triumphal show; but the restlessness so remarkable in him since his imprisonment kept him wandering still. Between Rome, and Naples, and Florence, he was continually moving. His *lyrics*, meanwhile,

flowed perennially from an imagination more exuberant than ever, though matured from the sparkling silver of his early lays to a sober tinge of gold. Sometimes amid the treasures of the Vatican in Rome,—sometimes near the scenes of his youth, time glided away; and now a devout, melancholy, feeble man of fifty-one, he saw the richest crown of poetic fame descending on his head. It was decreed that he should be honoured by the Coronation of the Laurel in the capitol of Rome. Petrarca had so been glorified; but Barabello, the fantastic poetaster to Leo X., had been also selected to wear such a trophy. Tasso, too, felt that he was dying, and was disinclined to make another sacrifice to vanity. Every poet in Italy, nevertheless, was composing an ode of gratulation; the streets of Rome were prepared; the marbles of the Capitol were adorned, and throngs from every province crowded to witness the triumph of the minstrel they loved.

But Torquato desired rather to sit peacefully under his oak in the garden of St. Onofrio than to form a spectacle for the populace of Rome. His mind was now calmed to a placid repose; ambition had gone, and contented piety occupied its place. He could now live in independence, for the favour of the world was rising on him; his only wish was for the serenity of an old age passed in perfecting unfinished works, and bequeathing the last fruits of his genius to the children of the generation which surrounded him. Still the Romans would not be disappointed of their pomp, and all the preparations were made for crowning Tasso in the Capitol.

But he had felt a prophetic foreboding of his death. He had eaten some sweet cakes, and illness now came rapidly upon him. Retiring into the convent of Saint Onofrio, he wrote a farewell to his friends; and on the 10th of April, 1595, his malady became so severe that the physicians gave him up. An universal gloom spread around with this announcement. He was borne to a chapel, and piously received the sacrament. Hence he was carried to his bed in the arms of the brethren. They asked him about his will, and he said none was needed; about his monument, and he answered—a simple tablet to cover his grave. Then giving some last directions, he pressed a cru-

cifix to his bosom, and subsided into a calm expectancy of death, in which he remained half slumbering during seven days. At last, on the 25th of April, having consoled himself with every religious rite, he sang a hymn until his breath failed, and then once more embracing the cross, repeated the words, "In manus tuas, Domine;"—but before the sentence could be ended the thread was cut, and a good and a great man past from the earth.

The honours intended for his life were in other forms lavished on his remains, and these were afterwards privately laid at evening in the church of Saint Onofrio. No monument or inscription was then dedicated to his memory, but a few years afterwards a white marble slab was placed over the spot, and again at a later period a stately memorial was blazoned with a splendid record of his worth. Medals of him were struck; a colossal statue, crowned with laurel, was raised at Bergamo, and another at Padua, while his lineaments were cut on gems and cameos, which preserved for ages the similitude of his manly and poetical beauty.

Faults Tasso had—vanity, pride, susceptibility of offence, deep passions, and addiction to vain reveries; but he was pious, noble, capable of heroic friendship, forgiving, and full of the more magnanimous instincts of our nature. His virtues, in the end, conquered his failings. Torquato Tasso, therefore, as he was in Italy the delight of his own age, may well be for her the glory of every other.

JOHANNES RONGE.

JOHANNES RONGE is a name which the last few years have made well known to the world. He is recognized as the leader of the new Catholic party of Germany, and the companion of those who desire to wed free thought in religion to free action in political matters. Bred amid the dim traditions of the Roman Church, and nurtured and educated in the midst of serfs, his is a mind which has struggled free from the winding shroud of old superstitions, and cast off the grave-clothes of passive obedience to those who claim a divine right to do wrong; and when Europe lately heaved with those

convulsions which threatened to shake the foundations upon which the throne of the despotic ruler, and the altar of the priest who assumes to be infallible, have been placed, Ronge came forth with his free mind—his earnest enthusiasm—his powerful intellect—and his burning eloquence to bring order to a society lapsing into chaos, and to preach a faith such as free men might live by and die for.

That Ronge dared to do this in Austria is a sufficient guarantee that he was exposed to persecution. The rulers, spiritual and temporal, who owe their power to the ignorance and degradation of the people, would have been false to their own policy and themselves, if they had left such a man free to shed his clear calm light amid the surrounding darkness—to speak out from the depths of his heart the dictates of his private judgment—to teach men that they have souls which must be saved by themselves, and not vicariously by the orisons of a priest, and to show them that if they would make themselves fit for the world to come, they must make the world that is fit for them. Such a man was the most dangerous of revolutionists,—far more to be dreaded than they who preached unmitigated physical force, and looked to the sword alone for emancipation. He brought heart, faith, enthusiasm, brain, as well as power to the task; and not only invested liberty with the appearance of temporal desirability, but threw around it the halo of sanctity. Had Ronge been suffered to continue his labours, his followers might have been to the Emperor of Austria and his armies what the Ironsides of Cromwell, who prayed and fought with equal fervour, were to the cavaliers of Charles I.; but fate has registered in its inscrutable degrees another destiny and a different mission for Ronge. The tide of agitation and revolt which had flowed over Europe, bearing with it new ideas and new motives of action—which dashed peoples against kings till the rule of the few seemed on the verge of annihilation, subsided almost as quickly as it came, but subsided like the waters of the Nile, leaving a soil prolific in thought for a coming generation. The array of the roused multitudes was scattered to the winds, and their voice hushed at the bidding of power as a

gale might be at the wave of the magician's wand. The land became a camp, and soldiers, drawn from the most barbarous of the Austrian provinces, at once the makers and administrators of the law—judges and executioners. Free thought was prohibited—private opinion made a crime. Men were thenceforth to think by square and plumb-line. Free words were not to be spoken, and action, bearing the semblance of freedom, was put down by the fire of a platoon. Such was not the atmosphere in which a man like Ronge could exist. He could not still the beatings of his heart, nor chain up the eloquent tongue, on the accents of which thousands hung entranced. He could not obey human authority when he felt that it was opposed to Divine law. Like most men who play a prominent part on the stage of life, and mould the form of the future, he felt he had that to do which he was bidden to perform by a higher power than an earthly monarch. Rightly or wrongly, he was permeated by that enthusiasm which is evinced by those who believe their errand is from on high, and who, despising mere man-made law, condemn prohibition, and brave danger with that determination and devotedness which spring from the innate sense of a sacred duty to be performed. Thus influenced Ronge persevered, and the result is, that he is in England a proscribed outlaw.

It is the glory of England that her soil is the only one in Europe upon which the persecuted is safe, and the outcast may find a home. It is not only her glory, but one of the sources of her power—one of the springs of the freedom she enjoys. We are a composite race, made up of almost every nation upon the face of the earth. The races of Europe are continually mingling their blood with ours, and they send us as their representatives their wisest, their bravest, and their best. The grovelling, the timid, the mean, and the stupid, who can bend their patient necks beneath the heaviest yoke of serfdom, and bow to superstitions as gross as those of paganism may stay at home in peace. They are the fit instruments of tyranny; but those who are wise enough to frown down the dogmas which enchain the soul,—free enough to pant

for liberty of action, and brave enough to speak out what they think, and try to translate it into the practical language of effort, are too dangerous to be tolerated in the land of their birth, from which, escaping with bare life, they fly to the island-home of liberty, there to mingle their free thoughts with those of a nation of freemen, and send back into the night from which they have emerged some rays of light which may yet kindle into the full glare of noonday.

Johannes Ronge is one of these high spirits whose career, unfinished as it is, we would not have unchronicled; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that although our words may fall short of the nobility of the theme, they will at least have the merit of correctness, as they are founded upon the relation which we had from Ronge himself, and upon the materials which he placed at our disposal.

Johannes Ronge was born at the village of Bischofswalde, in the midst of the mountains of Silesia. The hour of his birth was contemporaneous with the famous battle of Leipsig, on the 16th of October, 1813. Many years after this event the directing elders of his church at Breslau, on presenting him a letter of congratulation on his birthday, referring to this coincidence, said:—"The hot fight, the cannon-thunder which roused the world in the hour of your birth, when national independence only was won, not yet the inner freedom of nations—when the fate of princes was decided—this cannon-thunder must have entered deep into your new-born heart; and have been the God-child's gift prophetic of your great career." Getting away from cannon-roarings and swaddling clothes, young Johannes employed his early years, ranging from the sixth to the twelfth, in easy service on his father's farm, keeping the sheep to wit. In a school belonging to the village he learned to read, write, and cipher; he got the catechism by heart, and bible history, whilst engaged in his bucolic duties; geography and the history of Silesia he learned during his last year at school. In the year 1827, his father was persuaded to send him to the Gymnasium at Niessen, and here he remained at study till 1836. Ronge adopted the clerical profession, as harmonizing most com-

pletely with his own disposition and love of teaching. He had already passed his one year of military service, and in December, 1839, he entered the Priest-Seminary, and got prepared in regular order for the priest's office. The next year, 1840, Ronge came out a full-blown priest, and was appointed to the care of Grotkau as preacher, or chaplain. Not long had he been in this duty, when he found out that to be a Roman Catholic priest he must part from all his self-respect, and submit himself to become a mere cog in the great wheel of Roman Catholicism, which at the same time ground out prayers and persecutions for mankind. Ronge thought of the visionary idea of personal independence for the Romish priest, and even refused to comply with the demands of his ecclesiastical superiors, in having his bright, black, curling locks shorn off in priestly fashion, and in doffing the student's coat which he had been accustomed to wear. This was his first difficulty in the matter of coats; we shall come upon another presently. Rather an unquiet priest Ronge appears even now; but he has got something else upon his anvil, which, when hammered out, will be a deadly weapon against the Papacy. Some vehement ultramontane arrangements having been made in the administration of the see of Breslau, against the wishes of the majority of the chapter; and no one having the courage to utter the general indignation, Ronge stepped forth as the accuser, and wrote a strong article in the "Vaterlandsblätter," which was conducted by the unfortunate Robert Blum. The article was entitled, "Rome and the Chapter of the Cathedral of Breslau;" it exposed with merciless truthfulness the intrigues and falseness of the men it attacked, and drew immense attention to it. Of course Ronge must have calculated on the consequences of so bold an act. This occurred in the close of the year 1842; the administrator of the diocese demanded Ronge to retract the article, which of course he refused to do, and suspension ensued, and condemnation to the clerical prison. Ronge had to leave Grotkau; before doing so, however, the whole population signed a testimonial of his irreproachable moral and religious conduct, and of their regret at losing him as their teacher and pastor; the muni-

cipal government of Grotkau gave him a like official testimonial; which were valuable in his defence against the priestly insinuations which were uttered thick and threefold against him. Ronge then retreated to Laurahütte, near Gleichwitz, in Upper Silesia, and was there engaged as chaplain and teacher of the school in the iron-foundry. In addition to these duties, Ronge was diligently employed in study, and in forging more hot thunderbolts which he let fly at different times in Blum's paper, upon the bloated hierarchy. After an eighteen-months' occupation in Laurahütte, the time came for him to discharge the whole of his heavy guns at them. In August, 1844, the celebrated exhibition of the holy coat at Treves took place, and hundreds of thousands of deluded pilgrims were induced to visit the relic. A sight so sad as this, of myriads of human creatures with souls within them, rushing blindly on from all the states of Germany and neighbouring countries to offer their homage to an old tailor-made god, to an old rag, stirred up the deepest feelings in Ronge's spirit—pity for the deluded victims, and intense abhorrence of the guilty tricks of the godless deluders. On the 1st of October, 1844, he wrote his celebrated letter to Arnoldi, the Bishop of Treves, on the subject of the coat; the letter appeared on the 15th in Blum's journal, and as it was the commencement of those vehement convulsions which shortly afterwards shook the whole fatherland, we must transcribe a passage or two to show the kind of its mettle: "That report which for a time sounded to our ears like a mere fable, a mere tale, that Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves, had exhibited a garment, called the coat of Christ, for veneration and religious spectacle, you, Christians of the nineteenth century, have already heard of it; you, teachers of the German nation, have already heard of it; you, men of Germany, know that this frenzy is not a fable, but a reality and truth. Five hundred thousand persons have already, according to the latest account, made their pilgrimage to this relic, and thousands more are daily flocking thither, especially since it became known that the above-mentioned garment has healed the sick and worked miracles! The fame of this occur-

runneth through the length and breadth of all nations, while priests in place have asserted that they were possession of the real coat of Christ, one at Treves being spurious. . . . an idol's festival; for many thousands of the credulous multitude are drawn, and offer devotion and veneration exclusively to God, to a garment, the work of man's hands. Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves, while adding your lordship, I call upon you to renounce the authority of my office and to act as a priest—in the name of Christianity and as a German national—er—in the name of the German nation, and, in the name of all national actors, to abolish the unchristian spectacle of the exhibition of the coat, to conceal the garment from public view, and to avoid making offence greater than it already is! Do you not know—as a bishop you ought to know it—that the Author of Christian religion has not left his coat but his Spirit, to his disciples and followers! Christ's coat, Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves, is the property of executioners. Do you not know—as a bishop you ought to know it—that it has taught, 'God is a Spirit, and that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth?' and God to be honoured, not merely in the temple at Jerusalem, or at Treves, near the coat, but every where? Do you not know—as a bishop you ought to know it—that the gospel expressly forbids the veneration of every garment and relic? Finally, do you not know—as a bishop you ought to know as well—that the healthy and sound mind of the German nation has not become so degraded as to worship relics, until the crusades of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; when only was its noble idea of the true Being, which had been imprinted upon it by the Christian religion, darkened by all kinds of fables and tales brought from the East. And my friend, Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves, as you are, I am persuaded convinced of all this, and understand it only better than I am able to explain it to you. You are well aware of the consequences which the idolatrous veneration of relics and other superstitions have brought upon Germany, as spiritual, as well as its outward visible bondage; and yet you boldly

exhibit your relic for public veneration. But if, perhaps you did not know all this, and your only object in the exhibition of this relic was the salvation of Christendom, you would still have laid a double guilt on your conscience, from which you cannot clear yourself. In the first place, it is unpardonable of you, that if the said garment really possesses a power of healing, you should have withheld it from suffering mankind until the year 1844. And in the next place, it is unpardonable to take oblations of money from the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims. In other words, is it not unpardonable of you, as a bishop, to take money from the starving poor of our people? Have you not had occasion to observe, only a few weeks ago, that hundreds were driven by want to desperate revolts, and have become the victims of death? Besides, let me caution you not to be deceived by the flocking together of hundreds of thousands; believe me, that whilst hundreds of thousands of Germans, full of ardour, are hastening to Treves, millions like myself are left behind, filled with deep horror and bitter vexation at your disgraceful exhibition. This feeling is existing now not only among the various ranks of the community, but even the learned—yea, even the Roman Catholic priesthood is disgusted with it. Be assured the judgment of God will certainly overtake you sooner than you suspect. The historian already seizes his pen, making known your name, Arnoldi, for contempt to the present age, and to posterity, by marking you as the Tetzels of the nineteenth century." The letter from which we have made these racy and intelligible selections was dated October 1, 1844. His fingers had itched to pen it, and when he had despatched it, he began for the first time to calculate on the issue, and waited with great anxiety to know the result. On the 18th it appeared un mutilated, which was owing to the censor of the press being a Protestant, and highly disgusted at the Treves clothes' exhibition. What effect this detonating missive had upon the refined and acute sensibility of Bishop Arnoldi may be in a measure supposed; but his feelings are hardly translatable into our vernacular. Ronge's superiors were soon after their game, and on the 29th of October, Dr. Lattussek, the Administrator of the

Diocese of Breslau, sent to Ronge demanding him to withdraw the fiery *brochure*. This episcopal mandate reached the transgressor on the 19th of November, but found him hardened and by no means inclined to retract. The priests however had another plan in readiness with which to punish their scourger; they intrigued to ruin Ronge's school in Laurahütte, in which design they were pretty successful. Ronge had to leave. On the 4th of November, Ronge departed from Laurahütte, and remained for a few days with his brother at Oppeln; after that he spent a fortnight with Count Reichenbach, in Waltdorf, and while here it was that the episcopal summons to retract his letter reached him; he stayed also a few days at Neisse, where the first address was presented to him, and many of the inhabitants assured him that they were ready to renounce their connexion with Rome. On the 23rd of November, Ronge advanced onwards to Breslau, the head quarters of the ultramontanists. On the 4th of December, Dr. Lattussek publicly excommunicated Ronge, who, in return for the compliment, began to hasten the publication of the works he had commenced at Laurahütte, which all aimed at the same point as his letter. From many towns addresses and congratulations now began to pour in upon Ronge; his letter had set the whole Catholic fatherland by the ears and given him a notoriety. Several Catholic priests, many well-educated of the Catholic laity, now renounced their connexion with Rome, among whom was Dr. Regenbrecht, a member of the cathedral chapter of Breslau and Professor of Canon Law in the University. The next thing was to organize the numerous seceders from the church of Rome into a new church. This was a difficult matter, as at the beginning of the movement the Prussian government would not allow public meetings to be held. Early in the following year, however, they relaxed their restrictions on the fresh offshoots from Rome, in the hope of using them as a break against the influence of Austria and the Pope. Ronge found a moral necessity for a new church, in the fact of the impossibility of continuing in the old Catholic community, and in the fact that the existing Protestant churches

of Germany were mostly state-churches which measured out creeds to their members by the authority of law, and thus stunted the growth of the individual consciousness, or became in the hands of despotic princes mere organs of a crushing political tyranny. As above stated, early in the year 1845, Ronge felt himself able to summon all disaffected Catholics to a conference, in which, on the 22nd January, he proposed and carried the fundamental articles and principles of a new general Christian church. The articles adopted were but general and transitional, subject to subsequent modification, amendment, and enlargement. They embraced, however, a final separation from the church of Rome, a recognition of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, a rejection of auricular confession, celibacy, the use of the Latin language in public worship, the adoration of saints, relics, and pictures, of fasts, pilgrimages, and all the superstitious ceremonies of the Romish church; while the freedom of the lay members of the new church, the independence and equal rights of all members, was guaranteed. After the preliminary conference Ronge and the new church frequently met, and more fully developed the details of the young organization. On the 9th March Ronge was formally elected minister of the new church at Breslau, and publicly renounced his title of Catholic priest. Thus a prosperous beginning was accorded to the struggle for independent existence and organization. Obstacles were not wanting; the Catholic priests used to send their paid mobs to disturb the meeting and to imperil the life of Ronge, but his lion-heart baffled all their manœuvres.

Immediately after the inauguration of the new church at Breslau, other towns in Prussia and throughout all Germany began to be on the move in the same direction, and to aid them in their efforts Ronge visited as many as time and strength would allow him. In the commencement of his reform campaign he was aided by Czersky, a priest who, shortly after the appearance of Ronge's letter to Arnoldi, had separated, with his small congregation at Schneidemühl, from the Romish church; but as the latter adopted a more restricted creed, and being of a vacillating temperament, and wrought

by the representations of the church authorities, the union of the two seceders was but of a short duration. Meanwhile a general council of the free religious congregations had met at Leipzig, where the opinions and doctrines of the German Protestant church had been more definitely fixed and published. After this Ronge felt free to commence his tour in Germany, and first visited Berlin, where a congregation had been formed a few weeks after the establishment of that at Breslau. In Berlin Ronge found the warmest and highest enthusiasm in behalf of the new movement. At the first public service the great building was crowded, thousands of people blockaded the streets and filled the streets, rendering it with their exuberant applause. The citizens of Berlin celebrated the formation of the new church with processions of joy, and the municipal government guaranteed an annual sum of 1000 thalers for its support. This in the end of March; on the 30th of the following month a royal cabinet order was issued declaring the intention of the government to assume a liberal attitude towards the new movement, a determination which it had hitherto been highly to the honour of the King of Prussia to have kept. In April Ronge left Berlin and visited Magdeburg, Leipzig, and Dresden to strengthen the rising congregations. Enthusiasm generally attended his career, priests and lay members continually forsaking the Roman Church and attaching themselves to the new movement, which was now assuming a formidable appearance. Ronge now took a tour of East Prussia. Protestant priests in this province joined the movement. Ronge was received with a hero's welcome in most places. In Königsberg, twenty thousand citizens turned out to meet him in a torchlight procession. Ronge's mission next lay in Silesia, which was being organized in favour of church freedom and independence. The first meeting was held in Silesia on the 15th of August, 1845, at which about forty congregations, containing many thousands of members, were represented. Up to Silesia he found terribly under the influence, and consequently in the animosity towards himself. The population is besotted in drunk-

ness, clergy as well, and even young babies in the cradle are taught to drink. However, the reformation had got a hold, even on this degraded population, and several congregations had been formed, which, about the close of August, Ronge visited; and the manner of his reception at Tarnowitz, a small mining town in the neighbourhood of Laurahütte, we shall here indicate. Ronge went to this place, in compliance with an invitation from the congregation, to induct Mr. Wiczorek as minister. He arrived in the town about half-past six o'clock on the 30th of August, in company with his brother and a friend from Laurahütte. Seemingly unobserved, he alighted at his hotel, and some of his friends came quietly to pay their respects to him, and to greet his arrival with a little private serenading by the door of his chamber. Ronge briefly but heartily thanked his friends for their kindness, and they departed as quietly as they came. At about half-past eight o'clock, the funeral bell was set ringing; and at this signal several hundred drunken men surrounded the hotel, and having for some time violently shouted out "Long live Friedrich Wilhelm IV.," bombarded the house, and with the stones which they had brought with them, smashed the windows, and broke open the shutters and doors. Nothing now could be heard but the hollow shouts of "Ronge, out with him." With some difficulty Ronge made for a little kitchen, where the landlady and her family had already gone to shelter themselves from the vehemence of the mob. A sister of the landlady, a girl of some spirit, proposed that Ronge should make his escape from the town in woman's or in miner's clothes, which she engaged to procure for him, this, however, he did not do. Only with extreme difficulty could the armed police prevent the savage rabble from forcing the house, that they might kill Ronge. Ronge's own account of the matter is briefly thus:—"The police director, a Protestant, was insulted, and almost despaired of rescuing me. After three hours of struggle, he summoned the Catholic priests of the town, commanding them to use their influence with the people. The poor misguided people, in reply to the remonstrances of their spiritual guides, said in astonish-

ment, 'You asked us to do so, and now you come to hinder us.' For five hours was I in danger of a cruel death. At last one of the officers sent for the miners, and these, entering the town about one o'clock, succeeded in rescuing me. These fanatic people were instigated by the priests, who, eight days before, had given them absolution for the sin of killing me! Although these people were members of a temperance society, the priests allowed them for that evening to drink spirits, and gave them money for the purpose." The induction of the minister, in consequence of this disgraceful disturbance, was of course prevented, and Ronge had to direct his steps elsewhere.

Various were the receptions which Ronge met with: sometimes his admirers bedecked him with flower-crowns; at other times, men who execrated him emulated the Tarnowitz row, and rained down showers of stones upon him, or pelted him with the most abominable filth they could lay hold on. While at Mainz, an experiment was made of throwing him into the Rhine, which, however, did not succeed. But wherever these scenes occurred, it was easy to see that the exasperated priests, whose trade he was spoiling, and whose occupation was quickly slipping away from them, were the instigators, the prime movers, in all the rabble-tumults. After his tour through Silesia, Ronge commenced a reform journey through the south of Germany. On the 18th of September he was present at a synod of the congregations of south Germany, which was held at Stuttgart. His reception in this town was most enthusiastic, his journey was a triumph, and popular applause greeted the synod all through its session. Ronge from here went to Frankfort, Worms, Heidelberg, and other towns, strengthening them in their organization, and warning them against the intrigues of Metternich, who was now engaged in wheedling the King of Prussia into opposition to the new churches. This magnanimous Prince, a true type of an Austrian despot, had already forbidden the formation of any free congregations in the Austrian dominions, and had even set a price on Ronge's head, and would have given a deal to have dealt with that troublesome personage in the way

his peculiar regard for him would have pointed out. It was no difficult thing for Metternich to bamboozle the King of Prussia; he seems to be one of the most pliant and plastic of Princes that Austrian diplomatists ever had to do with. Ronge accordingly learnt on the 6th of October, that Metternich and his easily-led friend, the King of Prussia, had determined to suppress the movement. This, however, was no easy enterprise they had taken in hand, as there were now about two hundred distinct congregations, which contained upwards of three hundred thousand members, most of them men of intense enthusiasm and spirit, pope-haters, priest-haters, and universal despots. The only thing that could be done to affect them, would be to let the Jesuits loose upon them, to imprison and outlaw their leaders; and to neither of these means did the highly-belauded, Protestant, liberty-loving King of Prussia feel any reluctance! The Jesuits turned round on him, and complimented him and their "dear Protestant brethren" of the Prussian State Church, and the religious King hastened to throw himself into their soft and slimy embrace. The vile Jesuito-Protestant plot, however, shall not just yet take effect; its concoctors must have to nurse their wrath for awhile, other circumstances will by-and-by open to them an opportunity to spit it out, directly on its victims, and with all its venom. To be forewarned is to be fore-armed; and Ronge had this advantageous armour, by which he was enabled, for a time, to hold on his way, breaking down huge and venerable superstition, opening a path for the full development of religious and political liberty, and thus he could, for a long period, baffle the tyrants, and had well nigh broken their power. Towards the close of the year 1845, the vehement popular enthusiasm which acted as the foster-nurse of the new movement, began to slacken its fire, and to give place to other feelings. It either became sobered down into laborious and earnest struggles for the stronger grounding of the congregations, or sank down into downright apathy or hostility towards it; more especially did the position taken by the King and government of Prussia, in complete disregard of the royal cabinet's order of April, 1845, which

declared their determined neutral position towards the movement, tend to the awakening of the latter. During most of the year 1846, the movement had to endure the hostile attempts of a combination of Jesuits, diplomatists, and police, to strangle it. The whole machinery of the Church of Rome, with all its manifold ramifications and appliances, was put into vigorous motion to crush its bustling opponent—means which only they who have suffered from them can adequately appreciate, were employed to damn the characters of all the leading men in the new reformation, and chiefly were their calumnious weapons turned against Ronge. The Pope “gave the word, and great was the company of those who published it,” through all the gradations of the clergy, through all the private and public places of religious service were the slanders circulated, and most suitably were they made to meet every circumstance in which it was possible to damage the reputation of a man. All the ingredients of a thorough-bred rascal, all the premeditated villainies that unite in the character of an accomplished scoundrel, were alleged to exist in Ronge; and the whole power of Romish organization was put in motion to disseminate such reports as were at the time most likely to affect his reputation and to destroy his influence. To so great an extent have these ecclesiastics the power of injuring a man, that, as we have heard Ronge himself say, they can make even a man’s best and most intimate friends become suspicious of him. Nor is there a man upon earth so competent to give a testimony on this point as Ronge. In his own person and reputation has he received the full weight of their secret but scorching slanders; but none of these things moved him one inch from the path into which he had been called. He had too much of a hero-heart to quail before the growlings of the beast into whose very den he had gone for the purpose of bearding him. He knew all that would come before he took a single step; and an approving conscience, and a devout confidence in the inherent might of the truth which he spake, made it impossible for him to do other than blow his horn with still louder and stronger blasts round the walls of the Papacy. Thus, too, he did

proceed, and during the Polish insurrection in Cracow, he travelled about in Silesia, forming new congregations, spite of the threats of the government to punish and imprison him. As a proof that the movement had not been suppressed through the efforts and intentions of the royal despot, Ronge informs us that the congregations in this province had now increased to fifty, which contained about fifty thousand members. In his progress, thousands and thousands came out of the villages to the towns, to hear the reform addresses. The citizens lent him their largest churches, although the police endeavoured to prevent it. If the number of people was too large for a church, or if one could not be obtained, service was then celebrated in the open air. The agents of despotism were utterly foiled to suppress the enthusiasm.

Ronge, in this journey, had regularly an audience of from three thousand to six thousand persons, and sometimes even of from ten to fifteen thousand. In October, 1846, he had determined to be present at a synod at Magdeburg, and went first to Berlin to meet the congregation. On arriving at the church, a policeman handed him a rescript by the ministry, forbidding him to address the congregation; and by the same functionary he was informed that he must not proceed to Magdeburg. Ronge in reply sent a protest to the ministry, declaring that he would attend the synod, and wait for the brute force of the ministry. Without trouble he arrived in Magdeburg, but the police director immediately forbade him to speak or to pray in the synod meeting. Most of the Princes of Germany had now been induced to bar their territories against Ronge; and as the free city of Hamburg was open to him, he went thither in the latter end of November, 1846, and succeeded in forming a congregation there. This was an advantageous spot, as from it the congregation could exert an influence very widely through many German states which Ronge was forbidden to approach.

Much as Ronge was hindered in his reform agitation by the refusal of the Princes of Germany to allow him to enter their territories, yet the work did not stop or slumber during the year 1847. Several new Catholic con-

gregations were formed on the Rhine and other places; but the marks by which this year were particularly distinguished, were the interior growth and development of the existing congregations, and their severe struggles for the freedom of their communion. Ronge and his friends began to be persecuted by the Prussian government by the beginning of the year 1846. Metternich had succeeded to his heart's desire in gaining over the King of Prussia to his schemes, and the government issued a decree that Ronge should be arrested and thrown into prison, if he attempted to celebrate divine service in any congregation in Prussia, except in Silesia. Government prohibited service in a free congregation in Silesia: the congregation found a policeman at the church, on the Sunday, instead of a minister. Application was made to Ronge for help and counsel. Ronge went to the village to introduce a minister, and was saved from an imprisonment for his boldness, by the enthusiasm of the people in his favour. Shortly after this the government were at their old work again: they shut up a chapel of a free congregation in Silesia, without assigning a cause for such a step. Ronge immediately repaired to the place, to celebrate service, and to protest against the unlawful proceedings of the government. He was arrested, and sentenced to four weeks' imprisonment. He appealed to the ministry, resting his case on the law of the country, which guaranteed religious liberty. He was condemned, however, and was locked up for four weeks in the house of correction. The people, however, gave him an assurance of their sympathy, by strewing flowers on his path to the prison, and sending him many letters of condolence.

After Ronge's exodus from the house of his bondage, he went on in his way, and the Prussian government in theirs. Towards the close of 1847, the government fancied that the time had come when they might effectually crush the reformation altogether. The ministry issued their mandates, forbidding baptism, the celebration of marriages, and worship. Ronge would not obey the decrees, as they were in open violation of the law of the country. The government announced its intention of imprisoning the ministers, and pro-

ceeded to try their strong hand on the congregation of Breslau. Ronge informed his colleagues in the ministry that he would not obey the command of the police, but would await the employment of force. Four times about Christmas, the police ordered them to obey the decrees, and as often were they met by a flat refusal, and, at last, the government ceased to trouble the Breslau congregation with their decrees, as they feared an insurrection of the people. But wherever there was a small, weak congregation, there the decrees of the government were most rigidly enforced. Ronge relates, that the gendarmerie actually took children of free Catholics, by force, from their parents, and carried them to the ministers of the state church for baptism. The government forbade the celebration of funerals by the free Catholic ministers, and compelled the members to pay large fees to the state church clergy for religious offices, which they were forced to submit to. Against such enormities as these Ronge was now incessantly occupied, in protesting and making appeals to the municipal governments, and was continually kept hurrying on from town to town to effect his object.

In the early part of the year 1848, Ronge sent an indignant and spirited protest against the violent measures of the government, which doubtless would have rendered a second imprisonment necessary for him, had not the government seen cause to draw in their horns, by the commencement of the revolution in France, and which, it feared, would soon make itself felt near their own cabinet-door. The revolutionary spirit soon spread from its original seat all over the Continent. "What slashing work among the kings and potentates," as Luther used to say. What a stern lesson was taught them then, but how little has their profiting appeared. The Pope had to run from Rome, and Metternich to make himself as scarce as possible at Vienna, and the magnanimous King of Prussia to eat humble pie before "his beautiful Berliners," whom he had found it impossible to shoot. Now came breathing-time for Ronge and his associates. The two movements for religious reformation and social amendments shook hands and made common cause. The same men, pretty nearly, were the

leading spirits in both. Ronge was a church reformer, and a political regenerator. The noble-hearted Robert Blum was one of the presiding members in the free congregation at Leipzig, as well as a political martyr at Vienna. Ronge had now an unrestricted diocese to visit, and into whatever city he entered, as the Hero of Church Re-organization, the people flocked round him in countless crowds, asking him also to address them on the new organization of the state, which the patriot-reformer invariably did. These two grand ideas, political freedom and spiritual independence, interpenetrating and complementing each other, had the full range of his soul, and he never neglected an opportunity of pouring them forth, in their native inspiration and worth, upon every congregation he addressed. Ronge now visited and refreshed the communities which the Protestant tyranny of the King of Prussia had laid low. Besides which there now lay another and higher game before him. His old enemy, Metternich, who had hitherto forbidden him to enter Austria, and had even been generous enough to offer no small sum for his head, was now on his travels, sent off by the indignant execrations of the population of Vienna. The same men who had banished the hoary absolutist, now sent an invitation to the apostle of all freedom to visit them. His ideas have already, spite of Metternich's proclamation, penetrated the Catholic population of Vienna to a great extent, and only his presence is necessary to organize the congregation of Free Catholics. The invitation he accepts, and sets forward with high beating heart to the metropolis of despotism. On his journey, Ronge exclaims to one of his travelling companions, "What is yonder castle aloft there?" "Stolzenfels." "Ah! it is just three years since Metternich, up there resolved on the extirpation of the German Catholics, and now I am on my way to Vienna." It was on the 14th of September, 1848, that Ronge and his brother entered Vienna. The old placards on all the walls announcing the "old sinner's" reward of 100 ducats to any one who would catch Ronge, dead or alive, were now covered over with others intimating his arrival. No one, however, seems to have any lingering for the ducats. The people

in Vienna had endured quite long enough the "old sinner's" iron rule, and were quite prepared for reform and liberty. On the following Sunday, Ronge met the congregation in the great room of the Odeon. From eight to ten thousand people were assembled. Dr. Pauli introduced Ronge to the assembly, and gave him a hearty welcome to their society; then Mr. Scholl presented to him a company of young ladies clothed in white robes, and said, "The Viennese German Catholics greet thee through their darlings—through their children." This was a brilliant reception for Ronge, and inspired him to speak to the immense multitude with fervour and effect, which, in return saluted him with vehement applause. On the same day upwards of two thousand people joined the free congregation; and before the expiration of three weeks, upwards of four thousand more were enrolled. In this visit to Vienna, Ronge found that in no country in Europe is the national feeling in favour of democratic institutions and religious freedom so intense and wide, as in the one whose rulers are the very ideal of absolutism and despotism.

For a short time Ronge's star is in the ascendant—bright and beautiful it is, till the black thunder-clouds of imperial despotism shall have re-collected themselves. For the moment the hearts of the true men in Austria are lighted up with an unwonted joy; they feel themselves men, and are almost ready to fall down and worship the intrepid apostle of liberty and humanity. But while they are revelling in their dear-bought privileges, Windischgrätz is preparing to extinguish it, and clap the hoof of oppression on them heavier than ever. But so long as the sun does shine, Ronge has hay to make. Having assisted the congregation in Vienna into self-sustaining energy, he prepares to accept an invitation to visit Styria, where there are multitudes waiting to receive his ideas and join his community. Gratz, the capital of this province, is the first place he visits. The Jesuits endeavour to prevent him getting a place to hold his meeting in; but a large riding-school supplies his wants. There he spoke, for a time, to an immense congregation, which listened joyously to him, till towards the close, the Jesuits succeeded in getting

up a cry of "Fire!" as they had often done in other places. This, however, did not terrify Ronge; he soon reassured the congregation, and won new and numberless allies to the side of human freedom.

While Ronge was thus fighting with priests and Jesuits in Gratz, and was amused with the fierce excommunications that the Roman Catholic bishop of this city was fulminating against him, much sadder things were happening at Vienna: Windischgrätz was triumphing in the capital; the city had fallen again under the dominion of the despotic Hapsburgs—an event full of disasters to the free Catholic society, and pointing with tragic significance to Robert Blum. After this victory of despotism over the people, Ronge could no longer remain in the Austrian dominions, or Metternich's second self, Schwartzenburg, would but have been too glad to kidnap such a prize. Bavaria, however, was still open to him; and he went to Munich, the capital. Notwithstanding every conceivable difficulty, Ronge celebrated a triumphant service in this city. Immense multitudes flocked to his first meeting, which held together well, albeit the old Jesuit-cry of "Fire" was got up again. Here in Munich, Ronge was favoured with a repetition of some of the Tarnowitz treatment, stoning his windows, to wit, added to which excommunications and slanders of every description fell on him in abundance. After staying some weeks in Munich, Ronge went next to Nürnberg, about the middle of December, where he raised a congregation of nearly ten thousand members. His old friends, the Jesuits, however, did not forsake him; their kind services might ever be confidently relied on. "The priests and beer rule everything in Bavaria," was an experience that Ronge made in this country. And the former knew well how to make the latter minister to their wishes. Nothing was easier than for the priests first to make a mob beastly drunk and then let them loose upon their great annoyner. In this way it was that Ronge's life was often in danger while visiting the several towns of Bavaria. These functionaries knew, too, the happy result of "giving a dog a bad name," and failed not to try it upon Ronge. One of the most interesting tales which they got up about

him was, that he was in the pay of the Jesuits! Notwithstanding all this, Ronge succeeded by the month of April in forming eight new congregations in this popish and fanatical country.

By the time that Ronge had completed his tour in Bavaria the horizon had begun to darken, and tempest-storms to arise. Vienna had been lost to the people and to liberty, in the preceding October. Robert Blum was brutally shot on the 9th November, when his own prediction, that "if Vienna fell, then falls Blum," was confirmed. Divine service was prohibited in the free congregations, and their ministers put either into prisons or madhouses, while many of the members were publicly flogged at the instigation of the Catholic priests, and by the following August every congregation in the Austrian dominions was suppressed. Imperial despotism now knew no bounds. By the alliance between barbarous Cossacks and savage Croats, it had succeeded in crushing one of the purest national struggles for independence which modern history can refer to; not less overwhelming was its onslaught on free religion. In the wake of the Austrian despot followed the other petty princes of Germany. But the man of whose tyranny Ronge has to complain most indignantly is that paragon of protestant princes, the King of Prussia. The laws of Prussia are based upon an avowed acknowledgment of religious liberty. The king of this country Ronge describes as "inclining as a romantic to the Catholic church and to despotism, by God's grace." At the time of the Austrian triumph this king—who at the moment at which we write is being extolled to the skies for his humane interference on behalf of the Medici at the Tuscan court—this very king and his ministry "called the Jesuits into the country, and supported them with money and landed property to build up cloisters and schools;" by means of Jesuit craft this deluded Protestant monarch set about suppressing the congregations which Ronge had formed; which he did, not openly and at once, like the Austrian government, but stealthily and cowardly, thus undermining the fundamental principle of his country's laws, and blowing into all the winds the many oaths of allegiance which he had solemnly

to the principle of religious
om.

He was obliged, after the summer
of 1849, to retire to Ham-
to keep himself clear of the
ts. Here it was that he took to
-writing again. He had made
proficiency in this branch of
ing tactics, as we saw in his letter
his friend" Bishop Arnoldi, five
previously. The person at whom
is time levels his pen is the
ous King of Prussia. From this

we extract the following para-
s:—"Friederich Hohenzollern,
back upon your deeds, upon your
and you will find that the judgment
tory follows you closely. In 1840,
swer to the high hopes which
any reposed in you, you said, 'Be-
me and my people there should
leaf of paper.' You turned your
to the past rather than to the
; fought with phrases; and in-
of rising to the height of a
lent of Germany, became a petty,
ing despot, who dazzled with
of free thought, while he per-
ed freedom itself as a crime.
is, indeed, between you and your
e no leaf of paper, but cannons,
er, and a stream of blood. In-
of taking part in the world-
ning deed of the reformation of
19th century, you forwarded
protected lies, hypocrisy, immo-
; you helped forward Jesuitism.
e yourself, what history will and
do. It will and must condemn

It has already answered through
. During the nine years of your
you have interdicted freedom of
n. Men who speak for the rights
e people were and are persecuted
hrown into prison. You had a
easury at the beginning of your
and could easily work and pre-
against pauperism. You trifled
nting; threw away millions on
ss buildings, and in unjustifiable
ry expenses; and when, in 1844
847, hunger drove the people to
t, you gave them bullets instead
ead, and prohibited the press from
ing of the wants of the people.
did you act, most pious and be-
g king! But you did more: you
ed thirty thousand men to die of
er and disease in Upper Silesia in
eginning of 1848. Perhaps you
his 'serving the Lord.' History

will form a fearful judgment. More
could I speak of the many perfidies of
last year, but—the oaths which you
have violated will cause history to call
you 'a perjurer and betrayer of your
fatherland.' " Strange sounds these to
ring on royal ears, which had been
accustomed only to the words of lying
sycophants and servile adulation. The
monarch who for once in his reign had
been spoken to in the words of truth,
became incensed at the truth-speaker,
and sent his policemen to Hamburg to
seize him, but failed in his attempt, as
Ronge, preferring exile to imprison-
ment, eluded his pursuers by retiring
into France. In Strasburg, early in
the year 1850, Ronge formed a free
congregation, and delivered lectures,
but was obliged to act secretly for fear
of the government and the priests.
Shortly after "Bonaparte the Little"
sent orders for his expulsion, and the
priests offered a reward to any one
who would discover to them his re-
treat. As there was no rest nor safety
for him in France, Ronge went over to
Holland. Thither too the persevering
Jesuits followed him, dodging about
him wherever the scent led them.
Thence he crossed over to Belgium,
but as he had no passport to that
country he was condemned to impris-
onment for two years. As this latter
condition presented no favourable op-
portunity to him for developing his
ideas of freedom, he adopted a course
likely to be more suitable to him, and
that was of running away from his
detention, and crossing over to Eng-
land, which he did with meritorious
success towards the close of the year
1850.

We have now traced at some length
of detail the career of one of the
noblest exiles now harboured by the
free institutions of England. How
chequered has been this man's course!
How triumphant, how depressed!
How honoured, how despised! But
the cause of these vicissitudes is not to
be found in his own vacillations, nor
ought it to be attributed to the fitful-
ness of the people that honoured him;
it lies rather in the success with which
the armed despots entered into an
alliance against all freedom of the
subject, and in the utter disregard of
moral obligation, and shameless viola-
tion of oaths, which have so dishonour-
ably distinguished the continental

sovereigns. Take away these, or even reduce them to the condition of honest and oath-fearing men, and Ronge might at this moment return to his labours, and find his churches re-organised and strengthened, and the people as enthusiastic as ever. The probabilities are even now strong that better days are in store for Prussia in a not very remote future, for the Jesuits the king took into his bosom have stung him, and become a plague to him that he would gladly be rid of. He has got a proper recompence; let him now see and do justice to the true man whom he has persecuted.

To return to Ronge in England. He has been here now about two years. The retreat of the exile is on the shady base of Hampstead Heath. Here he has dwelt, and still dwells, in a quietude which, independently of his exile, must be grateful to his fretted spirit, after the toils and agitations of the last eight years. Nor has he here been without labour. The never-resting spirit within him has been planning some schemes to keep up the fervour of his friends in Germany, and to awaken the sympathies and co-operation of British patriots with his labours on the continent. The spirit of freedom and reform which he has brought over with him is now for the time a British spirit; it has gone into the general circulation of that rushing stream which ceaselessly presses round British life and British institutions; the tale of his labours and wrongs has become a portion of our own literature, free among ourselves what must not be published in the imperial dominions. Ronge is also about to organize a free German catholic church in London, at which he will in a measure repeat those services which have so often been the terror of both priests and despots on the Continent. Another movement has already been set on foot, called the "United German Democratic League." This designs to aid in the accomplishment of the real political redemption of the fatherland, and Ronge is associated with it as its treasurer.

Already has Ronge become an object of pious solicitude to an arch priest of high eminence in England. Some little time since he was waited on by an inferior priest, who stated to him that his master had heard he was ill, and in all Catholic love had sent him to in-

quire if he did not think it a favorable moment to return to his allegiance to the church he had injured. The worthy priest also assured him he had been urging on all pious Christians the duty of praying earnestly for him, and had himself been so much absorbed in the devout exercise that he had been praying for him all the way from Bank down to Hampstead in the bus; at present all these devotions seem to have been attended without fruit, nor had the priest sufficient power of persuasion to induce him to a reconciliation with the holy church which was holding out her loving arms to welcome back the straying priest. What another sixpenny ride would effect, with simultaneous supplications, remains to be seen. Another priest has also been trying his hand on Ronge; he went to his house in dress, but could not thereby hide his nature from view. His was a benevolent mission; he, supposing Ronge to be a poor and destitute man to whom a little money might be serviceable, went and told him that he had an excellent friend, who had conceived the humane thought of handing over a little cash to him, which he undoubtedly be given as he wished. Ronge informed him that he was in circumstances of want himself, but that any donation the unknown priest might be pleased to give toward the new German Catholic Church in London he would be happy to receive appropriate to that purpose. But in his attempt to bribe, the priest brought no money for the church.

Ronge has been styled the English Luther. The comparison between the early reformer and the modern truly of conscience; but in other respects altogether fails. The movements which their names are respectively associated both had their origin in a barefaced attempt of the Roman church to fling dust in the eyes of the people, in order to find an easy way into their pockets. Tetzell, in the 15th century, went round Germany selling his indulgence-wares, selling pardons for sins either committed or contemplated, at an unusually high charge. This was the signal for the outburst of the feeling which led to Luther's reformation. Arnoldi, the bishop of the 19th century, hung out an old packet for all the

gentlemen to "walk up and see," were willing to pay the showman the peep. This functionary also too far, for he brought the old about his ears with a terrible. In this respect, the making use of gross hypocrisy as the starting-point for a new development in the 16th, the two reformers acted in common. But almost from this point comparison ceases. Luther was engaged in his crusade against indulgences and Rome by the powerful aid of several of the princes of Germany. Ronge had only his own sense and a national feeling to support him; all the princes who were led against him turned to him at the cold shoulder, and bade get on as best he could. Luther decided for his secession a stereotyped church constitution, and a creed decided and fixed till the resurrection.

Ronge, on the other hand, has decided his churches with a constitution which will adapt itself to the needs of the time, subject to all the amendments which the progress of the age suggests as necessary, and has left them to no definite symbolic form, but affords scope for the growth and enlargement of their convictions and beliefs. Luther confined himself to his duties proper, and never went beyond them, but even enjoined on the members of his churches not to meddle with politics, but to be content with just privileges as the princes spontaneously gave them; Ronge, on the contrary, has made religious freedom and political liberty inseparable, and has his followers to be at once Christians and patriots, and has himself set the example. The difference between the two men is interpreted in the fact that Luther lived in the 16th century, Ronge in the 19th century. The one which were groaning for birth in the 16th century found a full and adequate exponent in Luther; and but for the previous development of these, Ronge had had no platform on which centuries later he could unfold the ideas of his own age. We make ridiculous distinctions between these noble-souled men. If it be true that Luther had to confess he had made mistakes in the organisation of his movement, true also it is that he will one day, with equal frankness, explore many errors that exist in

his reformation. The two men, however, have this in common, that where we are obliged to withhold our assent from any of their proposals or acts, we are yet compelled to accord to both of them our hearty admiration.

But as the qualities of the movements led by these two men respectively have necessarily so few points in common, yet if we look into the interior of the men, we shall there see a wonderful harmoniousness and unity. Both of them, sons of the old church, gave their mother a deadly bite. Both of them, sons of truth, were constant and filial to their sublimer parent. Their attachment to truth was hardy, almost desperate. Whatever she moved them to they would speak, and speak boldly. Both were men full of courage and gigantic bravery when truth was assailed. Luther would go to Worms, and tell his revelations of truth, though "there were as many devils in Worms as there were tiles upon the house-tops." Ronge would always rush to the point of danger, and say what truth had commissioned him, though a despot met him in every town, or a prison yawned to immure him, or priests hired drunken assassins to murder him, or lewd fellows of the baser sort had had their orders to pitch him into the river. The castle at Wartburg for a long time concealed the early reformer and made him silent, but it never stopped his ear against the truth which was whispering therein; Ronge's imprisonment led him but into a closer communion and a holier alliance with truth, and each on their deliverance became only the more valiant for the truth. The inner movements of each of these men's lives became the seed of life-revolutions, whose effects are not limited by the centuries in which they sprang up. Luther's truth-created organisations exist, or have been enlarged into better existing ones, at this day; Ronge's have in many cases been suppressed by the tyrant's iron hand, but they are not silenced, they still grow spiritually; and some hundreds of now-existing churches proclaim them to be still living, and waiting only for freer times that they may flourish again.

Misrepresentation is a powerful instrument in the hands of priests with which to darken a man's designs and paralyse his power, and this they laid

thickly about Ronge. He has been declared to be a man whose character comprises all the means and the extremes of licentiousness; but, happily for Ronge, the imputations rest upon nothing but the exacerbated ire of the priests. He has been published as an anarchic republican, a communist, and a levelling socialist. With respect to the two last charges, Englishmen who have been taught to believe them ought to accept the unqualified repudiation of them which he himself has given; as to the first of the three, Ronge is a republican, but not an anarchist; and however content we may be with our excellent constitution and free institutions, we have yet to learn that to be a republican is a crime in a man, who on the continent has so often been made the victim of the perjury of princes, and who, with his friends, has so often been smitten by the iron hands of absolutist despots. Ronge is a republican, because he sees in the sovereignty of the people their only extrication from the savage and cruel bondage which they endure, and their deliverance from those crushing social evils which the excesses and lusts of their princely rulers have entailed upon them. Ronge is a republican because his great heart sympathises with the enormous sorrows that wring the souls of his countrymen; — the princes by their despotic rule are a fearful incubus on the freedom, industry, cultivation, intelligence, and morals of the people; and in the removal of such irresponsible power, he sees the highest moral, social, and religious elevation which the people may attain to.

But we must close this sketch. Ronge is in England, and the man who spends a day, or even an hour, with him cannot but feel the intercourse an honour and a privilege, nor will he quit his society without feeling himself drawn into a vortex of sympathy with him and with the noble cause which has made him an exile. Ronge is a man of personal appearance truly prepossessing, in height not beyond the middling stature, about five feet six; the long trailing curls which once offended his church superiors still flow gracefully round his head! his forehead is ample and high, his eyes are jet-lights which dazzle and penetrate one, his upper lip and chin are covered

by a luxuriant dark moustache and beard, which we fancy would make him still more terrible should he ever again confront the Pope or any of his minions. Unlike to the fat burly portraits of Luther, he is somewhat spare in his build, and altogether suggests the idea of a man of refinement and high cultivation.

Far distant, we say, be the day when it shall become necessary to write a complete biography of Ronge! There is work we believe for him yet to do. We would not over-tax the abilities of any man who has already wrought well; but labour is the life of Ronge, and we believe we only feebly utter the heart-longings of the man himself when we say, we hope the time may speedily come when he may freely return to his own country and complete his noble work of emancipating his brethren from the claws of the despots and the fangs of the priests; and, finally, in the salutation of his fatherland, we say to him from our heart of hearts, *Leb' Wohl*.

CHARLES DICKENS.

"C'est un panorama mouvant de toutes les classes de la société anglaise; une critique fine et piquante de tous les ridicules, une vaste composition, ou mille personnages se mouvant et posent devant le lecteur."—Preface of the French Translator of Dickens.

LITTLE more than forty years ago, at Landport, Portsmouth, the most popular, if not the greatest modern author, Charles Dickens, was born. His father, Mr. John Dickens, who has but recently deceased, was at the time filling a post as clerk in the Navy Pay Office, which required him to reside at one or another of the various ports of the kingdom, and, as it fell out, at Portsmouth, on the 15th of February, 1812, his most celebrated son was born.

When the war ceased, there being, fortunately for England and the world, far less occasion for navy pay clerks Mr. John Dickens retired upon a pension, and going to London, he (being a man of considerable talent and good education) obtained an engagement to report the debates in Parliament, and eventually became attached to the "*Chronicle*," on the staff of which he remained for some years. Dickens's early recollections of Portsmouth are

probably few and far between; but he visited it at a later period and gathered matter from it for some of his vivid delineations. There was the theatre of the magnificent-minded Mr. Vincent Crummles; and there, too, was the abode of Bulph the Pilot, "who decorated his house with a boat-green door, and exhibited on the mantel-shelf of his parlour, among natural and maritime curiosities, the little finger of a man who had been drowned." The description of Bulph's residence and its singular ornament, is no doubt a real picture. There is a touch of pilot-nature in that little-finger relic, which probably would not have suggested itself to even the fertile imagination of Charles Dickens.

To what particular school Dickens went, and whether he was a quick boy or a slow one, or whether his habits were gay and child-like, or teeming with old world fancies, we are not aware. The power with which he describes thoughtful, retired children, and the love he has for delineating them and picturing their fancies, indicates a sympathy most probably springing from his own early memories; but our record of him begins with his entrance into life—when, after finishing his education, his father determined on articling him to an attorney, in whose office he actually passed sufficient time to make him acquainted with legal technicalities. We have heard it declared that he finished his articles, but believe the statement to be erroneous. Certain it is, that Dickens early evinced a determination to follow his father's profession of reporter, and set himself to acquire short-hand. That is a task surrounded by difficulties, which have sufficed entirely to deter less persevering students than Dickens, who thus describes his progress:—

"I did not allow my resolution with respect to the Parliamentary debates to cool. It was one of the irons I began to heat immediately, and one of the irons I kept hot and hammered at with a perseverance I may honestly admire. I bought an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of stenography (which cost me ten and sixpence), and plunged into a sea of perplexity, that brought me, in a few weeks, to the confines of distraction. The changes that were rung upon dots,

which in one position meant such a thing, and in another position something else entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs; the tremendous effects of a curve in the wrong place—not only troubled my waking hours, but re-appeared before me in my sleep. When I had groped my way blindly through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, which was an Egyptian temple in itself, there then appeared a procession of new horrors, called arbitrary characters—the most despotic characters I have ever known—who insisted, for instance, that a thing like the beginning of a cobweb meant expectation, that a pen-and-ink sky-rocket stood for disadvantageous. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up I dropped the other fragments of the system—in short, it was almost heart-breaking."

The difficulties once mastered, however, Dickens progressed rapidly, and obtained his first engagement as a reporter on an ultra-liberal paper called the "True Sun," which was manfully struggling for an existence. The politics of a paper on which a man is engaged must not be identified with his own—liberal, Mr. Dickens is, as every man of extensive thought and mind must be, as regards social questions, but his politics are not of that class generally understood by the term ultra-liberal.

From the staff of the "True Sun" Mr. Dickens passed into the reporting corps of the "Morning Chronicle," and it was whilst engaged upon that paper he first gave proofs of his intellect.

His reports were distinguished by clearness, vigour, and extreme exactness; and he had the power of seizing upon the peculiar style of each speaker. Few people know how much the orators of all grades owe to reporters. Speeches which are delivered with pompous verbosity and laboured attempts at eloquence, and which tire the hearer and distract his attention, read in the columns of the next morning's paper as plain, straightforward, and sometimes eloquent orations. Elaborations and repetitions are pruned down

weak expressions are oftentimes removed for others more forcible, and the whole, from want of space, is condensed and amended. The reporter, if skilful and accustomed to Parliamentary work, at once sees and seizes upon the point an honourable member is aiming at, and presents it in a more connected and readable form than many honourable members are themselves able to do.

But the office of reporter was too narrow for the mind of the future novelist. To be engaged as a mere vehicle for other men's thoughts, when he was so able to influence the minds of thousands by his own, was not a very satisfactory employment. At length he forwarded some sketches and tales he had written to a magazine, and got into print on his own account. The sketch selected was successful; and he formed the idea of a continued series, treating of subjects coming within the range of his observation, which was even then pretty extensive.

This series, afterwards known as "Sketches by Boz" (an appellation which he adopted in a manner afterwards explained), he commenced in the columns of the evening edition of the "Morning Chronicle," under the title of "Sketches of English Life and Character." They at once attracted much notice and gained considerable reputation, and were reprinted in two volumes in 1836 and 1837 respectively, which, from their former prestige, had a considerable sale, the publisher being the lamented Mr. Macrone. The task of illustrating these volumes was entrusted to Mr. George Cruikshank; but the best we can say of them, after a second and careful perusal is, that the matter and illustrations are worthy of each other. The "Sketches by Boz" are about as true to nature as the pictures of the caricaturist who illustrated them. Tangible points and ridiculous ideas are seized upon and presented forcibly to the reader, but, on the whole, there is that air of exaggeration, and determined attempt at fun at any price, which Dickens has never got quite rid of, except in his happiest and most matured efforts. The "Sketches" often, however, exhibit the germs of characters afterwards more fully drawn. Who, for instance, does not recognize in the Bandle of the Parish Engine, the bud which afterwards blossomed into the immortal Mr. Bumble?

The "Voting for Beadle," the "Clergyman," and other sketches connected with the parish, exhibit an already extensive knowledge of such matters, and the scenes at Margate and the suburban tea-gardens, show the disposition of Dickens to pick up character in places unknown to the fashionable novelist. This position for studying nature where its features are most marked, was afterwards most untruly styled by his detractors a passion for low life.

The success of the sketches caused an enterprising publisher, one of the firm of Chapman and Hall, to wait upon Mr. Dickens, then a young man of some five or six and twenty. The interview took place at his chambers in Furnival's Inn, Holborn, where he afterwards locates John Westlock, and where the offices of Hablot Browne the artist, still are. It was proposed that Dickens should write a sporting novel, to illustrate certain sketches by Seymour; the novel to be published in monthly numbers, a form of publication, of which to use Mr. Dickens' own relation of the matter:—"The only recollection I had, was of certain interminable novels hawked about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to life.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner, who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, some two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print, on which occasion, by the bye,—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen, and so fell to business.

"The idea propounded to me was, that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be pre-

cuted by Mr. SEYMOUR; and there was a notion either on the part of that admirably humorous artist or of my visitor (I forget which), that a NIMROD club, the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected on consideration that, although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard to all kinds of locomotion: that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; that the idea was not novel, and had already been much used; that I should like to take my own way with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself when starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number, from the proof of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of the founder by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication (the book would have cost at the then established price of novels about four guineas and a half), by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be everybody knows.

"'Boz,' my signature in the 'Morning Chronicle,' appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nick-name of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses in honour of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' which being facetiously pronounced through the nose becomes Boses, and being shortened became 'Boz.' 'Boz' was a very familiar

household word with me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

The success of the new undertaking was so great that most of the *quidnuncs* of the day were eager to account for it; and not knowing the exact truth, they made up by fiction. Like Sir Walter Scott's theatrical manager who had exhausted all the white paper property snow in the middle of the storm, and supplied the deficiency with brown, these gentlemen gave a colour to their stories. But we suspect that Seymour furnished more than one plate or character. In the fourth plate of the original edition is illustrated the story of Jingle's wonderful pointer, who stops full at a notice of "Stray dogs will be shot," which has the tone about it of Seymour's caricatures, and was certainly his production. The town had been already saturated with those capital sketches; and the proposition of Mr. Chapman was a likely speculation, especially when author and artist worked well together. Mr. Seymour's death by his own hand, however, changed the character of the novel, leaving Dickens free to follow up ideas which we suspect were then hardly formed.

The gap made by this shocking event was soon filled. Most happily for the author, Hablot Browne, then a young artist, only known as having at the age of seventeen gained a prize for a capital etching of "John Gilpin," was applied to, and building upon the designs of Seymour carried on the illustrations with tact, talent, and appreciative judgment. What Roze wrote, Phiz (he had thus named himself as a pendant to the author) illustrated, and placed the fictitious personages before the readers more vividly than their own imagination could have presented them. If Pickwick be owing to Seymour, "Phiz" has the honour of originating the no less immortal Sam. The two figures were seized upon by the doll shops, and little papier maché statuettes of Mr. Pickwick with a bottle green coat, with his hands tucked beneath the tails, and looking beneficently through his spectacles, and Sam Weller with his foot on the horse-block cleaning the boots, grew quite popular. The tobacconists, not to be behind hand, took Mr. Pickwick under their patronage, and literally

turning a new leaf, named short cheeroots, before called Mexicans, "Pickwicks," a name which they will probably never lose.

Many persons are surprised at the *furor* which Pickwick created. The first numbers are so full of the improbably ridiculous that they read like the broadest burlesque. Mr. Pickwick, who afterwards exhibits such good qualities, appears on his first introduction the silliest of old men,—believing the most impossible tales about the endurance of a cabman's horse, and generally giving a notion of a senior neither grave nor reverend, but rather a fit subject for a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. One of his first adventures is the getting of a black eye from the cabman, who had been laughing at him, and who, with a want of perception of which cabmen are not usually guilty, mistakes his simple gullible passenger for an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and at this occurrence the reader, so far from evincing Pickwickian sympathy, is disposed to enjoy a hearty laugh. The companions of Mr. Pickwick are eminently stupid, vulgar people, performing no function in the world but that of being taken in. Other personages are introduced seemingly at hap-hazard who appear for a moment and are seen no more. There are evident marks of haste, and signs that the author is making his story as he goes on. Sometimes we see the influence of the printer's devil clamouring for "copy," and being put off with an episode having no connection with the book, such as,—"The Stroller's Tale;" "A Maniac's Story;" which were probably ready written before Pickwick was thought of, and only used to serve the needs of the moment.

But these marks grow fainter as we proceed. The characters of Sam, old Weller (then a fast-disappearing species), the shepherd, and perhaps one or two others, such as the young doctors, are first rate; but the book chiefly owed its success to the extreme novelty of its style, and is chiefly remarkable as a promise, rather than a performance. All the heroines, if there be any, we feel are married to fools, and completely sacrificed, with the exception of Sam's wife; and when Mr. Pickwick has retired to Dulwich, we are not so sorry

to part with him, as with Sam and his father. Even the similes of Sam have become stale, nor are they generally of that kind to make us regret that they so soon pass out of our memory. Imitation, also, not usually to be attributed to Dickens, will be met with in the earlier part of the novel. The story about "Bill Stumps his Mark" engraved on a stone, and mistaken by Mr. Pickwick and his fellow archaeologists for some curious Latin inscription, is plagiarised plainly and boldly from Sir Walter Scott's *Antiquary*, where Elie Ochiltree offends his patron by reading certain votive initials into "Douce Davy's Lang Ladle." The supper and conversation of the Bath footmen seem also to be borrowed from "High Life Below Stairs."

The sketch of the rival newspaper editors of the *Eatanswill "Gazette,"* and "Independent," though admired for its fun and humour, has been charged with exaggeration. Nothing, however, could be more true to nature; nor is the species of paper extinct even now. Some few months ago, in September, 1852, two papers of Mr. Disraeli's own county (Buckinghamshire) had a quarrel, and a war ensued, which we at the time marked for a verification of Dickens. An unpopular country clergyman had only eight in congregation on a certain Sunday, including the clerk. The paper adverse to the clergyman's politics publishes the fact. The rival paper thus notices the paragraph:—"The blackguardism and low scurrillity of the '——' render it necessary for us to give a little advice to its patrons. Its *diminutive columns* are filled with the most *fulsome puffs* of its own political adherents, or the most *vulgar and malignant abuse* of those who are opposed to its Toryism and Puseyism." The paper then declares "that an end must be put to *these disgraceful slanders*, and," cries the authoritative Potts, "if no one else will do it, *we will*." The rival, in reply, calls its opponent, "*A low, illiterate, local Whig paper—an obscure print, which few of our readers have seen, and fewer read. It can scarcely be said to have an existence. It revels in low life, illiterate and brazen assertion. It teaches no principle and enjoys no circulation.*" So that even the trenchant ridicule of Dickens has failed in reforming those vehicles of information which abso-

lutely profess to be the teachers of the people, and who have no doubt criticized the novelist himself in the same style of "Eatanswill" philosophy.

Whilst the early numbers of "Pickwick" were being published, Mr. Dickens had "settled" in life, by marrying Miss Catherine Hogarth, daughter to Mr. George Hogarth, an admirable musical writer and critic, and also a man of considerable literary attainments. Mr. Hogarth had been a writer to the "Signet," in Edinburgh, and was the friend of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Jeffery, in the early days of the "Edinburgh Review." The lady is still Mrs. Dickens, known amongst her friends as a very warm-hearted and truly excellent woman, and the mother of a pretty numerous family. To those people who originated the amusing fiction of Boz's madness, is perhaps owing the story of a first Mrs. Dickens, who was the prototype of Dora, the child-wife of Copperfield. This, we warn all credulous people, is a fiction, although in so doing we do not wish to say that the real Mrs. Dickens may not have sat for the portrait of Agnes in the same novel. Other pleasant people who hold that no man of genius can be happy with his wife, have formed another conclusion from the novel which, with partial truth, they assume to be autobiographical. According to them our author's *real* wife is the original Dora, while his wished for and *ideal* wife is the Agnes. These theories are mutually destructive of each other, and we must leave those, so impertinently prying into the recesses of great men's hearts and the privacy of their homes, to settle the contradictions among themselves.

When "Pickwick" was finished, and, as we before said, Mr. Pickwick had retired to Dulwich and Mr. S. Weller was basking in the smiles of Mrs. S. Weller, *née* "the pretty house-maid," their creator had a rest of some ten or twelve months, at the end of which time he gratified the public with a new novel—"Nicholas Nickleby."

In the interim Dickens had matured and organized his plans, and, like Fielding, only with more visible intention, he started on a determined course of action. In "Pickwick," he had written against the Fleet Prison, and the book was cheaply re-issued

after he had seen the downfall of the very fabric it condemned, and a great amelioration of prison abuses. In "Nickleby," Dickens determined to make an onslaught on Yorkshire schools, which, pandering as they do, to the meanness, neglect, and cruelty of parents and guardian, and conducted by men who are insensible to the better feelings of humanity, and hardened against public opinion—will, we are afraid, survive for a long time. Not that the work has failed to effect giant good, but that, alas! the evil was too strong to be wholly uprooted. The way in which Dickens's attention was led to the subject, he has himself related, and we can do no better than lay before the reader his own words. He says:—

"I cannot call to mind, now, how I came to hear about Yorkshire schools, when I was not a very robust child, sitting in by-places, near Rochester Castle, with a head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza; but I know that my first impressions of them were picked up at that time, and that they were somehow or other connected with a suppurated abscess that some boy came home with, in consequence of his Yorkshire 'guide, philosopher, and friend' having ripped it open with an inky pen-knife. The impression made upon me, however made, never left me. I was always curious about them till long afterwards; and at sundry times I got into the way of hearing about them—at last, having an audience, resolved to write about them."

Accordingly Mr. Dickens went down into Yorkshire, "in a very severe winter, which is faithfully described in the book," to have an interview with a schoolmaster or two; in fact, he went picking up character. Adopting "a pious fraud," he got some letters of introduction from a professional friend, making reference to a supposititious little boy, the son of a widow, whom he wanted to place at school. The person to whom the letter was addressed was no less than the original of John Brodie, of whom we give Mr. Dickens's graphic description.

"I am afraid he is dead now. I recollect he was a jovial, ruddy, broad-faced man; that we got acquainted directly; and that we talked on all sorts of subjects except the school which he showed a great anxiety to

avoid. 'Was there any large school near?' I asked, in reference to the letter. 'Oh yes,' he said, 'there was, pratty by me.' 'Was it a good one?' 'Ey,' he said, 'it was as good as another—that was a mather of opinion,' and fell to looking at the fire flaring around the room, and whistling a little." The "John Brodie" was in fact impracticable, and when the question of the school came up his face "fell," and he became "uncomfortable." At last, when about to go, he leant over the table and said to Dickens in a low voice, "Weel, Mither, we've been vary pleasant togather, and I'll speak my mind tiv'ee. Dinnot let the weedur send her little boy to yan o' our school-masters while there's a harse to hooold in a' Lunnun, and a gootther to lie asleep in. Ar would n't mak' ill words amang my neoberrrs, and ar speak tiv'ee quiet loike. But I'm dom'd if ar can gang to bed and not telles, for weedur's sak', to keep the lattle boy from a' sike seondrels while there's a harse to hooold in a' Lunnun or a gootther to lie asleep in!" Repeating these words with great heartiness, and with a solemnity on his jolly face that made it look twice as large as before, he shook hands and went away.

The portrait of Squeers in "Nickleby" was so true and natural that many of the schoolmasters identified themselves with it; and one individual, who happened to have but one eye, and who, therefore, resembled Squeers physically as well as mentally, threatened the author with an action at law. Mr. Crummles and Company show that the author has an intimate acquaintance with theatrical life as it is in the provinces, whilst Mrs. Nickleby is a picture of as genial a blundering, tiresome, affectionate, egotistical, silly, and good-hearted old lady in middle life as is Mrs. Primrose in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Tim Linkinwater, Miss La Creevy, Sir Mulberry Hawke, and Lord Frederic Verisopht, Mrs. Wittitery, and the Kenwignes, besides many minor characters just sketched in, such as the young proprietor of the hair-dresser's shop, and Mr. Lillyvick, can scarcely be exceeded in their truth to nature. Ralph Nickleby, the uncle, has been objected to as too theatrically scowling and malevolent, and too calculatingly wicked, but we fear the character is a true one. The repre-

sentation is not that of an ordinary miser. Most of them are decrepit, foolish, and timid, as well as avaricious and cunning; but he was a shrewd, stern man, with a mind which would have made him powerful in most of the ordinary walks as well as in that into which his inordinate greed betrays him. He is one of those who, having none else to love, worship self with intense devotion. The other miser, Gride, is a more common-place personage, simply a miser. Bray and his daughter have somewhat of a melodramatic air, but beneath the veil of exaggeration and effect there is the reality of life. Newman Noggs is one of those eccentric pictures, the original of which is barely possible, but not likely to be met with more than once in a life-time; and the Brothers Cheeryble, if their like ever existed, must be as rare as black swans. In a novelist, however, we must not too severely criticize exaggeration when it is kept within certain limits. What the artist effects by vivid colour and a skilful distribution of light and shade, the author is driven to compass by giving prominence to traits of character. In either case it is felt necessary to fix the eye. Mere literal truth, as every body sees it, is not enough; it often wants idealizing, and artists magnify and make conspicuous in order that those who are not artists may see as plainly as they do. It is probably with some allowance of this kind that Dickens's words are to be taken, when he says, in the preface, "that the Brothers Cheeryble live; that their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence, are no creations of the author's brain." The police cases in which the name of Mr. Solly has figured, and which have exhibited him as giving away sovereigns to beggars in the street, who watch him from his door, dog his every step, and take outside places on the omnibus in which he rides, so that they may pounce down upon him the moment he emerges—that character shows that the liberality of the Brothers Cheeryble is not beyond the bounds of fact; but good sense and discrimination are added to complete a loveable picture. We have not so much goodness as to be able to afford to frown down any attempt to exalt it,

and it would be better if there were more, with old Massinger—

“To look upon the poor with gentle eye,
For in their figures often, angels desire an
alma.”

The next venture of our author was to edit “Bentley’s Miscellany,” which, under his guidance, and through his story of *Oliver Twist*, illustrated by Cruickshank, proved very successful. The story is with us one of Dickens’s best. In it he again showed a determined purpose and wrote out of office a certain Mr. Laing, then the Clerkenwell magistrate, who was conspicuous for his coarseness and ill temper. Never, perhaps, were the precincts of Field Lane (now a byegone) more beneficially explored; and the artist worked well up to the author. The character of Fagin, and his “fence,” Charley Bates, and the Artful Dodger, are exquisitely finished works of art. Bad and disgusting as Fagin is, we feel he has that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, and as for the rascally Dodger, we positively admire him, as a perfect artist in his way. Bill Sykes and Nancy form other portraits never forgotten. So much of natural truth is there in their mingled good and evil, that even those who are the least acquainted with the “dangerous classes” of society must instinctively recognize their reality. The murder of the girl Nancy, the pursuit and death of Sykes are admirably described; no word of praise is needed. The trial scene of Fagin shows a wonderful force of intuition; and throughout the whole story, but two individuals are weak. These are Monks, the brother of Oliver, and Rose Maylie. Monks is but a gloomy scoundrel, and Rose Maylie the veriest milk-and-water damsel. Never before were so much dirt, vice, and depravity so completely exposed, and yet so cleanly trodden under foot. The author passes through a very pest house, without a breath of contagion; a fact which is owing, as Mr. Horne, in the “*New Spirit of the Age*,” has pointed out, to the happy nature of the author. The reader at once appreciates the beauty and truth of the delicacy which so paints the worst of us as to cause us to pity rather than hate. The death of Sykes may be, it has been suggested, over elaborated; we almost feel for the

wretch hanging over the muddy river by a single rope, ever haunted by the presence of the burning eyes which glare upon him. The conclusion of *Oliver Twist* is better carried out than that of *Nickleby*, which in fact was spoiled by the dramatists. For instance, it is very plain that Smike was originally intended to turn out a ward or child of Ralph Nickleby, but the dramatist who put the piece upon the stage before the author had completed it, saw this; and Dickens, annoyed at the piracy, altered the termination. Dickens felt and resented the injury; and “came down” heavily upon the dramatist in the next number of his work. He introduces his hero speaking to a “literary gentleman,” who declares it to be fame to an author to have his work dramatized by said literary gent. “So,” says Nicholas, “Richard Turpin, Tom King, and Jerry Abershaw, have handed down to fame the names of those on whom they committed their most impudent robberies. . . . For instance,” continues he, speaking much too fiercely for Nicholas, but quite naturally for the despoiled Dickens—“For instance, you take the uncompleted books of living authors, fresh from their hands, wet from the press, cut, hack, and carve them to the powers and capacities of your actors, and the capability of your theatres. Finish unfinished works, hastily and crudely vamp up ideas, not yet worked out by their original projector, but which have doubtless cost him many thoughtless days and sleepless nights; by a comparison of incidents and dialogue, down to the very last word he may have written a fortnight before, do your utmost to anticipate his plot,—all this without his permission, and against his will; and then, to crown the whole proceeding, publish in some mean pamphlet, an unmeaning farrago of garbled extracts from his work, to which you put your name as author, with the honourable distinction annexed of having perpetrated a hundred other outrages of the same description. Now, show me the distinction between such pilfering as this, and picking a man’s pocket in the street; unless indeed it be that the legislature has a regard for pocket-handkerchiefs, and leaves men’s brains, excepting when they are knocked out by violence, to take care of themselves.”

"Men must live, sir," said the literary gentleman shrugging his shoulders.

"That would be an equally fair plea in both cases," replied Nicholas; "but if you put it upon that ground, I have nothing more to say, than that if I were a writer of books, and you a thirsty dramatist, I would rather pay your tavern score for six months—large as it might be—than have a niche in the temple of fame, with you for the humblest corner of my pedestal through six hundred generations."

The dramatists were quieted; and when they next dramatized our author's works, waited, however impatiently, till they were finished.

After the conclusion of *Oliver Twist*, Dickens gave up the conduct of *Bentley*, principally it is said on account of the proprietor not being liberal enough in monetary matters. The editorship then passed into the hands of Harrison Ainsworth, who had previously commenced in its pages his novel of "Jack Sheppard." During Boz's reign, with Ainsworth and Ingoldsby as contributors, it arrived at its highest point of excellence; it has since fallen. Those who collect Dickens's works, should not forget to place amongst them the capital address in *Bentley*, wherein he, "the old coachman," resigned his "whip" into the hands of the new one.

Dickens has apparently cherished for many years an idea of a periodical paper, in which he should be brought more often in contact with his many readers. After "*Oliver Twist*," and "*Nickleby*," he attempted this in "*Master Humphrey's Clock*." The plan, to say the best of it, was obsolete—an imitation of the "*Spectator*," with its Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger, metamorphosed into "the deaf gentleman," and "Mr. Miles." The name was a bad one; the fact of keeping a lot of manuscripts in a clock-case any thing but likely. Nay, the very correspondence of the "*Spectator*" was brought up again, but to no purpose, and after two or three little tales, he virtually abandoned his purpose, and plunged into the longer tale of the "*Old Curiosity Shop*," a sweet fancy—but perhaps less natural than any of his works. Little Nell is too ethereal, though full of poetry; but in all which brings him in contact with real life, he is abundantly successful. Mr. Swiveller

is finer than Sam Weller, who by the bye was resuscitated, together with Pickwick and the elder Weller, to keep the clock going; and Quilp the old schoolmaster, Sampson Brass, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, with the single exception of the benevolent old gentleman who turns out to be Master Humphrey himself, are capital.

The poetry of Nell's life, her beautiful devotion to her grandfather, her childlike wisdom, sharpened to an unnatural extent, are touching in the extreme. The poetry of her death is still finer, and the very prose, if but divided into lines, will, as Mr. Horne has pointed out in the "*New Spirit of the Age*," form that kind of gracefully irregular blank verse which Shelley and Southey have used. The following is from the description of little Nell's funeral, without the alteration of one word, merely printed as poetry:—

"When death strikes down the innocent
and young
From every fragile form, from which he
lets

The parting spirit free,
A hundred virtues rise
In shape of Mercy, Charity, and Love,
To walk the world, and bless it.

Of every tear
That sorrowing nature sheds on such
green graves
Some good is born, some gentle nature
comes."

When the "*Curiosity Shop*" was ended, a short conversation ensues between Master Humphrey and his friends, and the author sets out with a new story, "*Barnaby Rudge*."

In this he opened up fresh ground; and commenced an historical tale of the Gordon Riots. The tale is full of beauty and power. That part connected with the riots, in our opinion, far surpassing in vivid actuality the celebrated scenes of the "*Porteus Mob*," by Sir Walter Scott, to which it has been compared. The characters are full of truth, with hardly one exception. Barnaby himself—poor mad Barnaby—with his raven, is a finished picture; the raven comparable to nothing in literature so much as to a certain immortal dog, possessed by one Launce, drawn by Master William Shakespeare. The rough character of Hugh, Mr. Dennis, the hangman, old Varden, Dolly, and Emma Haredale, not to mention the won-

drously real Miggs, with Mrs. Varden reading her Protestant tracts, form an admirable group. The character of Lord George is faithfully preserved; and another historical personage treated with justice. We allude to that fine specimen of a false-hearted "snob," Lord Chesterfield, who is sketched to the life as Sir Edward Chester.

In "Barnaby Rudge" Dickens also exhibited a decided purpose, bearing upon public executions, for the abolition of which Dickens is a decided advocate. The picture of the old father who follows the dead body of his son, unjustly hung—merely to touch the dead boy's hand, is full of pathos. The denouement is complete—poetical justice is done, and the reader perfectly satisfied. Old Joe Willet even, that stupid, pompous, arrogant old tyrant is received into his graces, and perhaps nothing is so much regretted as the loss of Joe's arm, "in the Salwanners where the war is;" but this regret is warmed away when we hear that the raven which, like a wise raven, having no happy word to say, had been silent for a year, recovers his voice and talks away as sagely as ever. This raven is a picture from nature, drawn as certain pictures are engraved, "from the original in the possession of Charles Dickens, Esq." Mr. Dickens has elsewhere given an account of two wonderful birds of that species, the combined portraits of which make up the one "Grip."

Shortly after the conclusion of "Barnaby Rudge," and about the year 1842, Mr. Dickens determined upon a trip to America with ulterior literary purposes. On this trip Mrs. Dickens accompanied him; and on his return he published an account of it, known as "The American Notes." The dedication of "American Notes" in itself spoke something of the contents,—something which showed what was to come after; for while it is firm and manly, it evinces an apprehension of impending hostility

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK
TO THOSE FRIENDS OF MINE IN AMERICA
WHO, GIVING ME A WELCOME I MUST EVER
GRATEFULLY AND PROUDLY REMEMBER,
LEFT MY JUDGMENT
FREE.

AND WHO, LOVING THEIR COUNTRY,
CAN BEAR THE TRUTH WHEN IT IS TOLD GOOD-
HUMOUREDLY AND IN A KIND SPIRIT.

This book was received in America with a storm of disapprobation. Falsification and exaggeration are light terms to those the American editors used; but Dickens in his last edition does not see any occasion to alter or withdraw anything. "It is nearly eight years," he writes, "since this book was first published: I present it in this edition unaltered; and such of my opinions as it expresses are quite unaltered too. . . . Prejudiced I have never been, otherwise than in favour with the United States. No visitor can have ever set foot on those shores with a stronger faith in the republic than I did when I landed in America. I purposely abstain from extending these observations to any length. I have nothing to defend or explain away. The truth is the truth, and neither childish absurdities nor unscrupulous contradiction can make it otherwise. The earth would still move round the sun, though the whole Catholic church said no. . . . To represent me as viewing America with ill nature, animosity, or partizanship, is merely to do a very foolish thing, which is always a very easy one, and which I have disregarded for eight years, and could for eighty more."

So writes our author; but nevertheless there are those who do feel sincerely sorry that forms of speech to which the people are accustomed, and which in such works as Hawthorne's are anything but repulsive,—customs which seem to us strange and eccentric, and sometimes absurd, and other trifles, should have been so severely handled. The Americans are sensitive in a high degree; they literally worshipped Dickens; they flocked to meet him; talked and wrote of his approach more than they would of that of a sovereign; and then to find him following in the wake of Captain Hall, Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Trollope, was hard indeed. On his publishing this work, however, Lord Jeffery wrote him a letter from which we extract the following passages:—"My dear Dickens, a thousand thanks for your charming book, and for all the pleasure, profit, and relief it has afforded me. You have been very tender to our sensitive friends beyond sea, and really said nothing which will give any serious offence to any moderately rational patriot amongst them. The *slavers* of course will give you no

quarter, and of course you did not expect they would. . . . Your account of the silent or solitary imprisonment system is as pathetic and as powerful a piece of writing as I have ever seen, and your sweet airy little snatch of the little woman taking her new babe home to her young husband, and your manly and feeling appeal in behalf of the poor Irish, or rather the affectionate poor of all races and tongues, who are patient and tender to their children under circumstances which would make half the exemplary parents among the rich, monsters of selfishness and discontent, remind us that we have still among us the creator of Nelly and SMIKE, and the schoolmaster and his dying pupil, and must continue to win for you still more of that homage of the heart, that love and esteem of the just and the good, which, though it should never be disjoined from them, *should*, I think you must already feel, be better than fortune or fame.

"Well, I have no doubt your three thousand copies will be sold in a week, and I hope you will tell me that they have put a thousand pounds at least into your pocket."

Whether the result was as Lord Jeffery prognosticated and wished, as regards the thousand pounds, we do not know; but that the Americans were hurt and annoyed by Dickens's remarks we do know. We recollect reading the review in the "Knickerbocker," (the New York Blackwood) of the day, and after a very kind notice considering the strength of Dickens's censures, it adverted both in sorrow and in anger to the objectionable passages; and Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick," in his next work, said coarsely, in allusion to the kind reception which they had given Dickens, and to his fêtes in New York, and levees at Boston, that he had been sea-sick in the passage home, and all his kindness and gratitude had been cast overboard.

But Lord Jeffery was right when he praised the charming sketch of the little woman, so finished, so perfectly natural, and so full of heart, that all at once recognized its truth and beauty, and felt whilst reading it, that the author was enlarging our sympathies with humanity. We cannot help extracting the following, more espe-

cially as in its warm, honest, heartfelt sympathy, it affords the true key to Dickens's popularity and fame.

"Well to be sure, there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as this little woman was; and all day long she wondered whether he (the husband) would be at the wharf; and whether 'he' had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby on shore by somebody else, 'he' would know it, meeting it in the street; which, seeing he had never set eyes on it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough in a young mother. She was such an artless little creature, and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state, and let out all this matter clinging close about her heart so freely, that all the other lady passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife) was wondrous sly, I promise you, inquiring every time we met at table, as if in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St. Louis, and whether she would want to go on shore the night we reached it (but he supposed she would not), and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature."

Here we recognize the veritable humour of Fielding, with all his kindness, and something of Dickens's superadded to make up the charm: but a few lines more and we close the extract.

"It was something of a blow," pray reader, if a woman, mark the truth of that kind intuitive perception, "It was something of a blow to the little woman that, when we came within twenty miles of our destination it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed, but she got over it with the same good humour, and came out into the little gallery with the rest. . . . Then such facetiousness as was shown by the married ladies, and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones, and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (*who would just as soon have cried*) greeted every jest with." We will lay a wager that the little woman felt all this, as hundreds of other kind woman-hearts have done, but where was the magician before Dickens to make twenty thousand readers feel it too, and recognize it as a portion of that natural

poetry contained in every human heart? But we must follow the little woman to the end. The boat at last comes to land; "and everybody looked for the husband, and none saw him, when, in the midst of us all—Heaven knows how she ever got there—there was the little woman clinging with both arms round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow; and in a moment afterwards there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of the small cabin, to look at her baby as he lay asleep!"

These are true pictures indeed, and we pity those who cannot sympathise with such little women, and thank such writers.

In the course of the year 1843 the trip to America was again turned to account in the new tale which he then began, "Martin Chuzzlewit." Dickens was not then, nor is he yet, tired of his singular names, but the story shows further progress, and is a work of art beyond his former endeavours. It evinced a freshness and vigour of thought, and a power of invention, perfectly untired or undimmed, and the characters introduced are amongst the happiest of his creations. Martin was certainly the best drawn of his heroes, manly, vigorous, and self-seeking, with an aim in all he does, and a selfish aim too, splendidly contrasted with the simple, unselfish, child-like Pinch. Then comes Pecksniff, whose very name has become a proverb even in this short time for humbug and hypocrisy; Jonas, Mr. Montague Tigg, the inimitable Bailey junior, and Sarah Gamp, with the no less immortal, though invisible, Mrs. Harris, the two Misses Pecksniff, Mrs. Todgers, and Mrs. Lupin, who make up an *ensemble* of original creations scarcely surpassed in the whole literature of novels. The scenes in America, the sick emigrants, are heart-breaking in their pathos, the Honourable Elijah Pogram, and other worthies, are no less admirable; and, in fact, in the whole book probably but two characters are unworthy of their companions, though quite in keeping with Dickens's style. These are old Chuzzlewit, a conventional and stupid old father, and Mark Tapley, who is amusing but excessively unnatural, in his exaggerated jollity under unfavourable circumstances.

The murder of Tigg, the disguise and preparation—the history of the individual mind of the murderer, the steps by which he descends, and the minute particulars which the overwrought brain of Jonas catches up to use to its horrible purpose (witness the conversation with the Doctor), are splendid examples of observation and intuition, and as true as nature itself; and the defeat and final extirpation of selfishness in the heart of the hero, Martin, point a most valuable moral. The heroine is, however, weak, and sinks to insignificance by the side of charming little Ruth Pinch.

At Christmas in the same year, 1843, Dickens, untired by his continued efforts, produced the first of his Christmas books, of which there are five—the "Christmas Carol." If any individual story ever warmed a Christmas hearth, that was the one; if ever solitary old self was converted by a book, and driven to be merry and dance at that season "when its blessed Founder was himself a child," he surely was by that. Let the reader call to mind the book itself, and then he will appreciate the warmth and exuberance of good feeling reflected in the following extracts from a letter of Lord Jeffery to Dickens:—

"Edinburgh, Dec. 26, 1843.

"Blessings on your kind heart, my dear Dickens, and may it always be as full and as light as it is kind, and a fountain of kindness to all within reach of its beatings. We are all charmed with your Carol; chiefly, I think, for the genuine goodness which breathes all through it, and is the true inspiring angel by which its genius has been awakened. The whole scene of the Crcketts is like the dream of a beneficent angel, in spite of its broad reality, and little Tiny Tim in life and death almost as sweet and as touching as Nelly. . . . Well, to be sure, you should be happy yourself, for you may be sure you have done more good, and not only fastened more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of benevolence, by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals since Christmas, 1842."

This is high praise indeed, but although we must take the praises of Jeffery as those of a friend, *cum grano salis*, we shall find on due consideration that he is not far wrong. That

the instilled kindness of Christianity in Dickens, superadded to great natural warmth of feeling, should do more than the preaching of the ten thousand pulpits of the church, and the twenty thousand of other congregations, is probably exaggerated, but certainly few readers but will repeat the blessing of Lord Jeffery, and who feel that the book had done them a positive good. Preaching as a duty is perhaps, in many instances, but lamely or lazily performed. Clergymen seem lamentably deficient in enthusiasm, but every word which Dickens wrote was replete with hearty earnestness and kindly geniality. Christmas somehow felt warmer after reading that book, and the ice which gathers round some hearts was thawed by such a kindly sun.

Martin Chuzzlewit still went on progressing, Tom Pinch and Ruth charmed more and more, and many a family recognized with some pride a hearty picture of the better part of our young men in John Westlock. Meantime Mrs. Dickens added another son to the increasing family, and it was determined to christen him after Francis Jeffery, a tried and true friend. A letter of the latter, dated the 1st of February, 1844, in answer to the half serious, half jocular proposal of Dickens, says—

"About that most flattering, or more probably passing fancy, of that dear Kate (Mrs. Dickens) of yours, to associate my name with yours over the baptismal font of your new-come boy, my first impression was that it was a mere piece of kind badinage of hers (or perhaps your own), and not meant to be seriously taken, and consequently that it would be foolish to take any notice of it. . . . If such a thing be indeed in your contemplation, it would be more flattering and agreeable to me than most things which have happened to me in my mortal pilgrimage, while if it was but the expression of a happy and confiding playfulness, I shall still feel grateful for the communication, and return you a smile as cordial as your own, with full permission for both of you to smile at the simplicity which could not distinguish jest from earnest."

The little one was named after Jeffery, as the record of the births of the day testifies; farther on in the note Lord Jeffery glances at more

family matters. The truth is that Dickens had found that elegant living made money go as fast as excellent writing made it come. Rumours have been abroad of his extravagance in this particular, but the public has no right to lift too high the veil which covers the domesticities of genius; enough for them to know that money gotten by mental labour was, if sometimes spent profusely, often, very often, most charitably bestowed. Dickens had a position to keep; his company was sought by the great and rich, and perhaps his genius, happy for us that it was so, was not allied with that talent for keeping that which he earned, which William Shakspear had, and Henry Fielding wanted. Enough for us to learn such things from those delicate letters of his friend, which it is the duty of the faithful biographer to chronicle. Lord Jeffery continues:—

"I want amazingly to see you rich, and independent of all irksome exertions; and really if you go on having more boys (and naming them after poor Scotch plebeians), you must make good bargains and lucky hits, and above all, accommodate yourself oftener to that deeper and higher tone of human feeling, which, you *now see experimentally*, is more surely and steadily popular than any display of fancy, or magical power of observation and description combined. And so God be with you and yours, &c."

The last part of the letter alludes, no doubt, to the profits of the Christmas Carol, the sale of which was very large. Whilst upon the financial portion of Dickens's life, a part lightly to be handled by any man of delicate feeling, we may, perhaps, as well finish by extracting some little more of the kind, very kind letters of Jeffery, to which we have already been so much indebted.

"I am rather," (he writes in 1847,) disappointed to find your *embankment*, (doubtlessly a fund of future provision) "still so small. But it is a great thing that you have made a beginning, and laid a foundation, and you are young enough to think of living yet many years under the proud roof of the completed structure, which even I expect to see ascending in its grandeur. But when I consider that the public has, upon moderate computation, paid at least £100,000 for your works (and had

a good bargain too 'at the money), I think it is rather provoking to think that the author should not now have — in bank, and never have received, I suspect, above —. There must have been some mismanagement, I think, as well as ill-luck, to have occasioned this result—not extravagance on your part, my dear Dickens, nor even excessive beneficence—but improvident arrangements with publishers, and too careless a control over their proceedings. But you are wiser now, and, with Foster's kind and judicious help, will soon redeem the effects of your not ungenerous errors."

New arrangements in publishing, placing things more under his own control, leaving Messrs. Chapman and Hall, his old publishers for many years, and placing his new works in the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, who were probably publishers *only* at a publisher's per-centage, thereby letting full profit accrue to the author, were the fruits of this advice. Nevertheless, notwithstanding this, and the fact of the establishment of "Household Words," which of course brings in to Dickens a large and regular income, there are floating rumours of debt and extravagance still, which we advise the public to have nothing to do with, being, firstly, none of their business, and, secondly, being probably about as true as the rumours of Dr. Johnson's marriage with Mrs. Thrale, and those wonderful stories which were current about the Great Unknown.

The "Christmas Carol" was wonderfully successful, but not more so than it merited. The characters are generally excellent and well-drawn, and the parts wherein the Ghost is introduced, conducting Scrooge to the various scenes which work so happy a change upon him, conceived in a very high spirit of poetry. The supposed death (for after all it is a dream) of little Tim Cratchett, will rank as one of Dickens's most pathetic passages, almost equalling the death-scene of little Paul Dombey. The general public have, in the cheap edition, the book before them, and we doubt not but that it is a favourite.

The ensuing Christmas, another work followed the successful venture, of the same size and price, and illustrated, not alone like the "Carol" by Leech, but by several academicians and other artists whom Dickens numbered

amongst his friends. This was the "Chimes, a Goblin Story." Other authors, probably *urgentibus bibliopolis*, (the said booksellers greedy of Dickens's success) came hastily forward with Christmas works, which were for a short time the rage. Mrs. Gore gave us a "Snow Storm;" Mr. James, the "Last of the Fairies;" Mr. Lever, an Irish story; and Mr. G. B. Soane, something to match; but Dickens distanced them all, Lever and James being second and third. In the "Chimes," the author has not forgotten an olden purpose; and, whilst endeavouring to render Christmas hearty to all, does not neglect to give officious conceit a rebuff. In "Oliver Twist," Mr. Laing, the magistrate of Clerkenwell, sat for the portrait of Mr. Fang; in the "Chimes," Sir P. Laurie is brought into request, and sits for Alderman Cute. The dialogue about "putting down" various little wants, cares, and troubles of the poor, was nearly a transcript of what the garrulous old city magistrate had said from the bench. Particularly do we recollect a promise made by that officious personage, "dressed in a little brief authority," to a starved and maddened woman, who had attempted to drown herself, that he (Sir P. Laurie) would *put down suicide!!!* The alderman did not forget the attack made upon him, and when he found an opportunity, which he did shortly, ridiculed Dickens's description of Jacob's Island, in "Oliver Twist," and denied in full quorum the existence, as described, of that locality, and of the Folly Ditch; but the author was again too strong for the alderman, and in his preface to the new edition of the tale he incidentally mentions the fact, and denies in his turn the existence of Sir P. Laurie.

The "Chimes" contains some very sweet delineations, and some of Dickens's very best writing. Will Fern, Richard, and Meg, and all the minor characters, are beautifully and clearly sketched—yet they are scarcely so much sketches as finished pictures.

Next came "The Cricket on the Hearth," with its remarkable and quaint—somewhat too quaint, beginning—"The kettle began it," hurrying us at once into the very bosom of an English carrier's household, and making us acquainted with all the family, not forgetting the dog—quite a personage of himself—interesting us in

this lowly man's home affairs in an extraordinary degree, and making us love humanity yet more in every form by the quaint picture of the old doll maker. The tale is a touching story of jealousy—for that is the principal turning point of the whole—wherein the honest carrier, John Perribingle, interests us in a like manner, but in a less degree, with the majestic Othello. Social wrongs are also dealt with. The pith of the story was extracted and dramatized with extraordinary success at the Lyceum, under Mrs. Keeley's management.

The next Christmas book—for while we are upon the subject it is better to go through the series—exhibits, to our minds, a falling off. We allude to the "Battle of Life," a battle which all of us fight in some shape or other, but which Dickens fought out on paper, in a perfectly original manner. It is a relation of female heroism, trite and common, and, to the glory of the sex, true enough. A character to a certain degree original, Clemency Newcome, is painted to the life; but the book did not tell with the public so well as its predecessors.

Satiated, however, Dickens's audience were not, and they received—if stories told by booksellers of extraordinary sales be true—his next and last Christmas volume with as much favour as any of the rest. But somehow, when it was read, it did not please. The "Haunted Man" did not long haunt our memories. It had a peculiar purpose, opposed to the first part of the old saw, "Forget and forgive." This extract will place before us the moral of the tale.

"I have no learning," said Milly, "and you have much; I am not used to think, and you are always thinking. May I tell you why it seems to me a good thing to remember wrong that has been done us?"

"Yes."

"That we may forgive it."

"Pardon me, great Heaven," said Redlaw, lifting up his eyes, "for having thrown away thine own attribute!"

"And if," said Milly, "if your own memory should one day be restored, as we will hope and pray it may be, would it not be a blessing to you to recall at once a wrong and its forgiveness?"

Alas for human nature, how few

can do this. Happy he from whose memory wrong is quickly effaced; and unfortunate that mind which, in recalling an injury, feels again the poignancy of the wound.

We fear that forgiveness, or, what looks like it, the absence of rancour, often comes through forgetfulness, often through the hand of time healing up the wound. We fear that it ever must be so, that few will remember vividly, and forgive perfectly. In ordinary minds, then, forgetfulness and forgiveness will be companions, and for them the old motto is a good one; but it is the highest part of the highest creed, to forgive before memory sleeps, and ever to remember how the good overcame the evil.

Dickens has curiously mistaken the legend of the old portrait, on which this story is built,—*"LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN,"* which we take to be a wish that the fame of the man shall survive to after times, so as to verify Herrick's sweet lines—

*"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust;"*

whilst Dickens makes it mean—Lord allow my recollection (mental power of remembrance) to be unimpaired; like Swift's prayer that he should not die mad, viewing with fear the awful contingency of loss of mind.

*"From Marlborough's eyes the tears of
dotage flow,
And Swift expired, a driveller and a
shew."*

The machinery of the Christmas books is a curiosity in modern English literature, for the most part beings of another life, yet bound to humanity by the tie of having once formed a part of it, exert on the personages of the story an influence of a beneficial nature. These beings may be ghosts, or merely the embodied sound of bells typified and rendered personal by the artist, by representations of quaint sprites rushing with the chimes from the old steeple; but the moral is the same. We are taught, and our children we hope will be taught, never to forget the lesson, that the very spirits around us mourn for the falling of a sinful man, mark, and weep for every selfish action, and rejoice at every good one. Man is brought in contact with spiritual natures of a purifying, and

sometimes of an awful kind. Few pictures have been more startling than that in the "Christmas Carol," of the spirits of rich old misers yearning to relieve a human beggar, and being borne away from doing good by the weight of their sordid gains still chained to their feet. The only other picture of the kind that we can call to mind, are those curious stories of "La Motte Fouqué," "Undine," and "Sinttram;" but the spiritual agencies are therein negative or evil; and for reality and excellence, if not for fancy, the English Author is superior. He shows us that we are not intended to be the solitary, selfish, grasping creatures, which social blunders and conventionalisms too often make us, but that, in the words of Tennyson (of whom, by the way, Dickens is a great admirer), our souls, in common with those who have gone before us, are—

"Bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

The account which the author has given of these excellent little stories is meagre and insufficient. Probably he found a difficulty in accounting for the magic of these creations, which are certainly more than a whimsical kind of "masque." As it is we quote his words:—"The narrow space within which it was necessary to confine these Christmas stories when they were originally published, rendered their construction a matter of some difficulty, and almost necessitated what is peculiar in their machinery. I never attempted great elaboration of detail in the working-out of character within such limits, believing that it would not succeed. My purpose was, in a whimsical kind of masque, which the good humour of the season justified, to awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season in a Christian land. I have the happiness of believing that I did not wholly miss it."

"Not wholly miss it," says the preface modestly. "This book," declares an excellent criticism in an early number of "Hood's Magazine," early enough to have been written by that lamented poet himself, "*will do more to spread Christian feelings than ten thousand pulpits.*" The critic was undoubtedly right. Sermons carelessly and languidly listened to, and bearing

about them shrewd signs of being the mere fruit of the preacher's vocation, preached not as John Baxter preached, "a dying man to dying men," touch no chord within us, and are soon forgotten, producing no more seed than could be expected were one to sow snow flakes in a stream. Not so the teachings of the "Christmas Carol."

In the middle of the year 1844 Mr. Dickens went with his family to Italy, where he spent about a year; and in 1845 he, it is understood, originated the idea of founding a weekly newspaper, whereof he was to be the head of the literary department. It has since been known that the editorship devolved upon him, and not only the reviewing of books. The idea was well taken up. Money was freely spent by the various shareholders, and many advertisements told the public that a newspaper, which should supply everything in the first style of newspaper talent, should be published at the price of twopence halfpenny. The name chosen was "The Daily News," and Mr. Charles Dickens was widely advertised as "the head of the literary department." Expectation was raised to a high pitch by this announcement; and in 1846, on the 21st of January, the first number appeared. It cannot be denied that the affair was a partial failure. The staffs of other papers had been long organized, the expenses, of course immense, were well and judiciously controlled, and the arrangement complete. All these things were new in the "Daily News," and the expenses entered into did not render it possible, with the circulation it reached, to sell the paper at the original price, and it was shortly after raised to threepence, and finally to the same price as the "Times." Immense but unsuccessful efforts were made to establish it, such as sending specimen numbers to almost every man of note in the kingdom. But the chief cause of non-success was its novelty. Readers get wedded to papers, and miss their "guide, philosopher, and friend" more than one would think. Young papers have to make readers, and that is done but slowly.

Notwithstanding the reception of the paper, we must do it the justice to say that its first number was a brilliant one, and that it has at length achieved a desirable position, influencing a most

intellectual class of readers, and through the talent it displays making its weight felt in the country.

Dickens contributed, besides editorial articles, the first letters of the "Pictures from Italy," under the title of "Travelling Sketches," which we fear all must admit to have been the most unsuccessful and unsatisfactory part of the whole paper. Few people could recognise the general excellence of the author in the egotistical and washy sketches. "The writer," says a contemporary critic, "commences by letting us know that he has a *travelling carriage of his own*, and that he purchased the wonderful medium of locomotion in the fashionable regions of Belgrave Square." Without going any further into *such* criticism, we must deprecate the style of the letters. The familiar gossip about courier, carriage, and lady's maid may well be mistaken for egotism by unfriendly writers, and what shall we say of the taste of Dickens, who, in attempting to paint closely the manners *hominum et urbis*, where he sojourns, writes thus of his reception at an inn? "*The door (of the travelling carriage) is opened. Breathless expectation. The lady of the family gets out. Ah! sweet lady! Beautiful lady!*" (The note of interrogation is Mr. Dickens's.) *The sister of the lady of the family gets out. Great Heavens, Ma'amelle is charming! First little boy gets out. Ah! what a beautiful little boy. First little child gets out. Oh! but this is an enchanting child!*" &c., &c. We need not prolong the quotation. This was not exactly suited for the readers of a political journal, and the warmest admirers of Dickens admitted that he had taken a false step. Nor was it long before he himself, with the loss, it is understood, of a considerable sum of money, relinquished the editorship, and retired from participation in the "Daily News." His place was then filled by a more able pen as regards journalism—by that of John Forster, the editor of the "Examiner," and friend and champion of Mr. Macready; and shortly the paper began to experience some glimpse of future success.

"The Pictures from Italy," published afterwards as a separate book, were on the whole light, frothy, and unworthy of the author. Throughout the whole it is evident that there is a lack of that

depth of thought and solidity of judgment which go so far to make up a good traveller. Lady Mary Montague beats him hollow in description and vivacity of expression. He seems to want ease, and to seek for effect in mere eccentricity. The "courier" employed by him is no ordinary courier. He of course is an original. So is every one else. At Avignon a little woman shows the travellers the ancient palace of the Popes. This little woman cannot be neglected. She affords an opportunity for a sketch, and becomes "such a fierce little, rapid, sparkling, energetic she-devil, I never beheld. She was *alight and flaming* all the time." He thereon nicknames her "Goblin," and in the course of the show she "sits down on a mound of stones; throws up her arms, and yells out like a fiend '*La salle de la Question!*'"

"The chamber of torture! and the roof was made of that shape to stifle the victim's cries! O Goblin, Goblin, let us think of this awhile in silence. Peace, Goblin! sit with your short arms crossed on your short legs upon that heap of stones, for only five minutes, and then flame out again." Such conceits as this disfigure the work, a portion of which by the way has many, very many, beauties of its own. By far the best chapter is that entitled "An Italian Dream," wherein the present decayed state of Venice, with its old and shadowy grandeur, its streets of water, and its grass-grown courts, its merchant palaces deserted in their magnificence, the two jagged slits in the stone wall (the lion's mouths), the prisons and the bridge of sighs, are described in such a manner as cannot fail to realize a true "picture from Italy" in the mind of any reader. Had the book been throughout of the same quality it would scarcely have been, as it is, forgotten.

Let us turn back a little while to notice a work of Dickens which is without a fault; we allude to his patronage of John Overs, a working man, who commenced authorship, and applied to Boz to help him. He did so in what way he could; and in July, 1844, Mr. Newby published "The Evenings of a Working Man, being the occupation of his scanty Leisure, by John Overs; with a Preface relative to the Author, by Charles Dickens." The

book was creditable to the writer and also to Dickens. The preface is a sweet bit of simple narrative, charming us with its truth. Dickens somewhat deprecates, as what *litterateur* does not, any new accession to the literary ranks of the day, and especially when that accession is a working man, seeming to forget that there is no apprenticeship served to the "idle trade" of authorship, and that its ranks are recruited by seceders from the bar, the pulpit, the attorney's office, the army, navy, the basket maker's humble shop, the plough, the shepherd's hut, the loom, and the forge; and that its devotees own no law so strong on earth as that which impels them to send their thoughts out among their fellow men, blindly aimed perhaps, but with a purpose to leaven and refine. When the Countess of Blessington found Thomas Miller making baskets; when Clare and Burns thought and made verses at the plough-tail; when Gifford (editor of the *Quarterly*) as a cobbler's boy hammered leather flat to work his problems with an awl;—they were "working men," whose impulses could not, thank Heaven, be repressed. John Overs was none of these, but he had more talent than dozens of men who are well paid for literary work. He was a carpenter who devoted his evenings to writing, and applied to Dickens to help him. After some correspondence an interview took place, Dickens strongly dissuading him from following authorship. In reply to this, "he wrote me," says the preface, "as manly and as straightforward, but withal as modest a letter as ever I read in my life. He explained to me how limited his ambition was, soaring no higher than the establishment of his wife in some light business, and the better education of his children. He set before me the difference of his evening and holiday studies, such as they were, and his having no better resource than an alehouse or a skittle ground." A potent argument, which prevailed, and hence the book. Overs continued writing, occasionally getting a piece inserted in a magazine, and at last fell ill. Losing work, he depended with some faint hope upon his pen. What we now extract from Dickens's preface, should be omitted by no biographer who seeks to do him justice.

"He is very ill; the faintest shadow of the man who came into my little study, for the first time, half-a-dozen years ago, after the correspondence I have mentioned. He has been very ill for a long, long period; his disease is a severe and wasting affection of the lungs, which has incapacitated him these many months for every kind of occupation. 'If I could only do a hard day's work,' he said to me the other day, 'How happy I should be.'

"Having these papers by him, amongst others, he bethought himself that if he could get a bookseller to purchase them for publication in a volume, they would enable him to make some temporary provision for his sick wife and very young family. We talked the matter over together, and that it might be easier of accomplishment, I promised him that I would write an introduction to his book.

"I would to heaven that I could do him better service; I would to heaven it were an introduction to a long and vigorous and useful life. But Hope will not trim her lamp the less brightly for him and his, because of this impulse to their struggling fortunes; and trust me, reader, they deserve her light, and need it sorely.

"He has inscribed this book to one, whose skill will help him, under Providence, in all that human skill can do—to one who never could have recognized in any potentate on earth, a higher claim to constant kindness and attention, than he has recognized in him."

The inscription was to Doctor Eliotson. John Overs, the *protégé* of Dickens, is now no more. His book, slight and sketchy, is forgotten; but the help given to a lowly fellow labourer in the field of literature should be remembered along with the benevolence of Johnson, and the true Christian charity of Goldsmith.

Silent for some time after "Martin Chuzzlewit," had been completed, Dickens next produced "Dombey and Son;" a novel perhaps the least relished of his numerous writings. Dombey himself is an odious character, stern, heartless, and unbending. Lord Jeffery has remarked that to reconcile the public to it, the author must possess wonderful power, but in the end he did so to a great degree. The death of little Paul Dombey is one

of his most pathetic and beautiful efforts; in fact the whole character of the little boy, the thoughtful little face, the mind too soon and too fully developed, all testify to being drawn by a master hand; and alas! from life and personal experience. Carker is a fine intellectual villain, though a little theatrical; whilst Captain Cuttle, and Soll Gills, with their companions, form a group parallel to Uncle Toby and Mr. Shandy.

The inference to which Dickens would apparently lead his readers, that the gloomy thoughts and regrets of Carker before the express train crashed over his body, and left him a corpse, might do something to atone with the Eternal for a life of villainy and deceit, springs naturally and beautifully out of the kindly nature of the writer. Many of sterner mould will say that,

"A God all mercy is a God unjust."

But it is better, and perhaps truer, when we stand before that dark curtain of the future which parts eternity from time, to remember that beyond is love as infinite as the Everlasting, and as powerful as Omnipotence.

In "Dombey," Dickens has evidently endeavoured to describe a certain phase of "high life," and he has done so with but partial success. Yet the character of the aristocratic Cousin Fens is finished and natural.

A more ambitious and, in every respect, higher class work appeared, some time after the completion of Dombey; a work also which many have supposed, and not without some show of reason, to be, in parts, at least, autobiographical. This is, "David Copperfield," in which Dickens had been stirred on to excel himself.

William Makepeace Thackeray, the greatest novelist as regards wisdom, finish, and fine discrimination of character, since Fielding, and even superior to that great master in delicacy and pathos, had been writing for various magazines for nearly twenty years. In that time, Dickens's fame had grown up as fast, but more enduring, than a mushroom. At length Thackeray sold a novel, before refused by a magazine or two, and the hazardous attempt was made of publishing it in shilling numbers, whilst Dickens was in his zenith, and Lever was also delighting the town. The yellow covers

of "Vanity Fair" made their appearance, and were for a while neglected. At length its sterling excellence was recognized, and Thackeray came out, like the Irish rebellion, 30,000 strong. This rivalry—if that can be called rivalry which was destitute of bitterness, or even jealousy, had a good effect upon Dickens. "Copperfield" was the most finished and natural of all his works; and we find it difficult to express our admiration of it. We have almost exhausted the vocabulary of praise; and we can only say, that it is more than good. The boyhood of the hero; the scene in church; the death of his mother; the story of Pegotty; the seduced girl; and that touching love, so true, so perfect, and so delicate and pure, which the rough old fisherman has for his lost niece; can scarcely be surpassed. The mellow strength and matured vigour of style, the modest ingenuousness of Copperfield's relation of his progress in literature; the child-wife, her death, and his final love for Agnes—all rush upon our memory, and put forward their claims to be admired. The original characters are all good, and the family of Micawber form a group as original as was ever drawn by Dickens. To say that there are some exaggerations, is merely to say in other words, that it is a work of fiction, and written by "Boz." The dark and weird character of Rosa Dartle, and the more disgusting one of Uriah Heap are the only painful ones in the book. But they are full of fine touches of nature, which also illumine the dark drawing Murdstones.

Early in 1850, our indefatigable author projected a work of another kind, whereby he might be in constant communication with his readers. This was the "Household Words," a name which was known to the public through a line in Henry V. :—

"Familiar in their mouths as 'Household Words'."

On every page of the publication the charmed words, "Conducted by Charles Dickens," are printed, so that he is completely identified with it. The sub-editorship of the magazine is entrusted to Mr. Hills, a gentleman for many years editor of "Chambers' Journal," and afterwards sub-editor of the "Daily News." Mr. Horne, Mr. Howitt, Mr. G. Sala, and other writers of note

have contributed to its pages, and the publication is most decidedly flourishing and successful. We understand Dickens himself is proprietor. In its pages he occasionally inserts excellent and serviceably severe philippics against public wrongs, nuisances, and abuses. Not long ago Mr. Disraeli was soundly, but most humorously attacked as the "honourable member for verbosity." The Charter-House received a castigation in an article the data of which were furnished by Moncreiff, the old dramatist who spoiled "Nickleby," that injury being remembered, be it said to Dickens's honour, only to be forgiven. Whilst the dens of London were also painted by him, he himself visiting them under the guidance of the police. On the whole, though of not so solid a character as "Chambers' Journal," the literature of the "Household Words," is good. Connected with "Household Words," was a monthly narrative of current events, which involved Dickens in a dispute with the Stamp office. The authorities, construing the odious laws relating to taxes upon knowledge in their own way, sought to treat the narrative as a newspaper, liable to stamp duty. This was resisted; proceedings were instituted, entailing a heavy expense, but the judgment was in favour of Dickens.

In addition to chief articles the style of which is easily recognized, (although by the way the subordinate writers write too closely in the style of the "conductor") Dickens commenced in "Household Words" "a Child's History of England," two volumes of which are published, and dedicated thus:—

"TO MY OWN DEAR CHILDREN, WHOM I
HOPE IT MAY HELP, BY AND BY, TO
READ WITH INTEREST LARGER AND
BETTER BOOKS ON THE SAME SUBJECT."

Children of a larger growth may and do read history in Dickens's pages with profit; the historic pictures which he has with wisdom mainly sought to portray, are vivid and well calculated to impress the minds of children: the narrative of the battle of Hastings is remarkably fine, and some of the periods—a peculiarity before noticed—naturally range themselves in the splendour of narration into blank verse.

"The sun rose high and sank and

the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the ground. King Harold wounded with an arrow in the eye was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armour had flashed fiery and golden all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound and dropped." The rest of this fervid narrative we will turn, after the manner of Lord Byron, where he plagiarized Werner from Miss Lee's Canterbury tales, into blank verse, assuring the reader that very few words are omitted, and but two inserted.

"The English broke and fled.

The Normans rallied, and the day was lost!
Oh! what a sight beneath the moon and stars:

The lights were shining in the victor's tent;
(Pitched near the spot where blinded Harold fell)

He and his knights carousing were within;
Soldiers with torches going to and fro,
Sought for the corpse of Harold 'mongst the dead.

The Warrior, * worked with stones and golden thread,

Lay low, all torn and soiled with English blood,

And the three Lions kept watch o'er the field!"

Is not this prose of Dickens' as good, reader, as the verse of the plays of Mr. George Stephens and Lord Byron.

In May, 1851, a project which Mr. Dickens had long had in contemplation was brought forward by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer—namely, the "Guild of Literature and Art," being no other than a provident fund and assurance society for unfortunate literary men and artists. From it the proper persons may receive a certain annual stipend so as to relieve them in their necessity; but a leading feature is the provident department. To carry out this Sir Lytton Bulwer wrote the

* The English Standard.

comedy, "Not so bad as we seem," and presented it to the authors and artists, who, in conjunction with Dickens, used to amuse the high life of the town with amateur acting. Among these were Douglas Jerrold, Mr. Leech of "Punch," Mr. John Foster of the "Examiner," Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Topham (artist), Mr. Horne, and Mr. Charles Knight. These gentlemen, under the patronage of the Duke of Devonshire (of whom Mr. Dickens is a welcome guest), produced this comedy before her Majesty and a select few in the Long Room at Devonshire House. In addition to the comedy they acted a farce, Mrs. Nightingale's *Diary*, written by Dickens, in conjunction with Mark Lemon, editor of "Punch." Afterwards several performances were given, and the public were admitted at a very high price. The little band of gentlemen subsequently went into the country, and amused her Majesty's lieges, the whole of the proceeds of their performances going towards the fund. The complete establishment of the Guild is not yet announced.

In the beginning of the present year Dickens commenced his last work—"Bleak House," which has as evident a purpose as any of the others. Its "mission," to use a word which he himself has ridiculed, seems especially to be to grapple with and destroy the abuses of Chancery—a consummation most devoutly to be wished. The time is ripe for it, and Boz has got his battle almost fought for him, but yet with vigorous blows, like those of a battering ram, continued for twenty months, the great author is likely to accomplish great things—to rouse the attention of the people far and wide, and do all that the Chancery Reform Association could not effect. Finally, no doubt, those abuses will altogether be rooted out.

Besides the works enumerated, Dickens is author, it is said, of an opera, of a farce, and has also written an almost forgotten life of Grimaldi the clown.

In personal appearance Mr. Dickens is prepossessing; his figure small, but well made; his look intelligent, and his eye peculiarly quick, vivid, and expressive. When he enters a room he appears to take a complete catalogue and estimate of the furniture and people at a glance. His powers of penetration are remarkable, and his

facility of description we all know is equally extraordinary. Yet his acuteness does not protect him from being sometimes imposed upon; and he is often deceived by a skilfully concocted bit of romance by a begging-letter writer. When the papers of one of these gentry were explored, Boz's name was found down for a good sum, in conjunction with that of Miss Burdett Coutts, and the Duke of Wellington.

That he is well to do in the world of fashion and high life, his dedications to persons from William Macready to the Duchess of Devonshire amply testify. That he is admired and honoured by all by whom he is known, is true also, and his kindness to all whom he approaches is unvarying. Of a large family, one son, it is said, has been adopted and is being brought up by Miss Burdett Coutts, and another is at Eton.* In private, Boz talks much or little, according to the sympathy he has with the company. His conversation is as might be expected, easy, flowing, and genial; he hates argument, and never talks for effect. He excels in telling a story, which he does in general with humorous exaggerations. He is a great admirer of Tennyson's poetry, and of Maclise's pictures. His house in Devonshire Terrace is adorned with pictures of the best living artists, and every corner shows the influence of taste and wealth. His library is extensive, and, in the literature of his country, in which few are better read—very well selected. He is, or rather was, very active and fond of dancing, his favourite dance being Sir Roger de Coverly. He has also a remarkable passion (which is shared by Macaulay) for midnight wandering in a city's streets.

Of the portraits published of our author both are good; that by Maclise

* A place not very congenial to Jeffery's taste, as witness a letter dated 6th of January, 1850:—

"I daresay you do right to send one boy to Eton, but what is most surely learned there, is the habit of wasteful expense, and, in ordinary natures, a shame and contempt for plebeian parents. But I have faith in races, and feel that your blood will resist such attainments. You do not think it impertinent that I refer to them? I speak to you as I would to a younger brother."

is the younger, and has a great deal of the manner of the artist. The truest and best is the one by Margaret Gillies, in "Horne's Spirit of the Age."

Few men have used great talents more conscientiously than Dickens. From first to last he has endeavoured to raise and Christianize his readers. Every book has had a purpose, and almost every line an aim. Wit is made subservient to humanity, and that humanity is so extensive, that he never omits an opportunity of sympathizing with the suffering and needy. Even the guilty, made so by neglect, are not beyond his pity. Let the reader turn—for our extracts have exceeded our space—to the homily read in the "Haunted Man," upon the poor, neglected, and half-savage beggar-boy, and he will see at once what we mean. Nor are these sympathies merely verbal, for he is a man of wide benevolence to all who need it, from the family of John Overs to that of William Elton.

To conclude, for lasting purposes of good the literary man has a noble opportunity, and nobly has Dickens used it. England does not feel sufficiently proud of her literary talent. They have done much to prevent such scenes as Paris has witnessed, and to avert convulsions which might shake down civilization itself. Amongst these benefactors and lords of mind Dickens is one of the foremost, and his character is best expressed by the words of his only dedication (to Samuel Rogers) of the "Curiosity Shop,"—"one whose writings (as all the world knows) are replete with generous and earnest feeling; and a man whose daily life (as all the world does not know) is one of active sympathy with the poorest and humblest of his kind."

J. H. F.

HANS CHRISTIAN OERSTED.

Of all countries of Europe which are worthy of remembrance, Denmark is one of the most worthy, though one of the least remembered. Germany, for several years past, has absorbed the interest of all students willing to push their inquiries beyond their native shores; and, not without pretty good reason, has taken the first position in European literature. According to

Mr. Worsaae, we owe most of those enduring traits of British character, and not a few of our most solid and necessary institutions to those Danes and Norwegians who settled in Britain under the Danish invasion. William Howitt has recently illuminated us as to the modern vigour of the Danish character, and the sterling worth of the existing literature of Denmark. Though new in a measure to us, this high culture of the Danish mind is a very old fact, and it is really surprising that, until Mrs. Howitt opened this field anew by the translation of the works of Miss Bremer, Christian Andersen, and Emilie Carlen, that so little should be known by Englishmen respecting the genius and tendencies of the north. Not to enter a department of inquiry which does not now concern us, it is impossible to avoid connecting together our own Georgian era with the similar era in the history of Denmark, and which rendered the latter half of the last century as remarkable in that country as it was in this. We had our Johnsons, Robertsons, Goldsmiths; our Reynoldses, Hogarths, Garricks, Youngs; and in Denmark the names of Oehlen-schläger, Berzelius, Steffens, Rask, Sibbern, and Oersted, lent an equal grace to men and letters. Of the Oersteds there were two, the elder of whom forms the subject of the present paper.

It was in August, 1777, that Hans Christian Oersted was born at Rudjoking, in the island of Langeland. His brother was born in the following year, at the same place. Their father was a druggist; a man of high moral character, of some scientific attainments, and possessed of a laudable ambition to educate his children well. There were no means, however, and the elder brother was taught arithmetic from an old school book, and then imparted the knowledge so acquired to his younger brother. A German, who lived in the neighbourhood, was made the vehicle for the acquisition of the German language, and the young students lost no opportunities which presented themselves in this way for the furtherance of their culture. What is known respecting the early life of these ardent youths proves them to have been models of enthusiasm in the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." In the most

narrow circumstances, and under the necessity of earning their bread almost before the age of childhood had passed, their whole thought seems to have been the acquisition of knowledge. They were always together, sharing their pursuits and studies, the elder chiefly interested in collecting plants for a herbarium, and in performing such experiments in chemistry as he could provide apparatus for by his own ingenuity, or purchase for the most trifling sum; the younger absorbed in books of travel, dog-eared volumes of geography, and national customs, or such dubious historical works as find their way into the hands of boys. Latin they were taught by a private tutor, and Greek they dabbled in on their own account, and accomplished much by their patient and untiring industry.

At the age of twelve, the elder Oersted commenced life as an assistant in the shop of his father, where he busied himself in chemical experiments, and picked up scraps of knowledge on the wide range of subjects comprehended in the practice and profession of an apothecary. All day long he compounded pills and mixtures, made sly experiments on fulminating gold and silver, concocted gases, and half suffocated himself by their inhalation, or endangered his life by taking experimental doses of poisons; and at night, he retired to the chimney-corner, and devoured any "odd volume of forgotten lore," or any tattered work of history or science. There are thousands of such youths everywhere; filled with a love for knowledge, they plunge into books and experiments with all the enthusiasm of incipient manhood, and astonish older heads by their versatile acquirements, and stock of disjointed facts. There is hardly a family without such, though, either from the chilling nature of the real life in which they afterwards engage, or a lack of individual strength and largeness, which constitute the first requisites of greatness, Oersteds are as rare as ever, and the thousands of knowledge-seeking youths sink down into money-loving citizens; what they have acquired in this thirty era of life being the whole "stock and store" of their manhood and maturity.

It marks out these brothers from the mass to find them plotting how to

make their narrow means subserve to gain them a passport to the University. They were thoroughly imbued with ambition for distinction; they were true brothers, and rendered each other mutual assistance in the acquisition of knowledge, and they were at the same time dependent on their own exertions and talents for subsistence. They went together to Copenhagen in 1794, and, receiving some assistance from the government, rested on their own narrow resources for the completion of their studies. Rarely do such students as these enter the walls of an University; rarely do we find two young men renouncing all the excitements and pleasures of youth, all the attractions and allurements of an University city, pinching themselves in the daily economy of food and lodging; and out of the most meagre, hard-earned means of money and time, providing the necessities of a life of earnest study. But it was here that they began to part; their tastes and inclinations were distinct; their paths lay parallel, but separate; the younger immersed himself in philosophy and law; the elder pushed his way into the inner mysteries of physics, and gave up his heart to the worship, and his head to the study, of nature.

This same period, which in England was marked by a ripeness of thought and an extraordinary development of the study of letters, was marked in France by a new phase of political feeling fanned into strength and activity by a circle of writers the most brilliant that that country has ever produced; and in Germany, by the spread of a new philosophy, which attempted once more to place thinking men upon their feet, and to substitute the highest aims for the transient drawing-room frivolities which had been till then fashionable in Europe. The voice from Germany—the chorus, in fact; for Goethe, Schiller, Richter, Schleiermacher, and a whole band of single-purposed and sincere men were speaking out together—this many-voiced tongue made vibrations that reached Denmark long before similar vibrations touched the shores of England; Steffens, having journeyed thither, and returned to Denmark laden with the fruits of the new-grafted intellect, long anterior to Carlyle's bugle signal to Britain that such

a voice was speaking. Here, then, are three ardent youths—two brothers, and the third, younger than the two, a friend. Oehlenschläger, whose name stands amongst the highest of those who have contributed to the poetry of Denmark, was the third younger friend, whose excitable, enthusiastic, brilliant mind contrasted strangely with the sober, thoughtful, and somewhat stern nature of the brothers. But this friendship was one of the most hearty and sincere, and the elder Oersted continually drew from the brighter-coloured leaf of this trefoil a love for analogy, and a tendency to perceive the minute æsthetic relations with which so intimately the pursuit of science is associated. The Oersteds were what the world calls *practical* men, and doubtless would have remained such; but this idealist, this fanciful butterfly collector of analogies, lifted the elder brother from his dark mines of facts, and showed the sunshine of the blue heaven of poetic truth. In addition to the influence which the friendship of the young poet exercised on the elder Oersted, another element operated in the formation of his character, and that was the fermentation caused in all the orthodox circles of Denmark by the mysterious voice from Germany. He became imbued with Germanism, which means independence of thinking, and the perception of laws whose operations appeal not to the senses. Steffens commenced his lectures on the German philosophy, and proclaimed the philosophical and poetic gospels, which had grown up in the land of intellectual freedom on the soil where conventionalism had nearly died out. The three friends drank eagerly of this new wine from the old bottles, and their minds rapidly ripened under the invigoration of this individual philosophy. The younger brother gave himself up to the study of Kant and Fichte, and became one of the most eminent jurists of the north; he married the sister of Oehlenschläger; and the friendship of the three maintained all its freshness and its manly love to the last, when the two brothers who had participated in the brilliant successes of the poet, followed his body to its last home. The younger brother is still living, and has long enjoyed a most distinguished reputation in his own country and in Germany.

Still engaged in college studies, Hans

Christian Oersted soon began to apply to the favourite objects of his pursuit the principles of that æsthetic tendency which he had imbibed under the tuition of Steffens, and matured by his own observation of doctrines and of men. He flung himself into the thick of the transcendental movement, and competed for the University prize medal, by a reply to the question, "On the limits of Poetry and Prose." For this production the gold medal was awarded him; and succeeding shortly after in passing his examination in pharmacy, he gained another medal by a medical essay. He was now preparing for his doctor's degree, and his labours were earnest and unintermitting. Pinched and reduced by circumstances, his trials at this time were many; but in spite of his short purse and puritanical habits, he had made himself a marked man in the University, and by his fellow students he was profoundly respected. Those who knew him at this time describe him as thin, anxious, and pale; full of gentleness, of irreproachable chastity, and so ardently devoted to the study of physics as to sacrifice every kind of recreation for the more precious pleasure of reading and experimenting. In the winter nights, when fire and food were both scarce, he sat patiently at his table, and wrestled with whole armies of statistics, or watched minutely the bubbles of gas escaping from the water in his receiving jar, or plodded on with his comparisons and analyses of alkalies. His "Architectonicks of Natural Metaphysics" he wrote for his doctor's degree in 1799, and in it he embodied the fruits of those patient studies of the laws of physics, and of their higher relations as the products of reason.

In 1800, Oersted accepted the management of an apothecary's shop, and occupied his leisure hours in the delivery of lectures on chemistry and the laws of physics. In the same year was discovered the Voltaic battery, and Oersted was among the first who took an active part in the new and wonderful science. Such a subject was fitted for a speculative mind which had inhaled freely the ideal breath of Germany, and he had scarcely tested the assertions of Volta by experiment than he made several important discoveries with respect to the action of acids

during the production of galvanic electricity; and laid down several of those fundamental laws under the guidance of which electricians have effected so many brilliant applications and discoveries. It was the spirit of German insight which enabled him to detect the opposite conditions of the respective poles, and also that acids and alkalies are produced in proportion as they mutually neutralise each other.

In 1801 he set forth on his travels. With us, travelling is a means for killing time, and for ostentatious display and dissipation. On the continent, and especially in Germany and Denmark, it is one of the principal opportunities for self-culture, and young men set forth to see the world, and acquire experience and wisdom; and the practical education so acquired, has done not a little for the intellect and character of the respective nations which encourage it. It was the proper moment too for such a traveller as Oersted; for the world of science was being turned up-side-down, and the school of medicine had already become a battlefield. Winterl, the Hungarian chemist, came out with new theories, which Oersted blazed out before the German public under cover of a criticism, and all through Europe the dawn of a new philosophy was "changing into grey."

Entering Germany, Oersted soon made the friendship of the most eminent literary and scientific men. His engaging manner, his modesty, his child-like simplicity, his keen penetration into the spiritual world through the transparent draperies of the material, and his growing fame as a cultivator of science in the highest sense, won all hearts with whom he came in contact, and secured for him the most sincere and lasting friendships. Of the men with whom he held intercourse while in Germany, we may name Schelling, the two Schlegels, Fichte, Schleiermacher, Tieck, Werner, Erman, Weiss, Kiehnauer, Rumford, and Ritter; for the latter of whom he soon afterwards performed the service of translating into French his treatise on a new Galvanic Pile. Möller, in his sketch of Oersted, says that this service was so well performed, that Ritter asserted "that he understood the translation better than his own writing."

In 1802 Oersted arrived at Paris, and there occupied himself in the study

of French literature, and especially the scientific literature, for which France has so long been justly celebrated. He left Paris in the spring of 1833, and passed through Brussels, Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam, and arrived home at Copenhagen. The chair of Physics in the University of Copenhagen was at that moment vacant, and Oersted became a candidate for its occupation. In this he failed, owing to his being known as an experimental chemist, rather than a physicist, in the proper meaning of the word. For three years after this time he received an income of three hundred bank-thalers for his subsistence, and an equal sum for scientific investigations—both from the public purse. Obtaining the loan of some scientific instruments, those of the University being almost wholly destroyed by fire, he commenced a course of lectures on electricity, and the concurrent sciences, and maintained in these discourses the dynamic theory of chemistry, which traces up all chemical effects to the same fundamental forces. In *Gehlena's Journal* he began about this time his series of papers on "Acids and Bases," and issued numerous German and Danish treatises on subjects within the range of his specific studies. These works were all practical and of sterling merit; but the chief interest arises from the frequent evidences they bear of the poetico-philosophical tendency of his mind, which enables him ever to rise up above the fact, and take a poet's view of its spiritual meaning and analogies. It is in the several papers of the "Soul in Nature," however, that this tendency of his mind shows itself most strongly.

In 1806 the chair of the professorship of Physics in the University was again vacant, and Oersted this time succeeded in obtaining it. His engagements had by this time grown numerous, and his industry was as unflagging, and his temper as sweet as ever. He employed himself in the collection of philosophical instruments; took the office of teacher at the Academy of Land Cadets; delivered lectures for the adjutants of the general staff; and gave numerous other public and private lectures. In 1809 he published his "Manual of Mechanical Physics," which was subsequently altered and republished in 1844. During these labours,

he sought recreation in a select circle of friends, by whom he was kept in hearty sympathy with the transcendental movements of the period, so fraught as it was with the high aims of German thinking. In this circle were included the great Fichte, whose biblical ages of humanity—the Eden simplicity, the conflict of reason and instinct, and the renewed Eden of completed reason—gave him a prominence among the German teachers, as uniting broad philosophical aim with the most catholic endeavours after truth and goodness. Oehlenschläger was another of this circle—a genial, high-souled man, filled with the inspirations of natural beauty and Christian feeling. Steffens was also of the group, the Carlyle of Denmark, a man of strong parts, made of granite, and cast in an iron mould, but not of the granite which at the summit of the mountain, sits eternally beneath ice and snow; but the granite lower down, stern, strong, invincible, watered by mountain rills, and sheltering mountain flowers in the wrinkles of its lips and forehead. Baggesen is here also—Baggesen, the wit, the critic, and the conversationalist, whose arrows fly fast and thick, but instead of giving deadly wounds, tickle only, and cause happy laughter. Lastly, there are the two Oersteds; one as ever, in life, aim, and hope, knit together by filial love and sympathy for each other's trials, yet separated by duties, and to the same goal walking by different paths. Where friendship abides only for a night, it shall be as a life-time of keen enjoyment; and Oersted found in this charmed circle a constant incentive to renewed labour, and an intelligent appreciation of his work.

In 1812 Oersted again visited Germany and France. He stayed some time in Berlin, and made acquaintance with the historian Niebuhr, who fully participated in the philosopher's views of nature, and urged him to publish his essays on the "Chemical Laws of Nature." This work was the key-note for more than an octave of great discoveries. The transcendental aspirings of the physicist had led him to perceive relation, where others had seen only difference and disconnection. He here pointed out, for the first time, the connection between chemical and electric forces, and opened the way for those

magnificent researches on the ultimate constitution of matter, which, in the hands of Dalton, Gmelin, Dumas, and the later labourers Grove and Faraday, have been crowned with such brilliant results. Oersted showed that all electric currents are capable of chemical effects; that, in passing through water, a stream of electricity decomposes the fluid into its constituent gases, and in flowing through a solution of metal, it separates the metallic particles from the acid holding them in solution. Chemical changes in like manner produce electrical effects: and during every decomposition and re-combination, electric currents are set in motion of a positive or negative kind, according to the nature of the change in progress. Thence he deduced the law of the relation of chemical and electrical forces, and suggested that all changes in bodies spring from corresponding sources. These, however, were the crude thoughts which were afterwards to ripen into Oersted's great discovery, on the basis of which has been built the modern structure of electrical wonder, wherein the electric telegraph stands as a monument to Oersted's fame and genius.

In 1814 he married; and the quietude of a happy domestic life seems to have aided in ripening and perfecting the powers of his mind, rather than in diverting his attention from his accustomed pursuits. At this time he got involved in a literary dispute with a man of considerable learning named Grundtwig, who had published a work entitled the "Welt Chronick," or Chronicle of the World; in which he set forth the Bible as the standard of comparison for all material, as well as spiritual truth, and for the final decision on all historical personages and events. Grundtwig was doggedly orthodox, and Oersted rashly sceptical; and the discussion between them lasted a considerable time, and waxed very warm at more than one of its stages. In Oersted's opposition to Grundtwig he was actuated only by the most catholic faith in the harmony of reason with the law of nature, and maintained that, in order to be true, every statement must accord with reason. Grundtwig, on the contrary, placed authority above reason, and preached a doctrine which aimed a death-blow at all intellectual progress and scientific research. Science was, in fact, Oersted's religion; and while

he knelt like an adoring pilgrim before the spirit of the world as represented in nature, he remained deaf to the admonitions of that Spirit whose voice is uttered through Revelation. True, Oersted has written one of the finest essays extant on the relations of science to superstition and infidelity; but the infidelity with which he battles is the ultra blasphemy which chalked on the tombstones of France—“Death is an eternal sleep,” not the more insidious and destructive infidelity which recognizes a benevolent Deity in nature, and goes far towards a belief in the immortality of the soul, while sneering at the elder prophets, and regarding Christianity *only* as a civil institution. The German philosophy has done this hurt to the world; it has snapped asunder the piety of the pilgrim fathers, the child-like faith of the covenanters; the homely, trusting worship of the rustic English home, where in old times “the big ha’ bible” was the whole body of divinity and code of morals, and has given in its place a religion founded on intuition, though the intuition be diseased even, and a faith which rests on reason and impulse rather than on the tenets of the older law and the precepts of the newer gospel. Oersted indeed, in a speech delivered at a scientific *reunion*, went so far as to represent the practice of science to be a religious worship, and in attempting to stem the progress of an excessive orthodoxy on the part of Grundtwig and others, opened the way for a lawless freedom of opinion, which could lead only to the most dangerous of doubts and quench the spirit of religion altogether.

In 1814, he commenced a work of very doubtful value in the announcement in a university programme of a new system of “technical language of the Gothic and German tongues employed in chemistry.” His object was to emancipate scientific terminology from the Greek roots on which it had hitherto been based, and to substitute compounds of native terms in the place of those of Greek origin used in science. This attempt was a signal failure, as every such attempt must be; the abandonment of the Greek language being in such cases by no means desirable; no living language fitly replacing it, and every nation most wisely choosing its own tongue when classical

sources are found to fail. In fact the Greek and Latin languages are, by reason of their character and history, peculiarly fitted for universal adoption, because understood equally by the cultivated in every land; and so indoctrinated with the technicalities of science, by long usage, and their peculiar fitness for such purposes, that the plan of Oersted has made little way; and men of science find the classic tongues still most applicable and most convenient.

During the years 1803—20, Oersted was incessantly occupied in the labours of the laboratory, or in the delivery of public and private lectures. During several winters he lectured daily for five hours, and gave several courses of lectures in German for the *corps diplomatique*. He discovered in 1816 a new galvanic apparatus, and also a new method to blast mines. In 1818 he received orders from the king, with whom he was on terms of cordial intimacy, to visit the Island of Bornholm, and report its mineral character and metallic contents. In 1820 he discovered electro-magnetism, or the relation of electricity and magnetism as mutually productive of each other, and as evidences of a common source of power. This was the crowning epoch of Oersted’s life; the key-stone in the triumphal arch of his worthy fame.

It was in the winter of 1819—20, that Oersted, being engaged in a course of private lectures before the elder students of the university, first lighted on the practical manifestation of an idea he had long cherished; and in the presence of his audience, completed, in a sudden and unexpected manner, the greatest discovery of the present century. In a work published in 1813, entitled, “Views of the Chemical Laws of Nature,” Oersted had hinted at the possibility of some future discovery of this kind; and a mind singularly alive to analogies, and the connections between things apparently remote, enabled him to work this idea into a tangible shape, and lay the foundation of the greatest scientific achievements of modern times. He saw, with a perception peculiar to himself, that there must be a necessary connection between the various forms of the imponderable forces, and particularly electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. If galvanism, he thought, be only a hidden form of electricity, then magnetism may

electricity in a hidden form: immediately sought means to these powers reciprocally into ther. Experiment soon proved voltaic electricity had a perceptible effect on magnets, and it was easy to see further, that as lightning struck the poles in magnetic needles, electric currents might exercise similar influences in return; and heat and light were both produced from purely magnetic sources. But the question held its form yet; and he had arrived at no definite or conclusive end. He was addressing his pupils; and the cherished idea broke into the current of his discourse. As he dwelt on the properties of the magnet and the power of these subtle forces, his eye was filled up with a new and brilliant ray, and he looked with a searching gaze at the countenances of the young men around him; and modestly enunciating the long-cherished thought in a vague extempore form, he took the apparatus trembling hand, and invited them to try it by experiment. A new era in scientific inquiry was inaugurated at that instant; and from Denmark went forth that Ørsted had discovered all those mysterious forces of electricity, and with the promise of a series of most remarkable results.

Let us consider the value of this discovery. Franklin was asked, "What use of a balloon?" He replied, "It is the use of a child? it may save a man!" Such questions were not many years ago in reference to the electrifying machine, which was regarded as an ingenious toy, set up for the amusement of audiences at theatres and polytechnic institutions, or for the torture of the students of philosophical brothers, never there was a family aiming at stability and a speculative son delighted with a love of science and mis-

At most it was looked upon as a scientific curiosity, which could lead to practical ends beyond twitching nerves of neuralgic patients who were generally worse for the twitching than as an indicator of a mysterious force. The inquiry into the nature of electricity afforded savans an opportunity to speak of attraction and repulsion, and to illustrate their theories by showers of sparks and heads of hair standing on end. But here was the index to a

view of nature so broad and general as to have positively no limits, and with the apparatus invented by Ørsted, consisting of an extensive series of copper and zinc diaphragms kept in action for many months by a weak acid, it was established that "there is always a magnetic circulation round the electric conductor, and that the electric current, in accordance with a certain law, always exercises determined and similar impressions on the direction of the magnetic needle, even when it does not pass through the needle, but near it." This was the introduction into science of electro-magnetism, not as an exceptional phenomenon, but as a fixed law, capable of endless applications in the amenities of civilization. Looking at the recent developments of art consequent on this discovery, we must regard the labours of Ørsted in this respect as of the very first importance in their practical results of any researches of modern times. Not even the daguerreotype, nor the improvements of lighthouse lenses, nor the applications of common galvanism, are to be at all compared with this achievement of Ørsted's, from which has sprung not only no end of artistic contrivances in the manufacture and ornamentation of metal manufactures, but that greatest of all the triumphs of the age, the electric telegraph. This discovery, too, was also an exemplification of the peculiar turn of Ørsted's mind, which was ever on the alert for the perception of spiritual harmonies in the physical world; and he was rewarded by the discovery of a fact which at once married together the three several and hitherto separate powers of electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. It will be the duty of the next generation to show the inevitable connection of light and heat, and perhaps of all the imponderable forces, respecting the common origin of which Nature is replete with hints. If we leave the practical and turn to those subtler evidences of the value of Ørsted's labours, how sublime do they then appear, as the parent thoughts of those experiments of Faraday, in which, by the aid of Groves's monster magnet, he showed the susceptibility to magnetism of every body in nature, and at last rendered the very beam of light obedient to the magnetic current. Besides this, Faraday completed this circle of facts

by performing the converse experiment. Oersted obtained magnetism from electricity; Faraday obtained electricity from magnetism, and effected in an inverted order all the capabilities of one power by the agency of the other.

The moment that this discovery, which had been looked for long by European philosophers, and which Franklin himself had occasionally dreamt of, was announced, the experimenters of all Europe engaged themselves in its verification; and zealous inquiry and repeated experiment soon developed a series of new discoveries dependent on this one as their common source; so that electro-magnetism soon became a separate branch of study, to which separate and copious sections were allotted in all books on physics. From every European capital went forth the thanks, the praises, and the honours which men of science were eager to shower on the head of the illustrious discoverer. Many learned societies awarded him medals, and elected him as a member of their several bodies; and the French Institute presented him with one of their mathematical class prizes, worth 3,000 francs.

But let it by no means be supposed that our philosopher earned greatness in this enterprise only. He pushed his inquiries into the wide region of miscellaneous physics, guided all through by a perception of the thought or spiritual beauty which underlies every particle of matter, and to which it owes its form, unity, and respective relations. It is in this broad view of the world that Oersted's greatness lies; and to this he was indebted for that acumen, that far-sighted view, that prophet-like habit of dealing with natural facts which has given us so many great and solid discoveries. He now engaged in the preparation of a new edition of his "Manual of Mechanical Physics," and in the experiments necessary for this work he invented several instruments for the compression of liquids, and set on foot that work which Faraday afterwards took up, and which had for its object the philosophy of the mechanical construction of liquids and gases. Faraday, our second Davy, no shadow less in greatness than his distinguished predecessor, has pushed this idea to the full verge of the capabilities of modern

science, and has completed some most brilliant experiments evinced, in the compression of liquids and in the reduction to a solid form of many of the most volatile and æthereal gases. Oersted also succeeded in proving the validity of Mariotti's law of the compression of air, even to a great amount of pressure up to the point where the gases become liquid. The practical value of the ideas of Davy have also been verified in Oersted's laboratory, and none with more honour to himself and to the memory of the great chemist than the production of metals from several of the alkalies, a discovery which Davy was the first to suggest and open up.

In 1822, Oersted undertook, at the instance of the government, a journey to Germany, France, England; and returned, laden with memoranda of scientific interest, and with numerous important instructions. He was now chiefly engaged in researches on the laws of light, and occasionally in experiments on metalloids, respecting which he had collected a vast heap of original materials. He established on his return from England the Society for the Promotion of Natural Science, which gave rise to an arduous campaign, the part of its pupils, who laboured to popularize science by the delivery of lectures in the most important cities of Denmark. In 1823-4, he delivered a course of lectures in French. In 1844, he attended the meeting of the Society for Posterity; and on the 10th of March, delivered an address at the "School in Life," in which he endeavoured to convey to the young men assembled a rational but hopeful view of the duties and responsibilities of manhood. In 1828, he travelled to Norway, and also visited Berlin, where he addressed the Society of Natural Scientists. In 1829, he made his celebrated speech on the "Intellectual Influence exerted by Natural Science," before Frederick VI., on the occasion of the opening of the Polytechnic Institution. In 1830, he visited Hamburg and addressed the Natural History Society of that city. In 1831, he visited Gauss, the electrician, in Göttingen, chiefly with the view of ascertaining the magnetic induction and researches of that philosopher, and, on his return to Denmark,

blished the magnetic observatory of Copenhagen. He took an active part also in the Scandinavian meetings of Naturalists, which since July in the year 1840, had met every three years in one of the northern kingdoms. The principal speeches and papers contributed to this society are included, along with several others just mentioned, in the recent reprint of the "Soul in Nature," respecting which we shall speak specifically presently.

Oersted's scientific attainments did not hinder him from taking a lively interest in Danish literature and politics; and at every phase of his career he presents the rare example of one who could make an equally safe footing for his abilities in the most subtle and refined investigations of the philosopher's sanctum, and in the every-day wants of the populace; so that he could, at any time, divest himself of the elaborate details of his peculiar mission, to explain the simplest fact to youth, or find himself a home in the sympathizing hearts of the people. He was a frequent contributor of popular information to the newspapers, and in 1829, assisted in founding a literary monthly journal—the "Monatsschrift für Literatur," (Monthly Journal of Literature)—and to this he contributed numerous articles, until the discontinuance of the journal, in 1838. The service performed for Danish literature by this journal was of no trifling kind. Here he again manifested the æsthetic tendency of his mind,⁷ and endeavoured to check the course of that base tendency of Danish criticism which then aimed repeated and heavy blows at every view of art and science which rose a single step above the coldest materialism. Against this unhealthy current he opposed a firm resistance, and turned back into its natural channel the stream of Danish letters, which had already threatened to destroy every hopeful effort of art or science. In the various criticisms of æsthetic or scientific works, he always exhibited a keen power of penetration into the sources of thought, and combined with rare excellence the relations of seemingly opposite things. His efforts, too, in the way of popularizing scientific facts, and diffusing a knowledge of general intelligence would be found worthy of imitation by our own savans, who are too much

content with the sympathies and plaudits of their own circle, forgetful of the good they might do by mingling a little more in the scenes of public life.

Since 1834, when liberal constitutional ideas began to stir the depths of Danish society, and when the old paternal despotism began to be shaken, even in the midst of its fatherly security, and well-established prosperity and reputation, Oersted readily attached himself to the popular cause, and added another to the many instances of continental savans who have mingled actively on behalf of the people, in the scenes and emotions of recent political agitations. Oersted, however, was of no revolutionary tendency; and throughout the whole of his career maintained that justly balanced view of political affairs which, while it abates no jot of popular right, and strikes out the readiest path for the progress of liberty, seeks no aid from violent commotions, but effects its reforms step by step. By this course, he acquired such favour with the pupils of the University, as, during the period of excitement which then prevailed, to exercise the most calming influence, and to resist most effectually the extreme ambition of the revolutionary party. In 1835, he made most laudable efforts for securing the freedom of the press, and aided in the foundation of a society established for that object; and when Christian VIII. ascended the throne, he addressed this prince, with whom, from the common love of natural science, he stood in close connection, in a speech of most liberal tendency, proclaiming him to be the judge and representative of the enlarged, liberal ideas of the times. Nevertheless Oersted's position and inclinations as a man of science necessarily hindered him from taking a direct part in the political life which was then developing itself; but even here he continued to view with lively interest the active force of nature and reason.

In 1846, Oersted again visited Paris and England, and attended the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which was held that year at Southampton. That meeting was remarkable for the number of philosophers of continental eminence, who attended either for individual

interest, or as deputies from European states. There were present, besides Oersted of Copenhagen, Professor Svanberg of Stockholm, M. Heinrich Rose, the eminent chemist of Berlin; Agassiz, the zoologist, and Schönbein, the chemist, from Switzerland; Matteucci, the physiologist, from Modena; M. Koningk, the paleontologist, from Belgium; Professor Von Middendorff, the Siberian explorer; and, to crown this galaxy and render additional *éclat* to the attendance of Oersted, whose name and person shone the brightest of them all—Agassiz alone excepted—Faraday, the long-labouring and patient pupil of the Danish seer, occupied at this meeting the chair of chemistry.

At this meeting Oersted contributed two papers; one on the "Deviation of falling bodies from the perpendicular," recommending a course of experiments; and the other on "Some remarkable changes in mercury enclosed in glass tubes."

To show in what manner Professor Oersted was appreciated by the philosophers of England, we quote two passages from the report of this meeting; the one from the opening speech of Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, the other from the address of Sir John Herschel, delivered at the closing general meeting. After alluding to the demise of Bessel, the eminent astronomer, Sir Roderick said:—

"Passing from this recollection, so proud yet so mournful to us all, as friends and admirers of the deceased Prussian astronomer, can any one see with more delight than myself, the brilliant concurrence at our present meeting, of naturalists, geologists, physiologists, ethnologists, and statisticians; with mathematicians, astronomers, mechanicians, and experimental philosophers, in physic and in chemistry? Surely, then, I may be allowed to signalize a particular ground of gratification among so many, in the presence at this meeting of two individuals in our experimental sections, to one of whom, our eminent foreign associate, Oersted, we owe the first great link between electric and magnetic phenomena, by showing the magnetic properties of the galvanic current; whilst the other, our own Faraday, among other new and great truths which have raised the character of English science throughout the world, obtained the

converse proof by evoking electricity out of magnets. And if it be no given to the geologist whom you have honoured with this chair, to explain how such an arcana have been revealed, still, as a worshipper in the outer portico of the temple of physical science, he may be permitted to picture to himself the delight which the Danish philosopher must have felt when, on returning to our shores after an absence of a quarter of a century he found that the grand train of discovery of which he is the progenitor had just received its crowning accession in England, from his former disciple, who, after a long and brilliant series of investigations peculiarly his own, has shown that magnetic or diamagnetic forces are distributed throughout all nature."

Sir John Herschel, at the same meeting, said:—

"In science there was but one direction which the needle would take when pointed towards the European continent, and that was towards his esteemed friend, Professor Oersted. He knew not how to speak of him in his presence without violating some of that sanctity by which, as an individual, he was surrounded. To look at his calm manner, who could think that he wielded such an intense power, capable of altering the whole state of science, and almost convulsing the knowledge of the world. He had at this meeting developed to them some of those recondite and remarkable powers which he had been himself the first to discover, and which went almost to the extent of obliging them to alter their views on the most ordinary laws of force and of motion. He elaborated his ideas with slowness and certainty, bringing them forward only after a long lapse of time. How often did he (Sir John Herschel) wish to heaven that he could trample down, and strike for ever to the earth, the hasty generalization which marked the present age, and bring up another and a more safe system of investigation, such as that which marked the inquiries of his friend. It was in the deep recesses, as it were, of a cell, that, in the midst of his study, a far idea first struck upon the mind of Oersted. He waited calmly and long for the dawn, which, at length, opened to him, altering the whole relations of science,

and, he might say, of life, until they knew not where he would lead them to. The electric telegraph, and other wonders of modern science, were but mere effervescences from the surface of this deep, recondite discovery which Oersted had liberated, and which was yet to burst with all its mighty force upon the world. If we were to characterize by any figure the advantage of Oersted to science, we would regard him as a fertilizing shower descending from heaven, which brought forth a new crop, delightful to the eye, and pleasing to the heart."

Leaving the British philosophers, he joined on his way home the scientific meeting at Kiel, and there delivered his æsthetic address on "Existence as a Dominion of Reason," in which he attempted to show that every law of nature was in harmony with the structure of the human mind; and that hence a common reason, of which man is a recipient, pervades nature and controls her acts.

Reference has already been made to the "Soul in Nature," which, as originally published by Oersted, bore a very different form to that which it bears in the excellent reprint just published by Mr. Bohn. In fact the first issue of this work comprised a collection of Oersted's early miscellaneous papers, extending as far as the article on "The Cultivation of Science as an Exercise of Reason." This book bore the title—"Neue Beiträge zu dem Geist in der Natur,"—Contributions to the Soul in Nature. It developed certain broad Germanic views greatly at variance with the orthodox notions prevalent touching the philosophy of the world, and the harmony between the highest spiritual and the lowest material fact. To the first form of the work, Dr. J. P. Mynster, Bishop of Seeland, sent forth a criticism which appeared in the first volume of the "New Theological Journal," and gave occasion for a reply from Oersted, who conceived himself misrepresented by his reverend opponent. The question on which the respective writers struck a difference was that of the relations of science to poetry; and the temperate and very philosophical reply of Oersted is embodied with many other speeches and papers of value in the excellent edition edited by Leonora and Johanna Horner, for Mr. Bohn.

The idea of this book is the idea of Oersted's life: namely, to know the source of beauty and harmony in the physical operations of nature. Oersted has in this work made the nearest approach of any yet accomplished towards a solution of that great problem in our psychical nature, the sources and elementary constituents of the æsthetic sense. Edmund Burke, following somewhat closely on the heels of Longinus, made an attempt to trace the origin, and classify the operations of the mental powers; but the framework of thought has undergone a progressive change since the days of the "Sublime and Beautiful," a work, which we only now regard as a specimen of English composition, conceived in the objective mode of mental perception. Goethe began the same work in another form, in those youthful investigations of his on vegetable morphology, and it was on this plan of study that Oersted proceeded, namely, that of tracing the relations of natural facts in order to detect the *idea* which unites them. We have also the essays of Schiller on the Beautiful, and other æsthetic branches of the same broad inquiry, and Goethe's prose writings have all a tendency towards the rending of that veil which conceals the face of the beautiful goddess herself, who at present only permits us to see the shadows of herself as revealed in the beautiful *forms* in nature. Yet in none of these writers do we find the mechanism of nature, both in the construction of man himself, and the world immediately around him, and the connection of this with all other worlds, and all other worlds with each other and a common creative cause, so thoroughly and scientifically revived as in this immortal work. The chief literary merit of the book is that, while it deals with the most imaginative of subjects, and aims at the source of imagination itself, having the very essence and signification of beauty as its unfolding thought, is yet in the end a dispassionate inquiry, in which the thread of pure reason is never once broken by a flight upwards or a single erratic expression consequent on the strong temptations of the subject.

It is a leading idea of Oersted that in all nature, whether inanimate or animate, a reasoning intelligence exists,

or rather that each fact is the representative of an idea, so that the world is rather a bundle of words spoken by the spirit which lies beneath it, whose language takes shape in stones, and trees, and birds, and beasts. Thus every part of creation has its meaning, and is essential to the existence of the rest; appealing to the reasoning powers of man, instructing him by its past records, and constantly operating on his mind by the force of those eternal truths which she is ever laying open to his view.

Thus he regards all nature as a page of Divine instruction; the spirituality of created forms, and the meaning in which they impress themselves upon the mind, form the basis of this philosophy. Yet he almost wholly eschews metaphysics, and draws his arguments from natural facts, constantly noting the subsistence of reason as the primary essential in the mechanism of nature, with the coldest and most sordid fact of which the subtlest emotions of the human mind must harmonize in order to belong to the same circle of creation. In fact, the whole philosophy may be reduced to this proposition—that inasmuch as every fact and law of nature is the emanation of one mind, all things must partake and give indications of the qualities of that mind; so that human intelligence, which is part of this wide creation, also belongs to it, and has its immediate relation to all its other facts, and claims kindred with the largest brute and the minutest pebble, the whole reflecting the characteristic attributes of Deity.

In his essays on "The Spiritual in the Material," "The Comprehension of Nature by Thought and Imagination," and "All Existence a Dominion of Reason," these views are most pointedly set forth, though in all the papers collected in this volume the same serenity of minute analysis and prophetic-like perception of what *must* be, there prevails. To those who have not yet made acquaintance with these papers, we recommend for first perusal "The Fountain," which contains the clearest exemplification of Oersted's view in regard to the ideas represented by things. In illustration of his weird wisdom in treating these æsthetic questions, we quote the following passage from a long didactic poem entitled

"The Balloon," written by Oersted about the year 1835. The purport of the passage is evident, and will serve to relieve the monotony of these close columns:—

Think not thy soul can fully comprehend
The beautiful which lived in ages past!
Thou, who canst not perceive, far less
admire,

The beautiful and great of later times:
Wilt thou the world with other eyes behold,
Eyes of the past? Then summon to thine aid
The Spirits of the Past, and let them here,
With vision clear and open, look upon
The labours of the Present. Thales call,
He whose inquiring mind paused musingly
On the mysterious power, to action roused
By amber rubber. This power (to him) a
spirit

Woke from its slumbers by all-wondrous
art,

See how that spirit by our nurture grows!
Let him behold it now as lightning gleams;
Teach him to look, led by the clearer light
Of deep investigation, how the power,
Which in the flashing lightning blinds the
sight,

Or in the rolling thunder deafening peals,
Doth silent dwell in all material things,
Be it in water, or in air, or earth,
Or in the gifted ore; as the spark lives
In stone, by art from darkest night drawn
thence;

And to the senses wonderful revealed,
In all its varying forms; tasted in salt,
In heat and light perceived; now in the
flame

It writhes, and in the faithful magnet now
Points a sure pathway to the mariner;
It lives in branch and leaf; in muscle strong,
And shrinking nerve; the eye material
Cannot detect it, yet it is revealed
To the soul luminous.

But the career of the great teacher was drawing to a final close, and years and honours gathered around him, the one rendering the brow lustrous, which the other had covered with grey hairs. He had the gratification, as the enflembment of age crept upon him, of receiving the plaudits and commendations of all the European schools; besides being recognized in his own land as entitled to high dignities and many emoluments. In this country we mete out starvation to the decrepit man of science; and to the litterateur, whom age finds unprepared, we recommend an appeal to the public, or an application for parish soup. They do not do such things in Denmark; there is no such spectacle there as a

man of the highest scientific or literary attainments turning the points for railway trains, or shivering in a garret, unknown even to his landlady, unflannelled and unfed, and contemplating the most expedient plan of self-destruction for a man who has not a sixpence wherewith to buy arsenic. Even in France, where we expect little that is encouraging in this way, the jovial Jasmin, the Burns of his age and country, reaps his reward *during his lifetime*; and in Denmark there is no ambition of the national disgrace, attending unrewarded talent and genius, pining with no other hope than that of a parish grave—a fate which not merely such wild dreamers as Chatterton may look for, but the dread of which helps out of existence a man of such solid attainments as the late Professor Marsh, and no end of philosophers of equal merit, whose names we will not here mention.

Among the various posts of honour and profit occupied by Professor Oersted, he was the secretary to the Royal Society of Sciences in Copenhagen, Professor Ordinarius, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences in the French Institute, Director of the Polytechnic School at Copenhagen, which he had himself created by the personal influence he possessed with Frederick VI. In 1837, he was made Knight of the Legion of Honour; in 1840, "Conferenz-rath;" in 1842, Knight of the Prussian order, "*pour le Mérite dans les Sciences et les Arts*;" in 1843, he received from Erlanger the diploma of honour, as Doctor of Medicine; and in 1847, the Grand Cross of Dannebrog.

The ring presented to him by the University bears the Professor's image, surrounded by diamonds; and was in substitution of the customary Minerva ring, which he received many years ago, when created Doctor of Philosophy. And finally it was not from his fellow-citizens, but from the king of Denmark, that he received the use during life of the Villa of Fasaus Gaarden, in the royal domain of Fredericksberg—the same having been recently occupied, under a similar deed of royal gift, by Professor Oersted's great friend and kinsman, the late Professor Oehlenschläger.

On the 7th of November, 1850, a jubilee was held in honour of the

fiftieth anniversary of Oersted's connection with the University.* Deputations from the king, from the ministers, from the professors and the students of the University, from the Polytechnic and Industrial schools, flocked to him from all parts. Political differences were laid aside, and people of all ranks and opinions united in testifying their respect and affection to the old man, who, though in his seventy-third year, still retained much of his youthful vigour, both of body and mind. The king bequeathed him the Villa of Fasaus, which had been occupied by his friend Oehlenschläger. A torch-light procession, conducted by the students, who sang verses in his honour, concluded the festivities of the day, which had been full of kindly assurances and attestations of love for the old man, not expressed by the lips of the few, but gushing freely from the hearts of the many. Winter passed, and the aged professor continued to exercise his vocation, and delivered his lectures as usual. In March, 1851, he took cold, but no apprehensions were entertained by himself or family. In a few days, however, inflammation of the chest ensued, and he began to sink visibly and rapidly. There were anxious inquiries within the University walls, and his bed was surrounded by his colleagues of the college, and by groups of weeping students, all truly touched at heart for the probable fate of their revered teacher. In a week from the commencement of his illness, his disease attained its full power; and, surrounded by his afflicted family, and his kinsmen of the schools of learning, crowned with regal honours, and blessed with the satisfaction of a well-spent life, he breathed his last, exactly a fortnight after the delivery of his last lecture.

The whole city of Copenhagen felt the shock of Professor Oersted's death, and his fellow citizens, who had only a few months before joined in expressions of gratitude for his long service to the university, now sought to alleviate their sorrow by contributing their share in the last proofs of affection and respect which were paid to their

* This has been frequently cited as the fiftieth anniversary of Oersted's professorship, whereas it was fifty years from his becoming an assistant in chemistry.

departed friend. On Sunday, the 16th of March, about a hundred scholars went in procession to the house of the deceased, where they laid a silver wreath upon his coffin, and after singing some verses which were composed for the occasion, they bore it, surrounded by torch-bearers, to the university, where it was laid in state in a hall hung with black. Here it remained till Tuesday, the 18th, when it was carried to the *Fruer Kirche*, by the students of the Polytechnic school.

The illustrious Oersted went to his grave with a *cortège* such as waits upon the funeral-march of kings. Thirty thousand persons—one fourth of the entire population of the city of Copenhagen—formed the procession which conducted him to his final place of repose. The procession was headed by General Major Von Sehdler, who represented the King of Denmark. Then followed His Royal Highness, the Hereditary Prince of Denmark; the Chamberlain; Baron Juel Rysensteen, representing Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, Marie Sophie Frederica; the Chamber of the Diet; the Ministers; the Council of State; the relations of the deceased; the Rector Magnificus of the Theological Faculty and the Clergy of Copenhagen; the Professors of the University, and the other educational establishments of Copenhagen; the Academies of Science and Fine Arts, and the other learned corporations; a deputation from the Industrial Association; the Army Staff; nearly all the members of the Diplomatic Body; the Foreign Ambassadors; the Municipality; the youth of the schools; the trading corporations; and finally, men of every rank and class—all contributing their several distinctions to swell the one act of homage to him who had done so much to popularize science in Denmark, and to whom so much was due of the greatness of our common morals, religion, and civilization. There was neither heraldic pomp, nor the blast of that brazen trumpet which signals the world of the demise of titled greatness; but the unspoken veneration of thousands who bore moist eyes in this silent procession to the tomb, told sufficiently well of the esteem in which he was held whom they were now conducting to repose.

In character, Professor Oersted was

one of the most amiable of men. Possessed of a childlike simplicity, alike estranged him from the scenes of the world, and kept aloof from the jealousies of his circle and profession, he was still possessed of an energy, which, in other position, would have earned greatness. His industry was unexampled; his perseverance his counterparts; and his kindly solicitation rendered him at all a messenger of love, as well as a bearer of a lofty intelligence. His house—where he was blessed with progeny of three sons and four daughters—he was a man of earnest affection and piety—a father worthy of the blessings of his children. At the university he was universal loved, both by his rivals and leagues, who valued him for his modesty and nobleness of deportment under every contingency incident to a professor's life; and by the students he was beloved as a father, who was always ready to communicate in the simplest terms, and with the most unassuming diffidence of manner, whatever knowledge a life-time of labour had enabled to attain; by his fellow citizens he was universally respected as a friend of intelligence and liberty, and one of the most moral teachers the people ever had.

His lectures were peculiarly original, and were always tinged with that breath from the spiritual world which finds so full an utterance in the "in Nature." There was no better illustration of struggling talent than he, who was always ready to correct and explain to who met old and young students in the most friendly manner, and with a kindly heart, ever susceptible of dictating of justice and benevolence. Not one class alone, but all who were led from the prose of common life to the poetry of any peculiar practical knowledge were his friends and pupils. For his wisdom was extensive, and his philosophy so liberal that there was no department of literature, science, or art on which he could not throw light, a comprehensiveness of character in which, with the exception of our own Herschel, he stands almost alone. He was the first who began to popularize lectures on scientific subjects to ladies, and the new movement

behalf of female education, and still more the several ladies' colleges which have sprung up within the last few years, owe not a little of their primal impulse to his teaching and example. Added to his other excellent traits as a teacher, he possessed also a wild abandonment—the consequence of his poetic turn of thought—which occasionally seized him and carried him away into a region of rich hues and fancies, where, in the presence of his audience he was lost in an absence of mind which gave a peculiar originality and charm to his teachings, and which was most truly a part of himself.

His countenance was calm as his life and temper, and reflected in visible traits of expression the beautiful lineaments of his soul; the soft smile of delight which rested on it when addressing his pupils remaining with him as a dear inheritance of memory, and the most pleasing memento of his fame and name.

His peace is sealed, his rest is sure.

EDWARD IRVING.

Vide sea, that one continuous murmur
breeds

Along the pebbled shore of memory!
Many old rotten-timbered boats there be
Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified
To goodly vessels: many a sail of pride,
And golden-keel'd, is left unlaunched and
dry.*

ONE of these latter—"a sail of pride and golden-keel'd"—was Edward Irving; and History is justly chargeable towards him with the injustice deprecatd by the poet. His fame was fairly committed to the historic muse. None of his contemporaries spread a broader sheet to the wind of public opinion than he—few made a wider or brighter track upon the mind and heart of his generation. He was not a phantom fire-ship, or gala-boat. The enuineness of his genius, and the unfeignedness of his virtue, were admitted by the most cynical of his critics, and the bitterest of his theological detractors. His epitaph has been written by the powerfulest pen of these "latter days."† No other worthy memento of him exists. He was to the last, and is to this new decade, only a tradition—an inscru-

table, uncared-for tradition. His wondrous eloquence is voiceless, his prophetic energy inoperative. His name is associated with unknown tongues, unfulfilled predictions, and unintelligible polemics. He is never mentioned in the pulpits, but to point a shallow moral—as a warning example how perilous is intellect to a Christian preacher, and how fatal popularity to spiritual life. Gilfillan has used him to illustrate the native proximity of genius to madness. Mr. W. Jones, a voluminous but not very popular writer, compiled for the booksellers a meagre memorial, disfigured by sectarian animus, and now quite forgotten. He appears twice or thrice in the memoirs of Dr. Chalmers. Miss Martineau has reverently alluded to his life and death in her "History of England during the Peace," as a feature of the times; and a later historian of the "Half Century," has accorded him a brief but glowing record, as "one of the memorabilia of the age and the phenomena of mental science." Beyond these, I recollect scarce an allusion in contemporary literature to the man who made so great a figure through the ten or twelve years of his public life. Even by the church of which he is the reputed founder, he appears to me very inadequately appreciated. It is time at least to attempt to reclaim the memory of Edward Irving from the custody of sectarians—and challenge for it the universal admiration and love due to the eminently gifted and good. The present writer can hope to present little that is absolutely new, but trusts to revive and transmit impressions that should not be allowed to die, as they are in danger of doing; and to impart something of the reverent, though quite unsectarian, affection, in which he holds the subject of this memoir.

Edward Irving was born in Annan, Dumfriesshire, on the 15th of August, 1792—the county of Burns, and in the year of the French Republic. His paternal ancestors were from France; his mother was of the family of the Lowthers, reputed to have descended from the reformer, Martin Luther. His father was a tanner, and ultimately a small landed proprietor. There were eight children—three sons and five daughters. Edward was the

* Endymion, book ii.

† See Carlyle's Miscellanies, vol. v.

third son, and, though he died at forty-two, survived his father and brothers. His sisters all married, and four outlived him. His first teacher was an old dame, named Margaret Paine, aunt to the author of "the Rights of Man," and his reputed instructress in elementary learning. His schoolmaster was a Mr. Adam Hope, to whose strict discipline, seconded by paternal care, the grateful pupil subsequently ascribed the scholarship which his own disposition would not have led him to acquire. The boy displayed a greater taste for athletic and daring exercises than for study; yet was a significant elevation of manner noted in him. He would even in childhood seek the companionship of men, and loved to haunt the spots consecrated by Presbyterian tradition, no less than the crags and glens of his country-side. The only branch of learning for which he displayed a predilection was arithmetic; and in this class he had for companions Clapperton and Dickson, the African travellers. He was sent in due course to the University of Edinburgh, where he so excelled in mathematics as to attract the attention of Professor Leslie, on whose recommendation he was appointed mathematical teacher in an academy at Haddington, even so early as his seventeenth year. It was at this time Carlyle and he met. Writing in "Fraser's Magazine," January, 1835, Carlyle says, "The first time I saw Irving was six-and-twenty years ago, in his native town Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character and promise; he had come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his. We heard of famed professors; of high matters, classical, mathematical—a whole wonderland of knowledge. Nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end, looked out from the blooming young man." At eighteen years of age he was promoted to a more lucrative and responsible position—the rectorship of an academy at Kirkcaldy. Here he remained seven years. Having previously designed himself for the ministry, he, during this term, completed the probation required by the Church of Scotland, and became a licentiate. Here, too, he contracted the acquaintance and fixed the affections of the lady who afterwards became his wife—Isabella, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Martin.

Let us realize to ourselves what manner of youth he was—this affianced husband of Miss Isabella Martin, rector of a Scottish school, and destined pastor of Scottish kirk. He made a noble, if not pleasing figure, to the outward eye. He was six feet, two inches high. All his limbs were well proportioned. Black hair clustered in profusion over his lofty forehead, and descended in untaught curls upon his Herculean shoulders. His eyes, or rather, eye—for of one the sight was damaged, and had the appearance known as a squint—was dark, piercing, but soft. His face was of that bi-fold beauty, that, viewed on one side, as some one has said, you had the profile a brigand, on the other that of a saint. On his lips there sat the firmness of a ruler, and trembled the sensibility of a poet. He was no awkward giant. He was an athlete, as well as a Hercules. He could walk, run, leap, and swim, with the best of the "neighbour lads." Nor was he, though a scholar and a divine, an ascetic. He had none of the Phariseism either of society or of the church. "He associated with and lived in the world without restraint," says an anonymous writer, who may be Allan Cunningham,—“joining the form and fashions of mixed society, even to what would by some be set down as vulgarity, for he at one time was accustomed to smoke his pipe in companies where smoking was introduced." He was remarkable at, the same time, for blamelessness of life. His morals were held to be untainted, and his conscientiousness both acute and regnant. Though he had devoted himself to the church, he had prepared himself for a possible application to the bar, and indeed for any learned profession. He added large classical knowledge to his mathematical excellence, and a knowledge of the modern languages, and of their literature, to both. He also possessed more than the ordinary acquaintance with natural philosophy.*

* In an Ordination Charge, delivered by Mr. Irving at the Scotch Church, London Wall, in March, 1827, he recommends to the young minister the favourite studies of his own youth:—"I invite thee to physiology, which is the science of life in all its forms and conditions; and of philology, which is the science of words, the forms of human thought."

Thus, at his entrance on manhood, he "gave the world assurance of a man," and was thoroughly furnished for whatever work might be demanded by his generation. "Bodily and spiritually," says Carlyle again, "perhaps there was not [in that November, 1822,] a man more full of genial and energetic life in all these islands."

But even to this capable man a function did not immediately present itself. Even in the church, which should be the most perfect of human organizations, there is not realized without delay the formula, "Every man a place according to his faculty." In the year 1819, Irving left Kirkaldy, determined only thenceforth to preach the gospel and live by the gospel. But his preaching was not accepted, and, therefore, to himself unprofitable. He resolved to occupy himself for a while in a continental travel. He was invited, however, to preach one Sunday from the pulpit of Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh. It was not unknown to the preacher, that Dr. Chalmers was one of his auditory. The sermon led Dr. Chalmers to the resolution of making Mr. Irving his colleague in the ministry of St. John's church, Glasgow. To this circumstance, and the nature of its consequences, Mr. Irving thus alludes, in the dedication of his first published work :—

"To the Rev. T. Chalmers, D.D., Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow.

"My honoured Friend,

"I thank God, who directed you to hear one of my discourses when I had made up my mind to leave my native land for solitary travel in foreign parts. That dispensation brought me acquainted with your good and tender-hearted nature, whose splendid accomplishments I knew already; and you now live in the memory of my heart more than in my admiration. While I laboured as your assistant, my labours were never weary, they were never enough to express my thankfulness to God for having associated me with such a man, and my affection to the man with whom I was associated."

In Hanna's Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers I find (vol. ii., pp. 282 *et seq.*) an account of the circumstances which preceded Mr. Irving's engagement as the Doctor's assistant, and of the manner in which he fulfilled his ministry at St. John's, which is, in substance, as

follows :—There were peculiarities, both of thought and utterance, which made Mr. Irving so unpopular as a preacher that he had given up the prospect of a settlement at home, and had resolved to leave his native land, and betake himself to missionary labour. Full of the chivalrous romance of Christianity, and inflamed, as so many imaginative minds have been, with visions of Oriental life, his intention was, relying simply upon such resources as he could open up for himself by the way, to go as a missionary to Persia, after a preliminary wandering over Europe. To qualify himself for this romantic and arduous enterprise, he buried himself more deeply than ever among his books. "Rejected by the living," as he afterwards told a friend, "I conversed with the dead." It was at this juncture that he received the invitation to preach at Dr. Thomson's church. The sermon had no immediate result. Days and weeks elapsed without any indication of his having made a favourable impression upon his distinguished auditor. He therefore packed up his books, and despatched them to Annan, while he himself set off on a farewell tour round the coast of Ayrshire. The steamboat into which he stepped from the quay at Greenock was going in another direction, however; and after the paddles had turned he leaped ashore. Pacing the wharf in disquiet, he resolved to embark in the next boat, wherever she might be going. He did so, and was taken to Belfast. He wandered for two or three weeks over the north of Ireland, sleeping in the houses of the peasantry, and seeing Irish life in all its lights and shadows. At Coleraine, he found a letter from his father, enclosing one from Dr. Chalmers, requesting his immediate presence in Glasgow. He arrived there on a Saturday, and found the Doctor gone to Fifehire. As there was nothing definite in the letter, and several weeks had elapsed since it was written, Irving was on the point of giving up the matter, when Chalmers returned, and told him he desired him for his assistant. "I am most grateful to you, Sir," was his reply, "but I must be also somewhat acceptable to your people. [He had from the first a strong aversion to the intrusion of ministers by patronage upon an unwill-

ing people.] I will preach to them if you think fit, but if they bear with my preaching they will be the first people that have borne with it." He did preach, and so far acceptably that for the two years he continued the Doctor's assistant he took the full half of pulpit duty. In prosecuting the Doctor's favourite system of household visitation, he was pre-eminently effective. "In many a rude encounter," says Dr. Hanna, "the infidel radicalism of the parish bent and bowed before him." His commanding presence, his manly bearing, his ingenuous honesty, his vigorous intellect, commanded universal respect; above all, his tender and most generous sympathies melted the hearts of the people under him. According to another account, his memory was cherished by the poor of Glasgow long after his removal from that city.

It appears, from words of his own presently to be quoted, that that event would have taken place even if he had not received the invitation to London which brought him hither on the Sunday preceding Christmas day, 1821. That invitation came from the elders of a church in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, in connection with the Caledonian Asylum. Notwithstanding—or, perhaps, in consequence of the church sharing in the Parliamentary grant to the asylum, the few families attending there found a difficulty in keeping open the doors. When the pastorate was offered to Mr. Irving, the congregation did not amount to fifty persons. That he accepted it, may therefore be taken to argue either dissatisfaction with his then position, or an extreme confidence in his preaching powers which his experience was not at all adapted to excite. In dedicating his second volume of discourses to two of the members of this little flock, he thus alludes to the circumstances of his call: "Having heard through a friend of theirs, and now also of mine, but at that time unknown to me, of my unworthy labours in Glasgow, as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, they commissioned him to speak to me concerning their vacant church, and not to hide from me its present distress. Well do I remember the morning when, as I sat in my lonely apartment, meditating the uncertainties of a preacher's culling, and

revolving in my mind purposes of missionary work, this stranger stepped in upon my musing, and opened to me the commission with which he was charged. The answer which I made to him, with which also I opened my correspondence with the brethren whose names are mentioned above, was to this effect—'If the times permitted, and your necessities required, that I should not only preach the gospel without being burdensome to you, but also by the labour of my hands minister to your wants, this would I esteem a more honourable degree than to be Archbishop of Canterbury.' And such as the beginning was, was also the continuance and the ending of this negotiation. The merchant shepherds, the hireling pastors of this day, taunted me and scorned me when I laid down the spirit of the apostolic missionary [an allusion that will presently become intelligible;] but they knew not, in the multitude of their uncharitable speeches, that I learned it in my own experience, and had proved it all in my own person. From the day that I received my commission to preach the gospel, I have never bargained for a hire, nor have I ever sought a bond. The generosity of God's people hath supplied all my wants, and enabled me to minister to the wants of others. Since the days of the apostles, and in their days, there never was joined between pastor and people a union upon more disinterested principles; as, I believe, likewise, there are few which have been productive of more abundant love and consolation upon every hand." When he had consented, in this unworldly spirit, to become minister of the Cross Street church, a difficulty arose. It was discovered that one condition of the public stipend was, the preacher's ability to preach in Gaelic. Irving proposed, in his impetuous way, at once to set off for the Highlands, and acquire that tongue; but by the influence of the Duke of York, and other directors of the Asylum, that qualification was omitted when next the grant was voted; and Mr. Irving commenced his regular ministry in the metropolis in August, 1822.

Very speedily was the aspect of affairs at Cross Street changed. The new minister's probationary sermon had so fixed the attention of his

"triers," that they sent a circular to five hundred of the Scottish residents in London, communicating their belief that the Lord had sent them a time of revival by the hand of this unknown and oft-rejected man. The royal president of the Caledonian Asylum had condescended to hear him previous to sanctioning his appointment, and had probably mentioned his impressions of the preacher in high quarters. Certain it is, that not only had the regular attendants at the Hatton Garden church multiplied thirty-fold in one quarter of a year, but the rank and intellect of the land were crowding there Sunday after Sunday. The occasional sermons in London of Robert Hall and Dr. Chalmers did not draw the crowds which now pressed to Edward Irving's weekly services. The parliamentary leaders of both sides, and even the Tory Premier, Earl Liverpool (much to Lord Eldon's horror)—the judges, and barristers of every degree—fashionable physicians and medical students—duchesses, noted beauties, city madams—clerics and dissenters, with men and women who made no particular pretensions either to intellect or religion—besieged the doors and jostled in the aisles. Carriage panels were cracked in Cross Street as in Drury Lane, and the preacher was every whit as much the rage as any well-graced actor on the stage. It was found necessary, for the prevention of accidents, to admit the seat-holders by a side-door, and to limit the miscellaneous attendance by the issue of tickets, for which application was made by letter during the week. Even then the preacher had to make his way up the pulpit stairs covered with ladies glad to obtain that rude accommodation. Of course this extraordinary popularity did not denote unanimity of admiration. Never was opinion more divided on the merits of a public character. And, as usually happens, on the points most open to observation the controversy was hottest. By some, meanness of understanding, ugliness of person, and hideous gesticulation,* were imputed

to the man in whom others saw a marvel of intellect, a most imposing presence, and the utmost naturalness of action. The powerfulness of his speech none denied; but it was attributed, by hostile critics, to the vilest qualities. The press, through all its organs, shared in the feud. The daily and weekly newspapers, as well as the religious periodicals, openly took sides for or against him. The "Times" derided, and the "New Times" applauded him. The Tory and high church papers, generally, were unfriendly, and the Liberal journals favourable—for which a reason will appear in due time. One of the earliest employments of Cruikshank's pencil was the illustration of a *jeu d'esprit*, entitled, "The Trial of the Rev. Edward Irving: a cento of criticism." In this very clever and amusing brochure, the defendant is formally arraigned in the "Court of Common Sense," at the instance of Jacob Oldstyle, clerk: the journalists, including Barnes, Stodart, Cobbett, and Theodore Hook, are called in evidence, and Counsellor Charles Philipps conducts the defence. Probably the opinion of the sober public at that time is fairly embodied in the verdict, which was for the defendant on all but one of seven counts—that of "divisive-mindedness," or uncharitable innova-

tion. "What went ye out for to see?" Not, certainly, "a man clothed with soft raiment,"—anything but a court chaplain, or West End preacher. Never were the pretensions of rank more ruthlessly spurned; never the vices of the rich more sternly denounced; never the independence of the prophet's office more bravely vindicated, than by Edward Irving, when princes of the blood and princes of the marts swelled his audience. One of his earliest subjects of discourse was John the Baptist in the presence of Herod; and one of his commonest topics, the moral evils of commerce. Nor did the aristocracy of intellect find in him a flatterer. Statesmen and ecclesiastics were subjected, in the presence of the common people, to comparison with the patriots and saints of old, much to the disparagement of the moderns. The literature of the day was criticised from the pulpit with a freedom that shocked punctilious churchmen, and offended the prejudices of the reading laity. Southey

* Of the figure which Mr. Irving made in the pulpit, the reader may accurately judge from the portrait accompanying this memoir. It was taken at the opening of his new church in Regent Square, August, 1826, and represents him in an attitude very frequent with him.

and Byron incurred personal denunciation by their respective "Visions of Judgment," characterized by the preacher—the one as "a brazen piece of political cant;" the other, as "an abandoned parody of solemn judgment." Wordsworth was singled out for admiration and study, as the only poet of the age who had "tuned a strain to his God." Every grade of society was passed in review, and its moral condition graphically portrayed. It is not to be denied that the preacher erred, as nearly all great reformers have done, in undue depreciation of his own times; but there was nothing of bitterness, whatever of gloom, in his compositions. The satirist may "draw" for a while, his readers or hearers enduring the castigation of their own vices for the pleasure of seeing their neighbours scourged. But censorship is not an abiding power. The secret of Irving's attraction lay in the tenderness with which he bound up the wounds of poor humanity. None had ever a deeper sympathy with the sorrows and degradations of his kind; none a kindlier compassion for their frailties. Though it pleased the wittlings of the age to paint him as a dealer out of damnation, there is little in what remains of his discourses to justify the representation. The Fatherhood of God was his constant theme—the discourses and miracles of Christ his abounding inspiration. His usual tone was that of remonstrance; and when he threatened, it was with terrors which he traced to the sinner's own bosom. He spoke of disquietudes rather than of transgressions, and mourned over the condition of men when others vituperated their nature. It was sentences such as these that he substituted for indefinite impeachments and maledictions:—"Some with most capacious minds I have seen forced to grind, like Samson, in the mill of a haughty and imperious lord; others, with great and generous hearts, oppressed by cold poverty, or forced to hang upon common charity; the ambition of others I have seen land-locked and idle; the intellect of others exhausted upon sinister-inventions; the wit of others upon winter-evening tales; beauty blushing unseen, modesty uncared for, and royal virtues held in no repute; all which, their ill-assorted lots, did cost the people

dear, and begat most indigestible and irritating humours. The mind seemed as in a cage of confining conditions, within whose narrow bounds it spent an unprofitable strength, pined like a proud man in prison, or raged like a strong man in fetters." Words, alas! of perennial truth! Happy the age that had a voice to utter them! Happy we in whose age they are beginning to take effect! This man "crying in the wilderness," was not a "reed shaken by the wind," but a true prophet—he who was called in mockery, "the Apostle of Hatton Garden."

Mr. Irving had not completed the first year of his ministry at Cross Street when he put forth an octavo volume of six hundred pages, under this singular title—"For the Oracles of God, Four Orations—For Judgment to Come, an Argument, in Nine Parts." It was dedicated, as we have already seen, to Dr. Chalmers. It created all over the country the sensation created in London by his preaching. The demand for it was so great that two large editions sold in less than six months. The reviews dealt with the author as the newspapers had done with the orator. The religious magazines, church and dissenting, seemed to have fallen on something quite beyond their measure, and which they knew not how either to praise or blame. Its probable service to the cause of religion could not be denied, but the method of its performance was altogether shocking to clerical notions. The preface opened with the startling declaration, that in this Christian country, nine-tenths of every class knew nothing at all of the advantages and applications of revelation; and that this ignorance, in both the higher and lower orders, was "not so much due to the want of inquisitiveness on their part as to the want of a sedulous and skilful ministry on the part of those to whom it is entrusted." It did little to soothe alarmed and wounded sensibilities, that the author went on to say, he did not mean to reflect upon the clergy, but to direct their attention to the general failure of their ministry; the cause of which he indicated with equal truth and beauty, thus:—"Until they acquire the password which is to convey them into every man's encampment, they speak to that man from a distance, and at a disadvantage.

They must discover new vehicles for conveying the truth as it is in Jesus into the minds of the people; poetical, historical, scientific, political, and sentimental vehicles. . . . They (the clergy) prepare men for teaching gipsies, for teaching bargemen, for teaching miners; men who understand their ways of conceiving and estimating truth; why not train others for teaching imaginative men, and political men, and legal men, and scientific men, who bear the world in hand?" In this volume, he continued, he had "set the example of two new methods of handling religious truths—the *Oration* and the *Argument*; the one intended to be after the manner of the ancient *Oration*, the best vehicle for addressing the minds of men which the world hath seen,—far beyond the sermon, of which the very name hath seemed to inspire drowsiness and tedium; the other, after the manner of the ancient *Apologies*." As the book is now rarely met with, I will give an outline, and some specimens, of its contents.

The first and second "*Oration*" treat of preparation for, and the manner of, consulting the oracles of God—the third and fourth, of obedience to the oracles of God. The first, second, and third parts of the *Argument* are an inquiry into responsibility in general, or the "constitution under which it hath pleased God to place the world;" the fourth illustrates the good effects of this constitution on individuals and on society; the fifth exhibits the preliminaries, or conditions, of judgment; the sixth and eighth concern the solemnities and the issues of the Last Judgment; the seventh argues the "only way to escape condemnation;" the last is a review of the argument, and an "endeavour to bring it home to the hearts of the sons of men."

The "*Oration*" opened with this impressive allusion to the supernatural circumstances which attended the original promulgation of the "*Oracles of God*:"—"There was a time when each revelation of the word of God had an introduction into this earth, which neither permitted men to doubt whence it came nor wherefore it was sent. If, at the giving of each successive truth, a star was not lighted up in heaven, as at the birth of the Prince of Truth, there was done upon the

earth a wonder, to make her children listen to the message of their Maker. The Almighty made bare his arm, and, through mighty acts shown by his holy servants, gave demonstration of his truth, and found for it a sure place among the other matters of human knowledge and belief. But now the miracles of God have ceased; and Nature, secure and unmolested, is no longer called on for testimonies to her Creator's voice. No burning bush draws the footsteps to his presence-chamber; no invisible voice holds the ear awake; no hand cometh forth from the obscure to write his purpose in letters of flame. The vision is shut up, and the testimony is sealed, and the word of the Lord is ended; and this solitary volume, with its chapters and verses, is the sum total of all for which the chariot of Heaven made so many visits to the earth, and the Son of God himself tabernacled and dwelt among us." The simple and beautiful imagery of this exordium obtained it exemption from the censures which even the immediately succeeding paragraph provoked. Another of these fortunate passages was the following,—partly, perhaps, in the case of the secular critics, from the generous tenderness of the concluding sentence:—"Religion would bring back with it all the social and generous virtues which once dwelt within the land, and restore the efflorescence of happiness which hath almost faded away. It would wipe away the disgustful scenes into which their irrepressible freedom hurries the people. Sobriety, and economy, and domestic peace, it would plant in the families of the most dejected. The industry of parents would thrive under the blessing of God and the expectation of everlasting rest. The children would be trained in the fear of God; the young men would be strong in self-command; the young maidens clothed in modesty and chastity, and a divine gracefulness. Servants would be faithful and masters kind; and within every cottage of the land would be realized that bower of innocence and paradise of religious content which our sorely tried, and alas! too yielding poet, hath sung in his '*Cotter's Saturday Night*;' thereby redeeming half his frailties, and making the cause of religion his debtor—a debt, it seems to me, which

the religious have little thought of in their persecution of his name, and cruel exposure of all his faults."

The next quotation was the subject of unmeasured ridicule. The figure of Earth drinking the milk of existence from the Sun, was one of the standing gibes which Irving's unguarded composition afforded to his opponents. Nevertheless, a sweeter description of the silent potencies of nature, I have nowhere read:—"Look abroad over the world, and what do you behold? Noiseless nature putting forth her buds, and drinking the milk of her existence from the distant sun. Where is God? He is not seen, he is not heard: where is the sound of His footsteps? where the rushing of His chariot wheels? where is His storehouse for this inhabited earth? Where are the germs of future plants, the juices of future fruits? and where is the hand dividing its portion to every living thing, and filling their hearts with life and joy? Lift your thoughts a little higher: behold the sun; doth he, when preparing to run his race, shake himself like a strong man after sleep, or make a rustling noise, and lift up his voice to God for a renewal of his exhausted strength? Doth the pale-faced and modest moon, which cometh forth in the season of the night, make music in the still silence to her Maker's praise? Do the stars, in their several spheres, tell to mortal men the wondrous story of their births? Again: turn your thoughts inward—upon yourselves, and say if your manly strength did grow out of infant helplessness with busy preparations and noisy workmanship, as the chiselled form of man groweth out of the quarried stone? In the still evening, when you lie down, wearied and worn out, doth your strength return during the watches of the night by noise and trouble, as a worn-out machine is refitted by the cunning workman? Tell me how intelligence grows upon the unconscious babe? Where are the avenues of knowledge? and by what method doth it fix itself?"

To these extracts from the "Orations," I would, if space permitted, add others, in which the faults of the writer mingle more glaringly with his beauties than in these; but which would, nevertheless, delight the reader with lofty and glowing declamation, on

the themes of religion, citizenship, and home. The above, however, may suffice to show that, not without reason, did the critics accuse Mr. Irving of writing in an obsolete, or, as Foster says, "Babylonish," diction—an impeachment to which he replied, in the preface to the third edition of his volume, with a defiant appeal to the example of great names:—"I have been accused of affecting the antiquated manner of ages and times now forgotten. The writers of those times are too much forgotten, I lament; and their style of writing hath fallen much out of use; but the time is fast approaching when this stigma shall be wiped away from our prose, as it is fast departing from our poetry. I fear not to confess that Hooker, and Taylor, and Baxter, in theology; Bacon, and Newton, and Locke, in philosophy; have been my companions, as Shakespeare, and Spencer, and Milton, have been in poetry. I cannot learn to think as they have done, which is the gift of God; but I can teach myself to think as disinterestedly, and to express as honestly, what I think and feel: which I have, in the strength of God, endeavoured to do. They are my models of men—of Englishmen—of authors. My conscience could find none so worthy, and the world hath acknowledged none worthier. They were the fountains of my English idiom; they taught me forms for expressing my feelings; they showed me the construction of sentences, and the majestic flow of continuous discourse. I perceived a sweetness in every thought, and a harmony in joining thought to thought; and through the whole there ran a strain of melodious feeling, which ravished the soul as a vocal melody ravisheth the ear. Their books were to me like a concert of every sweet instrument of the soul, and heart, and strength, and mind. *They seemed to think, and feel, and imagine, and reason, all at once;* and the result is to take the whole man captive in the chains of sweetest persuasion."

It was easier for Irving to defend his style by appeals to the pages of Jeremy Taylor and Milton, however, than to charm away, by the names of Hooker and Baxter, the suspicions of unsoundness which he provoked among the orthodox clergy by his depreciation

of catechisms, his unconcealed uneasiness under the burden of a subscribed creed, his anticipation of Coleridge's attack on Bibliolatry, and his exaltation of sentiment above logic in matters of religion. In discoursing on preparation for consulting "the oracles of God," he complains that catechisms have had the effect of making the Divine word a weariness, which he attributes to their exclusively didactic and dogmatic character, whereby they divorce the intellect from the affections, and substitute a contentious for a docile spirit. He adds this nobly catholic and eloquent passage:—"In the train of them, comes Controversy, with his rough voice and unmeek aspect, to disqualify the soul for a full and fair audience of her Maker's word. The points of the faith we have been called on to defend, or which are reputable with our party, assume in our esteem an importance disproportionate to their importance in the Word, which we come to relish chiefly when it goes to sustain them; and the Bible is hunted for arguments and texts of controversy, which are treasured up for future service. The solemn stillness which the soul should hold before her Maker, so favourable to meditation and rapt communion with the throne of God, is destroyed at every turn by suggestions of what is orthodox and evangelical, where all is orthodox and evangelical; the spirit of the reader becomes lean, being fed with abstract truths and formal propositions; his temper, uncongenial, being ever disturbed with controversial suggestions; his prayers, undevout recitals of his opinions; his discourses, technical announcements of his faith. Intellect—cold intellect—hath the sway over heavenward devotion and holy fervour. Man—contentious man—hath the attention which the unsearchable Godhead should undividedly have; and the fine, full harmony of Heaven's melodious voice, which, heard apart, was sufficient to lap the soul in ecstasies unspeakable, is jarred, interfered with; and the heavenly spell is broken by the recurring conceits, sophisms, and passions of men. Now, truly, an utter degradation it is of the Godhead, to have His word in league with that of any man, or any council of men. What matter to me, whether it is the Pope, or any work of the human mind

that is exalted to the equality of God? If any helps are to be imposed for the understanding, or safe guarding, or sustaining of the Word, why not the help of statues and pictures, for my devotion? Therefore, while the warm fancies of the Southerners have given their idolatry to the ideal forms of noble art, let us Northerners beware we give not our idolatry to the cold and coarse abstractions of human intellect." Elsewhere, in the same volume, he uses this fine image to express a similar sentiment:—"These doctrines, truly, should be like the mighty rivers which fertilize our island, whose waters, before escaping to the sea, have found their way to the roots of each several flower, and plant, and stately tree, and covered the face of the land with beauty and with fertility—spreading plenty for the enjoyment of man and beast. . . . But it hath appeared to me, that, most unlike such wide-spreading streams of fertility, they are often, as it were, confined within rocky channels of intolerance and disputation, where they hold noisy brawl with every impediment, drawing off the natural juices of the soil; and, instead of fruits and graces, leaving all behind naked, barren, and unpeopled."

Mr. Irving's offences were aggravated, and the suspicions of his heterodoxy strengthened, by the next prominent event of his life. In 1824, he was requested by the directors of the London Missionary Society to preach one of the sermons with which it is the custom to celebrate its anniversary. The place selected for the service was Tottenham Court Chapel. So early was the immense edifice filled, while hundreds sought admission in vain, that it was deemed advisable to begin the reading of prayers an hour before the time advertised. This premature commencement proved wise on another account. Such was the length of the preacher's written discourse, that twice he paused while the congregation sang portions of a hymn. Notwithstanding its prolixity, the oration riveted attention to the end. But it did not afford unmixed satisfaction. It enunciated a view of the missionary enterprise for which its conductors were quite unprepared, and from which the most admiring auditors could scarce withhold "the epithet, 'romantic.'" It, like all other of Edward Irving's eccentricities

of speculation, had a basis in his own history, and was put forward with the fervour of a great discovery. Taking as his text the gospel accounts of Jesus sending forth the Seventy, the preacher contended that that was the "missionary charter," and the model for all Christian propaganda. He accompanied and enforced this notion with his usual diatribes upon the mammon-worship of the world and the worldliness of the church. When this extraordinary sermon appeared in print, which was not till nearly twelve-months after its delivery; and then, only because the generous author wished to bestow upon the widow of the martyred missionary Smith the proceeds of its sale, it had been expanded to a hundred and sixty pages, and was entitled, "For Missionaries after the Apostolic School, a Series of Orations, in Four Parts." The preface contains this highly characteristic passage:—"I remember, in this metropolis, to have it heard uttered with great applause in a public meeting, where the heads and leaders of the religious world were present, 'If I were asked, what are the first qualifications for a missionary, I would say, Prudence. And what the second? Prudence. And what the third? Still I would answer, Prudence.' I trembled while I heard, not with indignation, but with terror and apprehension, what the end would be of a spirit which I have since found to be the presiding genius of our activity, the ruler of the ascendant. . . . This expediency hath banished the soul of patriotic energy from our senate; the spirit of high equity from our legislation; self-denying wisdom from our philosophy; and of our poetry, it hath clipped the angel-wing, and forced it to creep along the earth. And if we look not to it, it will strangle faith, and make void the reality of the things which are not seen, which are the only things that are real, and cannot be moved. Money, money, money, is the universal cry. Mammon hath gotten the victory; and may say triumphantly (nay, he may keep silence, and the servants of Christ will say it for him), 'Without me ye can do nothing.'" The printed oration went further than the oral in proposing innovations upon the usage of existing denominations; or, as the writer argued, conformity to the pri-

mitive pattern. Not only was an independent, self-supporting character claimed for the missionary to heathen countries, but in the church at home, it was contended, there should be a revival of the five orders of ministers recognized by the apostolic Epistles,—“apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers;” a theory carried out in the sect known to this day as Irvingites, and calling themselves “The Apostolic Catholic Church.” Another startling doctrine, now first advanced by Mr. Irving, and greatly determined of his subsequent career, was this—that the miraculous power exercised by the Twelve and the Seventy, was not the cause of their success, but only the sign of a spiritual presence promised to the church through all ages. But probably even more offensive than his sarcasms, and more alarming than his innovations, was the language of the dedication prefixed by Mr. Irving to these “Orations.” It was as follows:—

TO SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, ESQ.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,—Unknown as you are, in the true character, either of your mind or of your heart, to the greater part of your countrymen, and misrepresented as your works have been by those who have the ear of the vulgar, it will seem wonderful to many that I should make choice of you from the circle of my friends, to dedicate to you these beginnings of my thoughts upon the most important subject of these wary times. And when I state the reason to be, that you have been more profitable to my faith in orthodox doctrine, to my spiritual understanding of the word of God, and to my right conception of the Christian church, than any or all the men with whom I have entertained friendship and conversation, it will perhaps still more astonish the mind, and stagger the belief, of those who have adopted, as once I did myself, the misrepresentations which are purchased for a hire and vended for a price, concerning your character and works. You have only to shut your ear to what they ignorantly say of you, and earnestly to meditate on the deep thoughts with which you are instinct, and give them a suitable body and form that they may live, then silently commit them to the good sense of ages yet to come, in order to be ranked among the most gifted sages and greatest benefactors of your country. Enjoy and occupy the quiet which, after many trials, the providence of God hath bestowed upon you, in the bosom of your friends; and may you

be spared until you have made known the multitude of your thoughts unto those who at present value, or shall hereafter arise to value, their worth.

I have partaken so much high intellectual enjoyment from being admitted into the close and familiar intercourse with which you have honoured me, and your many conversations concerning the revelations of the Christian faith have been so profitable to me in every sense, as a student and preacher of the gospel, as a spiritual man and a Christian pastor, and your high intelligence and great learning have at all times so kindly stooped to my ignorance and inexperience, that not merely with the affection of friend to friend, and the honour due from youth to experienced age, but with the gratitude of a disciple to a wise and generous teacher, of an anxious inquirer to the good man who hath helped him in the way of truth, I do now presume to offer you the first fruits of my mind, since it received a new impulse towards truth, and a new insight into its depths, from listening to your discourse. Accept then, in good part, and be assured that, however insignificant in themselves, they are the offering of a heart which loves your heart, and of a mind which looks up with reverence to your mind.

EDWARD IRVING.

That a duly trained and authorized exponent of divinity, and one so zealous and conspicuous in that vocation, should thus address a layman, and he of notoriously heterodox opinions, was justly regarded as a sign of change more deep and pregnant than even the crudest novelties in church government. The reader, whether or not sympathising with these apprehensions, may admire, as few of Irving's contemporaries did, the ingenuous humility of this noble-minded, large-hearted man.

Eighteen-twenty-five introduced another stage in our hero's career as a truth-seeker and truth-speaker. It was the Continental Evangelization Society which this year engaged his eloquent advocacy. Like their cosmopolitan brethren, however, they found the man would not be content to prophesy smooth things. His sermon was so little to the taste of some of his hearers that they had not the decorum to hear him out. In due time this discourse appeared, in two volumes; and with a dedication neither to Chalmers nor Coleridge, but to Mr. Hatley Frere, brother to the British Envoy at Madrid, and known as the author of

a new scheme of prophetic interpretation. An accidental walk in the fields with this gentleman had put Mr. Irving in possession of his views, and subsequent study determined his adoption of them. Compressed into a single sentence, they may thus be stated—the visions of Daniel and St. John authorize the belief that with the French Revolution a new epoch in the providential government of the world was opened, and that the millennial period will commence about the year of our Lord 1868, a visible, decisive struggle between the powers of good and evil occupying the latter portion of the intervening years. By those who are disposed to smile with incredulous pity at such a belief, it should be remembered, in justice to Mr. Irving's understanding, that similar schemes have been framed by eminent prelates of the English church, and are taught by some of the most popular living preachers. It may be added, that those of Mr. Irving's prophetic views of human progress which he drew from the observation of its passing aspects, rather than from a written prediction, are singularly sagacious, and have received striking verification. At this time the subject was exciting very general interest among religious people; and in 1826, a prolonged conference thereupon of ministers and laymen was held at Albury Park, the seat of Henry Drummond, Esq., the present talented and eccentric member for West Surrey. In these conferences Mr. Irving took a prominent part, and though a good deal of difference appears to have prevailed amongst them, he came to be regarded by the public as leader of "the school of Albury prophets."—In the same years, 1825 and '6, his industrious and prolific pen was engaged in the controversy touching the canonical character of the Apocrypha, he wrote an introduction to Horne's "Commentary on the Psalms"—an eminently devout and eloquent composition—contributed to one of the *Annals* a touching story of the Covenanters, and completed a volume of "Discourses on the Last Days."

On the 11th of May, 1827, Mr. Irving's congregation removed from Cross Street church to the National Scotch Church, in Regent Square, a spacious and elegant building, erected

at a cost of £15,000. Dr. Chalmers preached on this occasion. In concluding his discourse the Doctor spoke of his friend and brother the minister of that church, as "one of the nobles of nature"—one of "talents so commanding that it was impossible not to admire him; so open and generous, that it was impossible not to love him." Elsewhere he has described him as "the evangelical Christian grafted on the old Roman; possessing, with the lofty, stern virtues of the one, the humble graces of the other." The letters which the Doctor wrote, in diary form, during this visit to the metropolis, give us some pleasant glimpses of Irving the Man—all whose habits were in perfect keeping with what we know of Irving the Preacher. Here are the several entries in Dr. Chalmers's journalistic epistles which concern our subject:—

"Monday, 7th of May. . . . After dinner at Mr. Virtue's, Mr. Irving made his appearance, and took me to his house, where I drank tea. Mr. Miller and Mr. Maclean, Scottish ministers of the London Presbytery, were there. Their talk is very much of meetings and speeches. Irving, though, is very impressive, and I do like the force and richness of his conversation.

"Wednesday.—Studied about two hours, and proceeded to take a walk with James. We had just gone out when we met Mr. Irving. He begged of James the privilege of two or three hours in his house to study a sermon. I was vastly tickled with this new instance of the inroads of Scotchmen. However, James could not help himself, and was obliged to consent. We were going back to a family dinner, and I could see the alarm that was felt on the return of the great Mr. Irving, who was very easily persuaded to join us at dinner, and the study was all put to flight. . . . Irving intermingled the serious and the gay, took a good, hearty repast, and charmed even James himself.

"Thursday.—Irving and I went to Bedford Square. Mr. and Mrs. Montague took us out in their carriage, where we spent three hours with the great Coleridge. . . . You know that Irving sits at his feet, and drinks in the inspiration of every syllable that falls from him. There is a secret, and to me, as yet, unintelligible communion

of spirit betwixt them, on the ground of a certain German mysticism transcendental-like poetry which not yet up to."

"Returning from this interview Dr. Hanna informs us in a note, Chalmers remarked to Mr. Irving upon the obscurity of Mr. Coleridge's utterances, and said, 'That for him he liked to see all sides of an idea before taking up with it.' 'Ah!' said Irving, in reply, "you Scotchmen handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part, I love to see an idea looming through the mist."

"Friday.—Mr. Irving conducted preliminary service in the Na Church. There was a prodigious outpouring of taste in the length of his prayer forty minutes; and, altogether, in an hour and a half from the commencement of the service ere I began. The dinner took place at five. . . . speeches. Mr. Irving certainly effected the outrunning of sympathy."

A similar remark to this last is by Thomas Carlyle:—"One may say that his own nobleness that for his ruin—the excess of his social and sympathy, of his value for suffrages and sympathies of men.

"Saturday, 19th.—Mr. Gordon formed me that yesterday Mr. Irving preached on his prophecies, at St. James's Chapel, for two hours and a half, and though very powerful, the audience were dropping away, when he (Irving) addressed them on the subject of their leaving him. I really lost his prophecies, and the excessive length and weariness of his sermon may unship him altogether; I mean to write him seriously upon the subject."

The doctor's apprehensions were alas! ungrounded. The seers of olden times, and Patmos, or rather his interpretation of their visions, be it to Edward Irving a rule of life, in the place of a guide to hope—the substitute of the proudly-cherished teaching of Bacon and Hooker—the termination of those new impulses of thought—the hard-philosopher had imposed. The fearless eulogist of Cameron, the martyr and republican theorist, came the revivalist of church and doctrine, the formidable opponent of Catholic emancipation, the fanatic of the very term "Liberal." In the place of manly reasonings and c

ence-touching appeals, he now offered to the people who continued to hang upon his lips, interminable expositions of the Apocalypse, with perverse applications to every class of contemporary topics. In May, 1823, he went to Edinburgh, chiefly for the purpose of delivering a series of lectures on the Book of Revelation. "He is drawing," writes Dr. Chalmers, in his journal, "prodigious crowds. We attempted this morning to force our way into St. Andrew's church, but it was all in vain. He changes to the West church for the accommodation of the public." Again the doctor records:—"Monday, 26th.—For the first time heard Mr. Irving in the evening. I have no hesitation in saying that it is quite woful. There is power, and richness, and gleams of exquisite beauty, but withal a mysticism and extreme allegorization, which, I am sure, must be pernicious to the general cause. This is the impression of every clergyman I have met; and some think of making a friendly remonstrance with him upon the subject." A week or two later, we read: "He has given twelve lectures on prophecy to the people of Edinburgh; and certainly there must have been a marvellous power of attraction that could turn a whole population out of their beds so early as five in the morning. The largest church in our metropolis was each time over-crowded."

During this visit Mr. Irving attended the debates in the General Assembly, on the Test and Corporation Acts. Of May the 24th, Dr. Chalmers writes:—"Mr. Irving is wild on the other side from me. He sat opposite to me when I was speaking, as if his eye and look, seen through the railing, were stationed there for disquietude. He, by the way, had a regular collision with Dr. H.—a violent sectarian—who denounced him as an enemy to the gospel of Jesus Christ. The colloquy that ensued was highly characteristic. Mr. Irving's part of it began with, "Who art thou, O man! that smitest me with thy tongue?"

When the Assembly had closed its sittings, and Mr. Irving completed his lectures, he crossed the Forth to Kirkcaldy, where it was announced that he would preach on the evening of Sunday, the 15th of June, in the church of his father-in-law, the Rev. Mr.

Martin. His extraordinary popularity—intensified, perhaps, by local attachment—was on this occasion the cause of a fearful catastrophe. A few minutes before the time for his entering the pulpit, the joists which supported one of the side galleries gave way, and the gallery itself fell with a tremendous crash. Only two persons were killed by the actual fall, the descent not being instantaneous, and those below shrinking down into their pews. But in the crush which instantly set in from all parts of the church, twenty-six persons perished, and a hundred and fifty were more or less injured. From above and below, the people rushed terror-stricken to the door, and in the reckless selfishness of panic, the weaker were trampled upon or pushed down stairs by the stronger. Among the slain, were three daughters of one mother—a widow; "who never again," says the "Annual Register," with unwonted pathos, "raised her head, and within a few weeks was buried beside them." Dr. Chalmers's wife, and one of his daughters, with several grandchildren, were in the congregation, but by presence of mind, escaped unhurt. This very melancholy event took a strong hold upon Mr. Irving's sensitive nature, and aided no doubt the mental aberration to which he was evidently giving way.

In an ordination discourse delivered in March, 1827, Mr. Irving notices that, though only five years had he preached in London, he was set down as having "boxed the whole compass of heresy." Like all large-minded and thoughtful men, he saw the truth in many lights, and with an ingenuous boldness which does not always attend catholic thinkers, he described just as he perceived. Whatever the aspect of the heavens to his eye, he wrote it down; careless that if to-morrow a new constellation swept into his field of vision, and he mapped out that also, men would set down the inconsistency to flecks in his own eyesight. Thus, instead of siding persistently with the Calvinist or Arminian, he sometimes spake as one, sometimes as another, and was claimed by the ultras on both sides; whereas in fact he belonged to neither, but was as eclectic in his theology as charitable in his sympathies. In the latter part of the

year above-named, however, he was openly impeached of heresy incompatible with his office in the church of Scotland—that, namely, of the sinful humanity of Christ. The sum of his difference from the orthodox, it seems, amounted only to this,—that whereas they assert that the nature of Jesus was exempt from the taint of hereditary sin, Irving contended for his perfect oneness in nature with all mankind, His actual sinlessness being the triumphant result of incarnated divinity. Pitiably as it may seem, on this scarcely appreciable diversity of belief, volumes were written, and a fierce warfare of three years maintained, ending in poor Irving's retirement from the Presbytery of London, expulsion from the noble edifice reared by his friends, and even his excommunication from the loved and extolled church of his fatherland! Well might he say, as he is reported to have done, on one occasion, "Brethren! it is a sore trouble to the flesh for a man to have more light than his neighbours." Did not the spiritual vanguard of every age find it so? Has not their "more light" proved oft a fire of living martyrdom?

Before lifting the last leaf of a story that has now become a sad one, let me record, for the reader's amusement, an anecdote that is told of Irving's opposition to the Catholic Relief Act. At nearly the final stage of the affair, he determined to address a remonstrance to the King against giving his consent to Peel's bill. The document is said to have been a masterpiece of oburgatory composition. Accompanied by two of the heads of his congregation, its author presented himself, according to appointment, at the Home Office. They were ushered into an ante-chamber, in which were a number of such miscellaneous personages as are ever haunting the outer rooms of Downing Street. Having waited about ten minutes, Mr. Irving proposed to his elders that they should pray for grace in the eyes of the ruler, and for a blessing to accompany their petition. One can easily conceive the amazement of a company of place-hunters and officials on beholding the gaunt and almost grotesque figure of Edward Irving upon his knees pouring out a fervid prayer for the king and country. When the deputation had risen, and

were admitted to the presence of the gentleman commissioned by Mr. Peel to receive them, he would have taken the petition at once. But Mr. Irving, putting himself into one of those imposing attitudes which his limbs assumed as readily as his tongue moved itself to speak, begged the honourable gentleman to hear first a word of admonition. He then commenced reading and commenting on the petition, and addressed himself to the courtier's heart and conscience with words and gestures that made him pale and tremble. At length he released his unwilling auditor, on his giving an assurance that the memorial should certainly reach the throne.

The most eccentric and pernicious offspring of the Albury prophetic school is that with which Mr. Irving's name is unfortunately associated—the alleged "gift of tongues," or supernatural powers of speech. This extraordinary delusion did not originate in Mr. Irving's congregation, but with some ladies resident at Port Glasgow. The mental condition out of which it arose was just then a very common one in the religious world, and is not without parallel in ecclesiastical history—namely, despair of the world's conversion by the ordinary methods of evangelization, and the desire of supernatural manifestations, as a prelude to the Lord's second advent. To this despondency, poor Irving's experience naturally inclined him—for he had appealed comparatively in vain both to rich and poor. His syren song of religious and social revival, the sons of Mammon and Belial no longer flocked to hear. "The gum-flowers of Almacks" refused to be made "living roses in the garden of God." Fashion had gone "her idle way, to gaze on Egyptian crocodiles, Iroquois hunters, or what else there might be; forgetting this man—who unhappily could not in his turn forget." Even the Jews of Whitechapel pelted him when he descended to preach to them in the Tenter-ground; while Christian bodies anathematized or lamented him as a heretic. When, therefore, he heard of Scottish women and Devonshire children speaking as did the Twelve on the day of Pentecost, he suspected no travestie of that wondrous story, but felt only hope and thankfulness. He despatched an elder to inquire into the

thing, who brought back a good report, and found the tongues of flame sitting on his own wife and daughters. Still, not rashly nor arrogantly was the marvel proclaimed to the world. For some time, only in private meetings was the "gift" invited to manifest itself. There, philological learning pronounced the utterances something more than jargon, and observation failed to detect imposture. Prayer-meetings were held so early as half-past six every morning, at the church in Regent Square, and were numerous attended. At these meetings, says one narrator, "I frequently heard exhortations from two individuals—one the brother who continued to speak; the other a sister, who, as hereafter explained, has discontinued her perorations; for such the conclusions in English appeared to me to be, as connected with the 'TONGUE,' which invariably preceded them, and which at first I did not comprehend; because it burst forth from the former with an astonishing and terrible crash, so suddenly, and in such short sentences, that I seldom recovered the shock before the English commenced; and as the latter always chanted, it became difficult to discriminate the tongue from the English; nevertheless I was enabled to observe many pious and prophetic expressions . . . uttered in a tone of power and authority from the brother, or of plaintive and affectionate admonition from the sister." In these utterances, the pestilence which invaded this land in the following summer was repeatedly predicted as a Divine judgment. On Sunday, October the 16th, 1830, another "sister" burst forth in the open congregation, with an utterance in the "unknown tongue." Mr. Irving calmed the fifteen hundred or two thousand people that had risen in alarm, bade the sister console herself, and expounded the 14th chapter of the 1st epistle to the Corinthians, as explanatory of the occurrence. In the evening a "brother" produced even greater excitement than the morning speaker; and in the course of the week, all London was talking of this new phase in the career of its once favourite preacher. When these extraordinary scenes had continued for nearly twelve months some of Mr. Irving's former disciples determined to compel his surrender of

the pulpit. By that time he had retired from the Presbytery of London, having been formally charged with heresy touching the human nature of Christ—for which also the Rev. J. A. Scott, of Woolwich (now President of Owen's College, Manchester), and Mr. Maclean, Minister of the London Wall church, had been deposed. After considerable correspondence, Mr. Irving stedfastly refusing to "quench the spirit," or to admit that he had violated the canons of the Scotch church, a formal complaint was presented to the Presbytery (March, 1832), by one of the trustees of the Caledonian church, that the minister permitted the continual interruption of divine service. On May the 12th, after examining witnesses, and hearing an harangue of four hours' duration from the defendant, the court gave unanimous judgment against him, and Mr. Irving was dispossessed of the beautiful sanctuary in which, as he touchingly said, he had "baptized and buried his babes."

A yet heavier blow was to descend upon him. While his affectionately attached people, little diminished in numbers, were preparing to erect him another church, he was summoned on a journey of 300 miles, to appear before the presbytery of Annan, of which he was still a member, on the charge of heretical writing and preaching. He was received, on arriving at his native place, by a concourse of friends, and even the common people ran out to meet the coach that contained their celebrated fellow town's-man. The parish church was, the next day (March 13, 1833), literally crammed. The accused saved much trouble by acknowledging the publications imputed to him; baffled his judges in their attempt to fix upon his language a meaning which he disclaimed; and delivered a defence which was repeatedly applauded by the people in the galleries. To the impeachment of unchristian doctrine, he opposed the labours of his life, from the day that he was ordained in that church—warned the presbytery that worldly policy was dragging the General Assembly to destruction (a prediction singularly verified ten years afterwards)—and avowed his belief that the doctrines he had preached, however unpalatable, were strong medicines for a

dying church. On concluding this oration, he withdrew, and was formally deposed from the ministry of the church of Scotland. Before his return, he preached repeatedly to large open-air audiences, in his native county.

Now, at length, free from fetters which must have galled, however proudly worn, our admirable but grievously misled friend had no impediment to the construction of a church upon what he deemed the primitive and everlasting pattern. Instead of building a place of worship, his friends hired rooms in Newman Street, previously occupied as a public picture gallery. The spacious hall, was fitted up in a style quite novel to ecclesiastical architects. At the upper end was a lofty semicircular platform, reached by a flight of steps. Round the hind part of this stage, seats were fixed, and in front of the audience a chair and reading-desk for the pastor, or "angel" of the church. Thence Edward Irving discoursed, in a subdued and pastoral tone, to his people, expatiated with never-failing pathos and beauty on the psalms and prophecies; or prayed with a vehemence that moved all hearts, yet never approached irreverent importunity. Around him sat his "apostles, prophets," and elders. Not unfrequently was heard an utterance in the "tongue," or "power," from the Christian commonalty beneath. But to this last and fondest delusion, the time of disenchantment had well-nigh come. One of the twelve thus gifted, had published to the world his sorrowful belief that he had mistaken the snare of the Devil for the Spirit of God—on others the power ceased to operate;—predictions were not fulfilled, and the world continued to scoff. Irving himself had never pretended to share in the alleged endowment from on high, but he had welcomed and defended it. He had wrecked his fame and usefulness upon the self-delusion of men and women feeble in intellect, though not less honestly enthusiast, than himself. Upon his very person, the effect of mental suffering was visible. His flesh became flaccid, and his raven hair prematurely

hoary. In the summer of 1834, when only at the prime of life, he was sent home to die. Not that he himself deemed his malady hopeless. He insisted on taking Edinburgh and Glasgow in his way to Annan, making a journey altogether of more than four hundred miles. At Glasgow, he became so ill that it was impossible to remove him, and he was indebted to the hospitality of a stranger for the roof under which he died. For several months his pulse beat at one hundred—now it reached a hundred and forty. The fever that burned at his heart forced from him, in times of lethargy, exhaustive sweats. Shortly before he died (Monday, December, 18th), he faintly repeated in Hebrew, that Psalm on which the glazed eye has been so often fixed in hope—"The Lord is my Shepherd. . . Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, He will comfort me." His wife, his three children, and his father-in-law, were with him to the end. The last words they caught from the lips on which thousands had hung with rapture, were these—"In life and in death, I am the Lord's."

He lies where he fell. They buried him in the crypt of the principal church in Glasgow, a great multitude making devout lamentation over him—even ministers of the church from which he had been cut off, acknowledging that he lived and died a hero saint.

If the reader think not so too, it is in vain that the writer further ask attention. To the farewell words of "one who knew and loved him well—and may with good cause love him,"—even Thomas Carlyle—none will refuse listen:—

"His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest, human soul, mine ever came in contact with. I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever (after trial enough) found in this world, or now hope to find. . . . Adieu, thou first friend! Adieu! while this confused twilight of existence lasts! Might we meet where twilight has become day!"

W. W.

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